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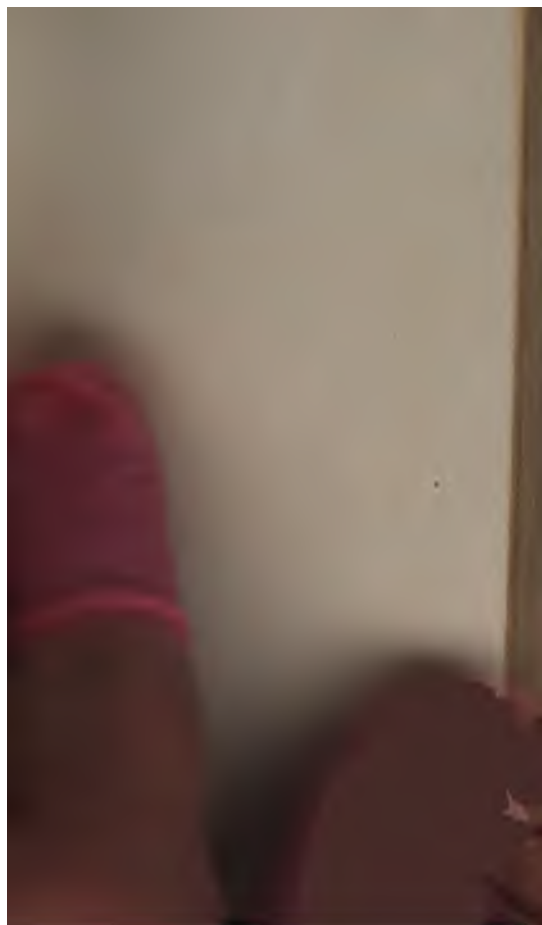
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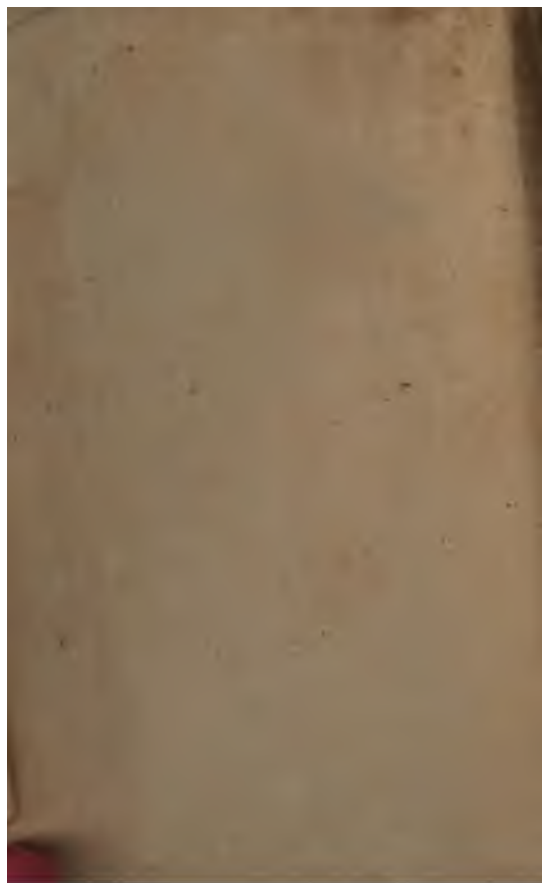
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SEVEN EDITION
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAMBER TO CHURCHILL.



From Urry's Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----

Of ditees and of songes glade,

The which he--made,

The londe fullfilled is over all.

GOWER.

My mayster CHAUCER--chiefe poete of Bretagne----

Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,

Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre----

That made first to dystyle and rayne

The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence

Into our tunge thugh his excellence.

LYDGATE.

The honour of English tong is dede----

My mayster CHAUCER, flour of eloquence,

Mirrour of fructuous entendement,

Univerſel ſadur in ſcience----

This loundis verray treſour and richeſſe----

The firste fynder of our layre langage.

OCCLEVE.

Venerabil CHAUCER, prinſipall poete but pere,

Hevinly trumpet, ontege and régulere,

In eloquence ſalme, condit arſt diſit,

My lky fountane, clere ſtrand, and wel riſt,

Of freſche endite throw Albion ſland braid.

DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! roſe of rethouris all,

As in cure toung flour imperial

hat raiſe in Brittain evir, quha reit

[REDACTED]

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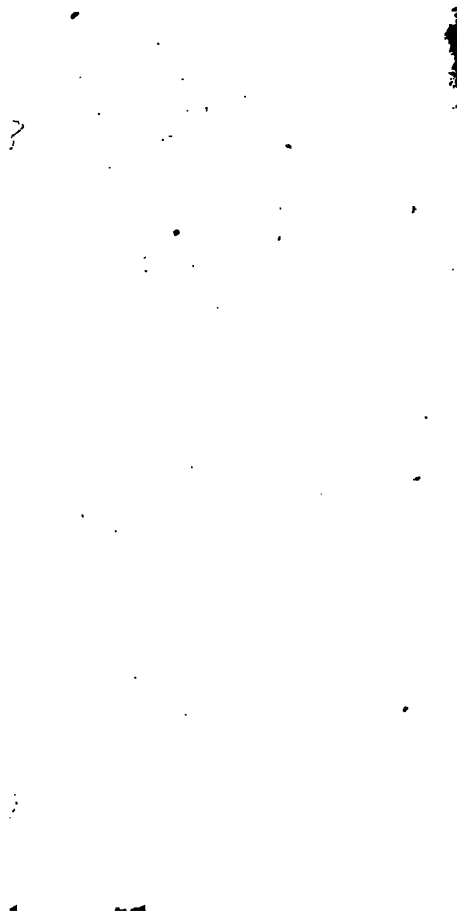
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

From Urry's Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From Tyrwhitt's Edition 1775.

Grete well CHAUCER whan ye mete----
Of ditees and of songes glade,
The which he---made,
The londe fullfilled is over all. GOWER.

My maister CHAUCER---chiese poete of Bretayne---
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre---
That made first to dystyle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
Into our tunge through his excellence. LYDGATE.

The honour of English tong is dede---
My mayster CHAUCER, floure of eloquence,
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
Univerfel sadir in science---
This londa verray tresour and richeffe---
The firste fynder of our layre langage. OCCLEVE.

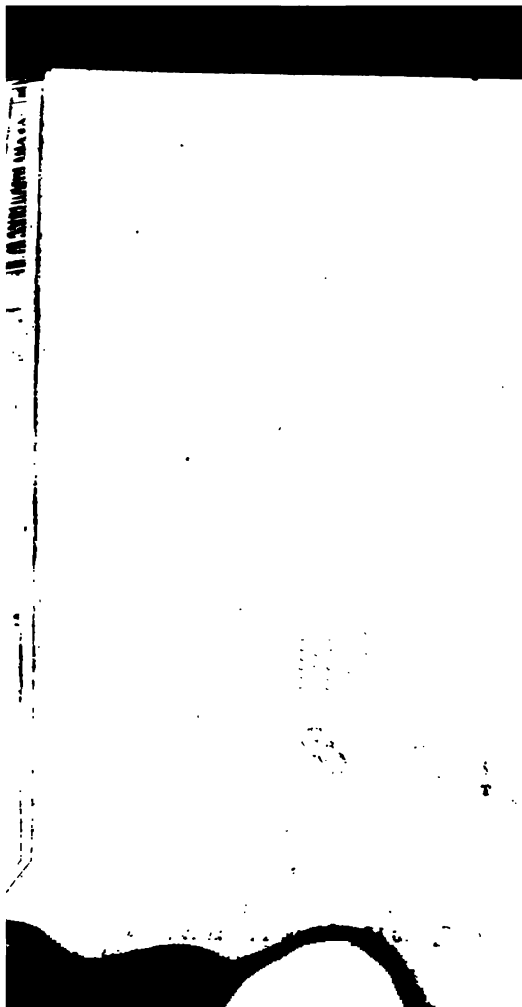
Venerabill CHAUCER, prin cipall poete but pere,
Hevinly trumpet, ontege and reguler,
In eloquence balme, condist and diall,
My lky fountane, clere strahd, and rois riall,
Of fresche endite throw Albion land brand. DOUGLAS.

O reverend CHAUCER! rose of rethours all,
As in cure tounge flour imperial
That raise in Brittain evir, quha reidis right
Thou heiris of Makers the triumphs royall,
The fresche enamilt termes celestiall:
This mater couth haif illuminit full bricht,
Was thou nocht, as our Inglis all the light,
Surmounting every tounge terrestriall
As far as Mayi's morrow dois midnight. DONBAR

VOL. VII.

EDINBURG:

AT THE *Apollo Press*, BY THE MARRIUS.
Anno 1782.



*Gift
to her Family
4-29-32*

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER.
VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, viz.
THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

But methinks certain
I can right now no thrifty Tale find,
But CHAUCER, (though he can but lowly
On metres and on rhimes creepily)
Hath sayd him in (wiche English as he can
Of olde tyme, as knoweth many a man;
And if he have not sayd him, love brother,
In o book, he hath sayd him in another—
Who so that wol his large Volume seeke. *5 TALES, ver. 4465.*
Dun CHAUCER, well of English undrig'd,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd—
Old Dun Geoffrey, in whose gentle bright
The pure well-head of poetry did dwell—
He whilst he lived was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all—

SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades
Darkness again the age invades.

DENHAM.

CHAUCER, him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers—his legends blithe
His song of love or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life, thro' each estate and age
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying—
Him who in times—

Dark and untought began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

AKENSIDE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.



MISCELLANIES.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

MANY menne saine that in sweveninges
Ther n'is but fables and lesinges;
But yet menne maie some swevin sene
Whiche hardly that false ne bene,
But aftirwarde ben appraunt, 5
This maie I drawin to warraunt.

An author that hight Macrobes,
That halte not dremis faise ne lese,
But undoth us the avisioun
That whilom mette King Cipioun. 10

The Romaunt of the Rose] This book was begun in French verse by William de Lorris, and finished forty years after by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Mewen upon the river of Loy-er, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet the French author upon the morality of *The Romaunt*, and afterward translated for the most part into English metre by Geoffrey Chaucer, but not finished. It is entituled *The Romaunt of the Rose*, or *The Art of Love*; wherein are shewed the helps and furtherances as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits. In this book the author hath many glances at the hypocrisy of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst them that Gerson Chancellor of Paris writeth thus of him: say'rh he, 'There was one called Johannes Meldinentis who wrote a book called *The Romaunt of the Rose*, which book if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have 500 pound for the same I would rather burn it than take the money. He saith more, that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he dyed he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas that betrayed Christ. *Urry.*

And who so saith and weneth it be
 A jape or els a nicete
 To wene that dremis aftir fal,
 Let who so list a sole me cal;
 For this trowe I, and say for me, 15
 That dremis signifaunce be
 Of gude and harme to many wightes
 That dremin in ther slepe a nightes
 Full many thingis covirtly
 That fallin aftir opinly. 20

Within my twenty yere of age,
 Whan that Love takith his corage
 Of yongè folke, I wentè sone
 To bed, as I was wont to done,
 And faste I slepte, and in sleping 25
 Me mettè suche a swevinig
 That likid me wondirous wele,
 But in that swevin' is ner a dele
 That it n'is aftirwarde befall,
 Right as this dreme wol tell us al. 30

Now this dreme wol I rime a right
 To make your hertis gay and light,
 For Love it prayith, and also
 Commaundith me, that it be so.

And if there any askin me 35
 Whether that it be he or she,
 And how this bokè whiche is here
shal hate, which that I rede you here,

S2,
E4

M. G. ...





That lusty place and that rivere :
 With that watir that ran so clere
 My face I wifhe, tho sawe I wele 125
 The botome ipavid everidele
 With gravell, ful of stonis shene,
 The medowis softe, fote, and grene,
 Beet right upon the watir side ;
 Ful clere was than the morowe tide, 130
 And ful attempre out of drede ;
 Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede,
 Downwarde evir in my playing
 Nigh to the river's side coasting.
 And whan I had a while igone 135
 I sawe a gardin right anone
 Full long and brode, and everidele
 Enclofid was and wallid wele
 With hie walis enbatailid,
 Portrayed without, and well entaylid 140
 With many full riche portreitures,
 And both the' imagis and peintures
 Gan I beholdin besily ;
 And I wol tel you redily
 Of thilke imagis the semblaunce, 145
 As ferre as I have remembraunce.
 Amiddis sawe I Hate yfsonde,
 That for her wrathe, and ire, and onde,
 Semid to be a minoreffe,
An angry wight, a chidireffe, 150

And ful of gile and fell courage
 By semblant was that ilke image,
 And she was nothing wele afaire,
 But like a wode woman afraide;
 Yfrouncid foule was her visage, 155
 And grinning for dispitous rage;
 Her nose ysnortid up for aene,
 Ful hidous was she for to sene;
 Ful foule and rusty was she this;
 Her hed iwrithin was iwis 160
 Ful grimly with a grete towaile.

An image of anothere' entaile
 A lifte halfe was her fast yby;
 Her name above her hed sawe I,
 And she was callid Felony. 165

Another' image, that Villany
 Yclepid was, sawe I and fonde
 Upon the wall on her right honde :
 This Villany was like fondele
 That othere' image, and truflith wele 170
 She semid a wickid cature;
 By countenance in portreiture
 She semid be ful dispitous,
 And eke ful proude and outragious.

Wel coude he paint, I undertake, 175
 That such an image coude imake;
 Ful foule and chorlich semid she,
 And eke villeinous for to be,

And litil could of noriture
To worshippe any creature. 180

And nexte was paintid Covetise,
That eggith folke in many' a gife
To take and yeve right nought again,
And grete trefouris up to laine.

And that is she that for usure 185
Lenith to many a cecture

'The lasse for the more winning,
So covitous is her brenning !

And that is she for pennis fele
That techith for to robbe and stele 190

'These thevis and these smale harlotes,
And that' is routhe, for by ther throtes
Ful many one hongith at last ;

She makith folke compasse and cast
To takin othir folkis thing 195

'Through robbery' or miscoveting ;
And that is she that makith trechours,
And she that makith false pledours,

That with ther termis and ther domes
Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes, 200

'Ther heritage, alas ! forgo :
Ful crokid were her hondis two,

For Covetise is evir wode
To gripin othir folkis gode : 205

For Covetise for her winning
Ful lese hath othir menpis thing

Another image set faugh I
 Nexte unto Covetise fast by,
 And she was clepid Avarice :
 Ful foule in painting was that vice, 210
 Ful sad and caitife was she eke,
 And also grene as any leke;
 So evill hewed was her colour
 Her semed to' have livid in langoure ;
 She was like thing for hungir ded, 215
 That lad her life onely by bred
 Knedin with eisel strong and egre,
 And therto she was lene and megre;
 And she was clad ful povirly
 Al in an oldè torne courtpye 220
 As she were all with doggis torne,
 And bothe behinde and eke beforne
 Ycloutid was she beggirly.

A mantil honge her fastè by
 Upon a benche both weke and smale ; 225
 A burnette cote honge there withal,
 Yfurrid with no menivere,
 But with a furrè rough of here
 Of lambe skynnys hevy and blake;
 It was full olde I undirtake, 230
 For Avarice to clothe her wele
 Ne hastith her nevir adele,
 For certainly it were her lothe
 To werin of that ilkè clothe,

And if it were forwerid she 235
Would havin full gret nicete
Of clothing er she bought her newe,
Al were it bad of wol and hewe.

This Avarice helde in her hande
A purse which that honge by a bande, 240
And that she hid and bonde so stronge
Men must abidin wondir longe
Out of the purse er there come ought,
For that ne comith in her thought:
It was not certaine her entent 245
That fro that purse a peny went.

And by that image nigh inough
Was paintid Envy, that nere lough,
Nor nevir wel in her hert ferde
But if she either sawe or herde 250
Some grete mischaunce or grete disese:
Nothing ne may so much her plese
As mischefe and misaventure;
Or whan she seeth discomfiture
Upon any worthy man fall, 255
Than likith her right well withall:
She is full glad in her corage
Yt she se any grete linage
Be brought to naught in shamful wise;
And if a man in honour rise 260
Or by his wit or his prowesse,
Of that she hath gret heyvnesse,

For trustith wele she goeth nie wode
 Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.
 Envy is of suche cruelte 265
 That faith ne trowth ne holdith she
 To frende ne felowe badde or gode;
 Ne she hath kinne none of her blode
 That she n'is ful ther enemy;
 She n'olde, I dare saine hardily, 270
 That her own fathir farid wele:
 And fore abieth she every dele
 Her malice and her male talent,
 For she is in so grete turment
 And hate suche whan that folke doth gode 275
 That nigh she meltith for pure wode:
 Her hert so kervith and so breketh
 That God the peple wel a wrekeeth.
 Envy I wis shall nevir let
 Some blame upon the folke to set: 280
 I trowe that if Envy i-wis
 Yknew the bestē man that is
 On this side or beyonde the se
 Yet somwhat lackin him wold she;
 And if he were so hende and wise 285
 That she ne might abate his prife,
 Yet would she blame his worthinesse,
 Or by her wordis make it lessē.
 I sawe Envy in that painting
 Yhad a wondirful loking, 290

For she ne lokid but awrie
 Or ovirthwarte, all baggingly;
 And she had a full foule usage,
 She mightin loke in no visage
 Of man ne woman forth right plaine, 295
 But shette her one eye for disdaine;
 So for envie ybrennid she
 Whan she might any man yfe
 That faire or worthy were or wise,
 Or ellis stode in folkis prife. 300

Sorowe was paintid next Envie
 Upon that wal of masonrie;
 But wel was fene in her colour
 That she had livid in langour;
 Her semid to have the jaundice; 305
 Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
 Ne nothing alike of lenesse,
 For sorowe, thought, and grete distresse,
 That she had suffrid day and night
 Made her yelow, and nothing bright : 310
 Ful fade, pale, and megre, also,
 Was nevir wight yet halfe so wo
 As that her semid for to be,
 Nor so fulfilled with yre as she;
 I trow that no wight might her plese, 315
 Nor do that thing that might her ese;
 Nor she ne would her sorowe flake,
Nor comfort none unto her take,

So depe ywas her wo begonne,
 And eke her hert in angre ronne. 320
 A forowful thing wel semid she;
 Nor she had nothing slowe ybe
 For to bescratchin all her face,
 And for to rent in many place
 Her clothes, and for to tere her swire, 325
 As she that was fulfilled of ire:
 And all to torne laie
 About her shulders
 As she that had it al
 For angre and for m 330
 And eke I tell you
 How that she wept
 In worlde n'is wigh
 That had yfene her
 wes sinerte, 335
 That n'olde have hau of her pite,
 So wo begon a thing was she.
 She all to dasht her self for wo,
 And smote togidir her hondes two;
 To Sorowe was she full ententife,

That wofull rechileffe caitife, 340
Her roughtè little of playing,
Or of clipping or of kissing,
For who so sorowfull is in herte
Him lustich not to plaie ne sterre,
Nor for to dauncin ne to sing, 345
Ne maie his herte in temper bring

To make joie on even or morowe,
For joie is contrary to sorowe.

Elde was ypaintid after this,
That shortir was a fote i-wis
Than she was wont in her yonghede ;
Unneth her self she might yfede :
So feble and so old was she
That fadid was all her beaute ;
Full salowe was waxen her colour ;
Her hedde for hore was white as flour :
Iwis grete qualme ne were it none,
Ne sinne, although her life were gone.
All woxin was her body' unwelde,
And drie and dwinid all for elde :
A foule forwelkid thing was she,
That whilom round and soft had be :
Her heris shokin fast withall,
As from her hedde they wouldin fall ;
Her face yfrouncid and forpined,
And bothe her hondis lorne fordwinid :
So old she was that she ne went
A fote but it were by potent.
'The time that passith night and daie,
And restileffe travailith aie,
And stelith from us privily,
That to us semith fikirly
That it in one poinct dwellith ever,
And certis it ne restith never,

But goeth so fast and passith aie 375
That there n'is man that thinkin maie
What timè that now present is,
Askith at these grete clerkis this;
For men thinkin it redily
Thre timis ben ypassid by 380
The timè that maie not sojourne,
But goth and maie nevir retourne,
As watir that doune runnith aie,
But nevir droppe retournè maie.
There maie nothing as time endure, 385
Ne metall nor yerthly cature,
For allè thing is frette and shall,
The time eke that ychaungith all,
And all doeth waxe and fostrid be,
And allè thing distroyith he; 390
The time that eldith our auncestours,
And eldith kinges and emperours,
And that us all shall ovircomen,
Er that deth us shall have nommen,
The timè that hath all in welde 395
To elden folke had made her elde
So inly, that to my weting
She mightin helpe her self nothing,
But tourned ayen unto childhede:
She had nothing her self to lede, 400
Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,
More than a child of two yere old.

But nathèleffe I trowe that she
Was faire somtime and freshe to se
Whan she was in her rightfull age,
But she was past all that passage,
And was a doted thing becomen :
A furrid cappe on had she nommen ;
Well had she cladde her self and warme,
For cold might els doin her harme :
These old folke havin alwaie cold,
Ther kinde is soche whan thei ben old.
An othir thing was down there write
That semid like an ipocrite,
And it was clepid Papelardie ;
That ilke is she that privilie
Ne sparith ner a wicked dede
Whan men of her takin none hede,
And makith her outward precious
With palè visage and pitous,
And semith a simple cature,
But there n'is no misaventure
That she ne thinketh in her corage :
Full like to her was thilke image
That makid was like her semblaunce,
She was full simple' of countenaunce ;
And she was clothid and eke shod
As she were for the love of God
Yholdin to religion,
Soche semid her devocion.

A psaltir helde she fast in honde,
And busily she gan to fonde
To make many a faint praiere
To God and to his sainctis dere :
Ne she was gaie, freshe, ne jolife, 435
But semed to be full ententise
To godè werkis and to faire,
And therto she had on an haire.

Ne certis she was fatte nothing,
But semid werie for fasting : 440
Of colour pale and dede was she ;
From her the gates aie warnid be
Of Paradise, that blisfull place,
For soche folke makin lene ther grace,
As Christ saieth in his Evangile, 445
To get 'hem prise in toun a while,
And for a little glory veigne
Thei lesin God and eke his reigne.

And aldir last of everichone
Was paintid Poverte' all alone, 450
That not a peny had in hold,
Although that she her clothis fold,
And though she shold an hongid be,
For nakid as a worme was she,
And if the wether stormie were 455
For cold she shold have dyid there.

She ne' had on but a straite old sacke,
And many' a cloute on it there stacke ;

This was her cote and her mantele;
No more was there nevir a' dele 460
To clothe her with; I undirtake
Grete lesir haddè she to quake:
And she was put that I of talke
Ferre fro these othre', up in an halke;
There lurkid and there courid she, 465
For povir thing, where so it be,
Is shamefast and dispisid aie:
A cursid maie well be that daie
That povir man conceivid is,
For God wote all to felde i-wis 470
Is any pore man well ifed,
Or well arayid or icled,
Or well belovid, in soche wise
In honour that he maie arise.
Allè these thingis well avised, 475
As I have you er this devised,
With gold and asure ovir all
Depaintid were upon the wall:
Square was the wall, and high somdele,
Enclosid and ibarrið wele 480
In stede of hegge was that gardin,
Came nevir no shepherd therein:
Into that gardin well ywrought
Who so that me coud have ybrought
By ladders, or els by degre, 485
It wouldè well have likid me;

For soche folace, soche joie and pleie,
 I trowe that nevir man ne seie
 As was in that place delicious:
 The gardin was not daungerous
 To herborowe birdes many one;
 So riche a yere was nevir none
 Of birdis song and braunchis grene,

490

Therin were birdis
 Than ben in all the
 Full blisfull was the
 Of the swete petous
 For all this worlde is

495

And I my self for
 Whan I ther blisfull
 That for an hundrid
 If that the passage of
 Haddin ybe unto me
 That I n'olde entrin
 Th' assemble (God be it fro care!)
 Of birdis whiche that therein ware,
 That songin through ther mery throtes
 Dauncis of love and mery notes.

500

505

Whan I thus herd the foulis sing
 I fell fast in a waimenting
 By whiche art or by what engin
 I might come into that gardin;
 But waie I couthe ne findin none
 Into that gardin for to gone,

510

Ne nought wist I if that there were
Eithir a hole or a place where
By whiche I mightin have entre;
Né there was none to techin me,
For I was all alone i-wis,
For wo and for anguishe of this,
Till at the laste bethought I me
That by no waie ne might it be,
There n'as ladder ne waie to pace,
Or hole, into so faire a place;
Tho gan I go a full grete pace
Environ, evin in compas,
The closing of the square wall,
Till that I founde a wicket small
So shette that I ne might in gone,
And othir entre was there none.

Upon this dore I gan to smite
That was so fetis and so lite,
For othir waie coud I not seke.
Full long I shofe and knockid eke,
And stode full long all herkining
If I herd any wight coming,
Till that the dore of thilke entre
A maidin curteis opened me:
Her here was as yelow of hewe
As any basin scourid newe;
Her fleshe tendir as is a chike,
With bent browis both smothe and sli

And thereto by mesure large were
 The opening of her eyin clere;
 Her nose of gode proportion; 545
 Her eyen graie as is a fancon;
 With swetè breth and wel favoured;
 Her facè white and well coloured;
 With little mouthe and round to se;
 A clovin chinnè eke had she; 550
 Her necke was of gode fashion,
 In length and gretnesse by reson,
 Withoutin bleine, or scabbe, or roine;
 Fro Hierusalem' to Burgoine
 There n'is a fairer necke i-wis 555
 To fele how smothe and soft it is;
 Her throte also so white as hewe
 As snowe on braunche ysnowid newe;
 Of body full well wrought was she,
 Men nedin not in no countre 560
 A fairer bodie for to seke;
 And of fine orfrais had she eke
 A chapilet, so semely on
 Ne nevèr werid maide upon;
 And faire above that chapilet 565
 A rose garlande had she yset;
 She had also a gaie mirrour;
 And with a richè golde tresour
 Her hedde was tressid full queintly;
 Her slevis sowid fetously; 570

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C

And for to kepe her hondis faire
Of glovis white she had a paire;
And she had on a cote of grene
Of cloth of Gaunt withoutin wene:
Well semid by her aparaille
She was not wont to grete travaile,
For whan she kempt was fetcoufly,
And well araied and richily,
Than had she doen all her journe,
For mery' and well begon was she.

She had a lustie life in Maie;
She had no thought by night ne daie
Of nothing but it were onely
To graicth her well and uncouthly.

Whan that this dore had opened me
This maidin semely for to se,
I thonkid her as I best might,
And askid her how that she hight,
And what she was I askid eke?
And she to me was nought unmeke,
Ne of her answerde daungerous,
But faire answerde, and sayid thus:

Lo, Sir, my name is Idilnesse,
So clepin men me more and lesse:
Full mightie and full riche am I,
And that of one thing, namily,
For I entending to no thing
But to my joie and my playing,

And for to kembe and tressẽ me :
 Acquaintid am I and prive 600
 With Mirthe, the lorde of this gardin,
 That fro the' londe of Alexandrin
 Made the treis hithir be fet
 That in this gardin ben iset ;
 And whan the trees were woxe an hight 605
 This wall, that slant here in thy sight,
 Did Mirthe enclofin all about ;
 And these imagis all without
 He did 'hem bothe entaile and paint
 That neither ben jolife ne quaint, 610
 But thei ben full of sorowe and wo,
 As thou hast sene a while ago.

And oft timis him to solace
 Sir Mirthe comith into this place,
 And eke with him come his meine, 615
 That liven' in lust and jolite ;
 And now is Mirthe therein, to here
 The birdis how they singin clere,
 The mavis and the nightingale,
 And othir joly birdis smale ; 620
 And thus he walkith to solace
 Him and his folke, for swettir place
 To playin in he maie not finde
 Although he fought one in till Inde ;

The althir fairist folke to se
That in this worlde maie founde ybe
Hath Sir Mirthe with him in his rout,
That folowen him alwaies about.

Whan Idilneffe had tolde all this,
And I had harkened well i-wis,
Than faied I to Dame Idilneffe,
Now all so wisely God me bleffe,
Sith Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,
Is in this yerd with his meine,
Fro thilke assemble if I maie
Shall no man wernè me to daie,
That I this night ne mote it se,
For well wene I there with him be
A faire and joly companie
Fulfillid of all curtisie.
And forth withoutin wordis mo
In at the wickit went I tho
That Idilneffe had opened me
Into that gardin faire to se:
And whan that I was in i-wis
Mine hertè was full glad of this,
For well wende I full sikirly
Have ben in Paradise yerthly,
So faire it was, that trustith well
It semed a place espirituell;
For certis as at my devise
There is no place in Paradise

So gode in for to dwell or be
 As in that gardin thoughtin me;
 For there was many' a birde singin,
 Thoroughtout the yerde all thringing,
 In many placis nightingales,
 And alpes, and finches, and wodewales,
 That in ther swetè song deliten
 In thilke placis as thei habiten

655

660

There mightin me
 Of turtels and of layes
 Chalaundris sele yfay
 That very nigh forso
 And thrusills, terins,
 That songin for to w
 And eke to surmoun

665

That othir birdis 'hem emong;
 By note ymadin faire servise
 These birdis that I you devise;
 Thei song ther song as faire and wele
 As angels doen espirituell;
 And trustith me whan I 'hem herde
 Full lustie and full well I ferde,
 For nevir yet soche melodie

670

675

Was herd of man that mightin die,
 Soche swete song as was 'hem emong,
 That me thought it no bird'is song,
 But it was wondir like to be
 Song of meremaids of the se,

680

That for her finging is so clere ;
 Though we Mercmaidins clepe 'hem here
 In Englishe, as is our usaunce,
 Men clepin 'hem Sereins in Fraunce.

Ententife werin for to sing	685
These birdis, that not unkonning	
Were of ther craft and a prentise,	
But of song subtill and eke wise;	
And certis whan I herd ther song,	
And sawe the grenè place emong,	690
In herte I wext so wondir gaie	
That I was nevir er that daie	
So jolife nor so well bigo,	
Ne mcry' in herte, as I was tho ;	
And than wist I and sawe full well	695
That idilnesse me servid well,	
That me put in soche jolite :	
Her frende well ought I for to be	
Sithe she the dore of that gardin	
Had opinid and let me in.	700

From hennis-forthe how that I wrought
 I shal you tellin as me thought.
 First whereof Mirthe yservid there,
 And eke what folke there with him were,
 Without fable I woll discrive,
 And alle that gardin eke as blive;

705

I woll you tellin aftir this
 The faire fasslon all i-wis
 That well ywrought was for the nones;
 I maie not tell you all at ones, 710
 But as I maie and can I shall
 By order tellin you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete,
 These birdis madin as thei sete;
 Lays of love full well souning 715
 Thei songin in ther jargonig;
 Some hie and some eke lowe ysong
 Upon the braunchis grene isprong;
 The swetenesse of ther melodie
 Made all mine herte in revelrie. 720

And whan that I had herd I trowe
 These birdis singig on a rowe
 Than might I not withholdin me
 That I ne went in for to se
 Sir Mirthe, for all my desiring 725
 Was him to sene ovir all thing;
 His countenaunce and his manere
 That sight was unto me full dere.

Tho went I forthe on my right honde,
 Doune by a little pathe I fonde 730
 Of minis full and fenell grene;
 As faste by withoutin wene



Sir Mirthe I founde, and right anon
 Unto Sir Mirthe gan I to gon,
 There as he was him to solace; 735
 And with him in that lassie place
 So faire folke and so freshe had he
 That whan I sawe I wondrid me
 Fro whennis soche folke mightin come,
 So faire thei weren all and some, 740
 For thei weren like, as to my sight,
 To angels that ben fethered bright.

These folke, of whiche I tell you so,
 Upon a karole wentin tho :
 A ladie karoled 'hem that hight 745
 Gladnesse, the blisfull and the light :
 Well could she sing and lustily,
 None halfe so well and family,
 And cothe make in song soche refraining
 It fete her wondir well to sing : 750
 Her voice full clere was and full swete ;
 She was not rude ne yet unmete,
 But couthe inough for soche doing
 As longith unto karolling,
 For she was wonte in every place 755
 To singin first folke to solace,
 For singing moste she gave her to ;
 No crafte had she so lese to doe.

*Tho mightist thou karollis sene,
 And folkè daunce and merie ben,* 760

And made many a faire tourning
Upon the grenè grasse springing :
There mightist thou se these flatours,
Minstrallis and eke jogèlours,
That well to singin did ther paine : 765
Some songin songis of Loraine;
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contre.
There was many a timbestere,
And sailours, that I dare well swere 770
Ycothe ther craft full parfitly;
The timbris up full subtilly
Thei castin, and hent them full oft
Upon a fingir faire and soft,
That thei ne failid nevir mo. 775
Full fetis damosellis two,
Right yong, and full of semelyhede,
In kirtils and none othir wede :
And faire ytreffid every tresse
Had Mirthe ydoen for his nobleffe 780
Amidde the carole for to daunce.
But hereof lieth no remembraunce
How that thei daunfid queintily,
That one would come all privily
Ayen that othre', and whan thei were 785
Togithre' almoſte thei threwe ifere
Ther mouthis so, that through ther plaie
It semid as thei kist alwaie :

To dauncin well couthe thei the gife ;
What should I more to you devise ?
Ne bode I nevir thennis go
Whiles that I sawe 'hem dauncin so.
Upon the karoll wondir fast
I gan beholde, till at the last
A ladie gan me for to' espie,
And she was clepid Curtesie,
'The worshipfull, the debonaire ;
I praie to God er fall her faire !
Full curtisly she callid me,
What do you there, Beau Sire ? (quod she)
Comith, and if it likith you
'To dauncin, daunfith with us now.
And I withoutin tarying
Ywent into the caroling :
I was abathid ner a dele,
But it to me likid right wele
'That Curtesie me clepid so,
And bade me on the daunce ygo,
For if I haddè durst certain
I would have karollid right fain,
As man that was to daunce right blithe :
'Than gan I lokin oftè sithe
'The shape, the bodies, and the cheres,
'The countenaunce, and the maneres,
Of all the folke that dauncid there,
And I shall tellin what thei were.

Full faire was Mirthē, full longe and high,
 A fairer man I nevyr sigh :
 As rounde as aple was his face,
 Full roddie' and white in every place ; 820
 Fetis he was and well beseie,
 With metely mouthe, and eyin greie ;
 His nose by mesure wrought full right ;
 Crispe was his here, and eke full bright ;
 His shulderis of largè brede, 825
 And smalishē in the girdelstede ;
 He semid like a purtreiture,
 So noble' he was of his stature,
 So faire, so jolie', and so fetise,
 With limmis wrought at point & devise, 830
 Deliver, smerte, and of grete might,
 Ne sawe thou nevyr man so light ;
 Of berde unneth had he nothing,
 For it was in the firstè spring ;
 Full yong he was, and merie' of thought, 835
 And in samette with birdis wrought ;
 And with golde bete full fetoufly
 His bodie was clad full richely ;
 Wrought was his robe in straungè gise,
 And all to flittered for queintise 840
 In many a place, lowe and hie ;
 And shode he was with grete maistrise
 With shone decopid, and with lace,
 By drurie and eke by solace ;

His lefe a rofin chapilet
Had made, and on his hedde it fet.

And wetin ye who was his lefe?
Dame Gladdeffe there was him so lefe,
That singeth so well with glad corage,
That from she was twelve yere of age
She of her love graunt to him made:
Sir Mirthe her by the fingir hade
A daunsing, and she him also;
Grete love there was a twix 'hem two;
Bothe were thei faire and bright of hewe;
She semid like a rose newe
Of colours, and her fleshe so tender,
That with a brere smale and tender
Men might it cleve, I dare well sain;
Her forhedde frounciles all plain;
Bent werin her eye-browis two;
Her eyin graie, and glad also,
That laughdin aie in her semblaunt
First or the mouthe by covenant;
I n'ot what of her nose discrive,
So faire hath no woman alive;
Her here was yelow', and clere shining;
I wot no lady so liking.

Of orfraies freshe was her garlande;
I, whiche that sene have a thousande,
Sawe ner i-wis no garlande yet
So well ywrought of filke as it;

And in an ovir gilt famite
Ycladde she was by grete delite,
Of whiche her lese a robe ywerde;
The merier she in herte ferde.

875

Next her went, on her othir side,
The god of Love, that can devide
Love, and as him likith it be;
But he can cherlis dauntin, he,
And many folkis pridè fallen,
And he can well these lordis thrallen,
And ladies put at lowe degre,
When he maie 'hem to proude yse.

880

This god of Love of his fascion
Was like no knave ne no quistron:
His beutie gretely was to prife,
But of his robis to devise

885

I drede encombrid for to be,
For not icladde in filke was he,
But all in flouris and flourettes,
Ipaintid all with amorettes,
And with losingis and scochons,
With birdis, liberdes, and lions,
And othir bestis wrought full welc;

890

His garment was evèry dele
Ipartraied and iwrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures;
Flouris there were of many gise
Het by compacc in a fise;

895

900

There lackid no floure to my dome,
 Ne not so moche as floure of brome,
 Ne violet ne eke pervinke,
 Ne floure none that men can on thinke;
 And many a rose lese full long 905
 Was entermedlid there emong;
 And also on his hedde was fet
 Of roses redde a chapilet.

But nightingales a full grete rout,
 That flien ovir his hedde about, 910
 The levis feldin as thei flien,
 And he was all with birdis wrien,
 With popingaie, with nightingale,
 With chalaundre and with wodewale,
 With finche, with larke, and with archangel; 915
 He semid as he were an angell
 That doune were come fro hevin clere.

Love had with him a bachilere
 That he made alwaies with him be,
 And Swete Loking clepid was he. 920
 This bachilere stode beholding
 The daunce, and in his honde holding
 Turke bowes two, well devised, had he;
 That one of 'hem was of a tre
 That berith fruit of favour wicke; 925
 Full crokid was that foulè sticke,
 And knottic here and there also,
And blacke as berie' or any flo.

That othir bowe was of a plant
 Withoutin wemme I dare warant 930
 Full even' and by proporcion
 Trechtis and long, and of gode facion,
 And it was paintid well and thwitten,
 And ore all diaprid and written
 With ladies and with bachileres 935
 Full lightfome and full glad of cheres.
 These bowis two held swete Loking,
 That ne semid like no gadling,
 And ten brode arowes helde he there,
 Of whiche five in his hondē were, 940
 But thei were shavin well and dight,
 Nockid and fetherid a right,
 And all thei were with golde begon,
 And strong ypoinctid everichon,
 And sharpe for to ykervin wele, 945
 But iron was there none ne steld,
 For all was golde, men might it se,
 Out take the fethers and the tre.
 The swiftist of these arowes five
 Out of a bowe for to drive, 950

And the best fethered for to flie,
 And fairist eke, was cleped Beutie.

That othir arowe, that hurteth lesse,
 Was clepid (as I trowe) Simplesse.

The thirde yclepid was *Franchise*, 953
 That fethered was in noble wise
 With valour and with curtisie.

The fowerth was clepid *Companie*,
 That hevie for to shotin is,
 But who so shotith right i-wis 960
 Maie therwith doen grete harme and wo.

The fift of these, and laste also,
 Faire *Semblaunt* men that arowe call;
 'Tis the leste grevous of 'hem all,
 Yet can it make a full grete wounde, 965
 But he maie hope his foris founde
 That hurte is with that arowe' i-wis;
 His wo the bette bestowid is
 For he maie soner have gladnesse;
 His langour ought to be the lesse. 970

Five arowes were of othir gise
 That ben full foule for to devise,
 For shaft and ende, sothe for to tell,
 Were all so blacke as fende in hell.

The first of 'hem is callid *Pride*; 975
 That othre' arowe next him beside
 It was yclepid *Vilanie*;
 That arrowe was with felonie
 Envenimed, and with spitous blame:
 The third of 'hem was clepid *Shame*; 980

The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is;
The fift the Newe Thought iwis.

These arowes that I speke of here
Werin all five on one manere;
And all were thei resemblable;
To them was well fitting and able
The foulè crokid bowe hidous
That knottie was and all volens.

That bowe ysemid v
The arowes fife that

And contrary to the
But though I tellin

Of ther powir ne of t
Hereafter shall I tellin

The sothe and eke signaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce

All shall be saied I undirtake
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale againe;
But aldirfirst I woll you saie

The fashon and the countenaunces
Of all the folke that on the daunce is.

The god of Love, jolife and light,
Ladde on his honde a ladie bright,

Of high prife and of grete degre,
This ladie callid was Beutie;

And an arowe of whiche I tolde
Full well ythewid was she holde;

Ne she was derke ne broune, but bright
 And clere as is the monè light, 1010
 Again whom all the sterris semen
 But small candelis as we demen ;
 Her fleshe was tendre' as dewe of floure ;
 Her chere was simple' as birde in boure,
 As white as lilie' or rose in rise ; 1015
 Her face was gentill and tretise ;
 Fetis she was, and smale to se ;
 No wintrid browis haddè she,
 Ne popped here, for it nedid nought
 To windir her or to paint ought ; 1020
 Her tresses yelowè, and long straughten,
 Unto her heles doune thei raughten ;
 Her nose, her mouthe, and eye, and cheke,
 Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke ;
 A full grete favour and a sote 1025
 Me thoughtin in mine hertè rote,
 As helpe me God, whan I remember
 Of the fassion of every member :
 In worlde is none so faire a wight,
 For yong she was, and hewid bright 1030
 Sore plefaunt, and fetis with all,
 And gent and in her middle small.
 Besidè Beute yede Richeffe,
 And hight ladic of grete nobleffe,
 And grete of price in every place ; 1035
 But who so durst to her trespass,

Worth all the golde in Rome and Frise;
 The mourdaunt, wrought in noble gife,
 Was of a stone full precious, 1095
 That was so fine and vertuous
 That whole a man it couth ymake
 Of palfie and of the tothe ake,
 And yet the stone had soche a grate
 That he was sikre' in every place 1100
 All thilkè daie not blinde to ben
 That fasting might that stone sene;
 The barris were of gold full fine,
 Upon a tiffue of satin;
 Full hevie, grete, and nothing light, 1105
 In everiche was a besaunt wight.

Upon the tressis of Richeffe
 Was set a circle of noblesse
 Of brende golde, that full light yshone,
 So faire trowe I was nevir none: 1110
 But he were konning for the nones
 That could devisin all the stones
 That in that circle shewin clere;
 It is a wondir thing to here,
 For no man could or preise or gesse 1115
 Of 'hem the value or richesse:

Rubies there were, saphirs, ragounces,
 And emeraudes, more than two unces,
 But all before full subtilly
 A fine carboncle set sawe I, 1120

The stone so clere was and so bright,
 That all so sone as it was night
 Men mightin sene to go for nede
 A mile or two in length and brede;
 Soche light ysprang out of the stone 1125
 That Richeffe wondir bright yshone
 Bothe on her hedde and all her face,
 And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richeffe on her honde gan lede
 A yong man ful of semelyhede 1130
 'That she best loved of any thing;
 His lust was moche in housholding;
 In clothing was he full fetise,
 And loved well to have hors of prife;
 He wende to have reprov'd be 1135
 Of theft or murder if that he
 Had in his stable an hackenaie,
 And therfore he desir'd aie
 'To ben aquicintid with Richeffe,
 For all his purpose, as I gesse, 1140
 Was for to makin grete dispence
 Withoutin warning or defence,
 And Richeffe might it well sustein,
 And her dispences wele maintain,
 And him alwaie soche plentie sende 1145
 Of golde and silvir for to spende
 Withoutin lacking or daungere
As it were pourde in a garnere.

And aftir on the dauncè went
Largeffe, that fet all her entent 1150
For to ben honourable and fre :
Of Alexander's kinne was she ;
Her mostè joie it was i-wis
When that she yafe, and saied, Have this :
Not Avarice, the foule caitife, 1155
Was halfe to gripe so ententife
As Largeffe is to yeve and spende,
And God alwaie inowe her sende !
So that the more she yave awaie
The more i-wis she had alwaie. 1160
Grete loos hath Largeffe, and grete prife,
For bothe the wise folke and unwise
Were wholly to her bandon brought,
So well with yestis hath she wrought.
And if she had an enemy 1165
I trowe that she couth craftily
Make him full sone her frende to be,
So large of yestes and wise was she ;
Therefore she stode in love and grace
Of riche and pore in every place. 1170
A full grete folc is he i-wis
That riche, and pore, and nigar d is.
A lorde maie have no manir vice
That grevith more than avarice ;
For nigarde ner with strength of hande 1175
Maie winne him grete lordshipe or lande,

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This knight was comin al newly
 Fro tourneying there faste by, 1205
 Where he had done grete chivalry
 Through his vertue and his maistrise,
 And for the love of his lemman
 He caste doune many'a doughty man. 1210

And next him dauncid Dame Franchise,
 Arayid in ful noble gife:
 She n'as not broune ne dunne of hewe,
 But white as snowe ifallin newe;
 Her nose was wrought at point devise, 1215
 For it was gentill and tretise;
 With eyin glad, and browis bent;
 Her here doune to her helis went;
 And she was simple' as dove on tre;
 Ful debonaire of hert was she. 1220

She durstè neither say ne do
 But that that hir belongith to;
 And if a manne were in distresse,
 And for her love in hevynesse,

Her hert would have ful grete pite, 1225
 She was so amiable and fre;
 For were a manne for her bestadde
 She wouldè ben right fore a dradde
 That she did ovir gret outrage;
 But she him holpe his harme t'aswage 1230
 Her thought it all a vilanie:
 And she had on a suckiny

That not of hembè herdis was,
So faire was non in all Arras;
Lorde! it was riddeled fetisly;
There ne was not a point truely
That it n'as in his right affise:
Ful wel iclothid was Fraunchise,
For there n'is no clothe sitteth bette
On damosell than doth rokette;
A woman wel more fetise is
In rokette than in cote i-wis;
The white rokette riddilid faire
Betokenith that full debonzaire
And fwete was she that it ybere.

By her dauncid a bachelere,
I can not tell you what he hight,
But faire he was and of gode hight,
Al had he ben, I saie no more,
The lord'is sonne of Windèfore.

And next that dauncid Curtify,
That preised was of lowe and hie,
For nethir proude ne fole was she;
She for to daunce callid me;
I praie God give to her gode grace!
For whan I come first to the place
She n'as not nice ne outrageous,
But wise and ware, and vertuous,
Of faire speche, and of faire answer; *Was nevir wight misfaide of here;*

She bare no rancour to no wight ;
 Clere broune she was, and therto bright
 Of face, and body avenaunt ;
 I wotte no lady so plesant :
 She werin worthy for to bene
 An emperesse or crounid quene.

1265

And by her went a knight dauncing
 That worthy was and wel speking,
 And ful wel conde he don honour :
 The knight was faire and stiffe in flour,
 And in armure a femely man,
 And wel beloved of his lemman.

1270

Faire Idilnesse than nexte saugh I,
 That alway was me faste by :
 Of her have I withoutin faile
 Tolde you the shape and appareile,
 For, (as I said) lo ! that was she
 That did to me so grete bounte ;
 She me the gate of that gardin
 Undid, and let me passin in,

1275

1280

And aftir dauncid, as I gesse.

And she fulfilled of lustinesse
 That n'as not yet xii yere of age,
 With hertè wilde and thought volage :
 Nice she ywas, but she ne mente
 None harme ne sleight in her entente,
 But onely luste and jolite,
 (For yongè folke, wel wetin ye,

1285

Have litill thought but on ther play :)
 Her lemman was beside alway 1290
 In fuche a gise that he her kiste
 At allè timis that him liste,
 That al the dauncè might it se;
 They make no force of privite,
 For who spake of 'hem ill or wele 1295
 'Thei were ashamid nere a dele,
 But men might sene 'hem kisse there
 As though it two yonge dovis were;
 For yonge was thilkè bachilere,
 Of beute wot I non his pere, 1300
 And he was right of fuche an age
 As youthe his lefe, and fuche corage.
 The lusty folke that dauncid there,
 And also' othir that with 'hem were,
 That werin all of ther meine, 1305
 Ful hendè folke, bothe wise and fre,
 And folkè of faire porte truely,
 There werin allè cominly.
 Whan I had sene the countenaunces
 Of them that laddin thus these daunces, 1310
 Than had I will to go and se
 The gardin that so likid me,
 And lokin on these faire laureres,
 On pine trees, cedres, oliveres.
 The dauncis than endid ywere, 1315
 For many' of 'hem that dauncid there

Were with ther lovis went away,
Undir the trees to have ther play.

A Lorde thei livid lustily !
A grete fole were he fikirly 1320

That n'olde his thankes suche life to lede,
For this dare I saine out of drede,
That who so might so well yfare,
For bettir life durst him not care,
For there n'is so gode paradise 1325
As to' have a love at his devise.
Out of that place went I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Playing along full merily.

The god of Love full hastily 1330
Unto him Swete Loking yclept;
No lengir would he that she kept
His bowe of gold that shone so bright
He haddis him bent anon right,

And he full sonè set an ende, 1335
And at a braide he gan it hende;
And toke him of his arowes five
Ful sharpe and redy for to drive.

Now God that sitteth in majeste
Fro dedly woundis he kepe me 1340
If so be that he had me shete,
For if I with his arowe mete
It had me grevid fore i-wis;
But I, that nothing wilt of this,

Went up and doun ful many' a waie, 1345
 And he me folowed fast alwaie;
 But no where would I restè me
 Til' I had in all the gardin be.

The gardin was by mesuring
 Right even' and square in compassing; 1350
 It as longe was as it was large;
 Of fruite had every tre his charge
 But it were any hidous tre,
 Of whiche there werin two or thre.

There were (and that wote I full wele) 1355
 Of pomgranetts a full grete dele,
 That is a frute ful wel to like,
 Namely to folke whan thei ben'like;
 And trees there werin grete foison
 That berin nuttes in ther seson, 1360
 Suche as menne Nutemiggis ycall,
 That sote of favour ben withall,
 And of almandris grete plente,
 Figgis, and many a date tre,
 There werin, if that menne had nede, 1365
 Through the gardin in length and brede.

There was eke wexing many' a spice,
 As clowe, gilofre, and licorice,
 Gingiber, and grein de Paris,
 Canell, and fetewale of pris, 1370
And many' a spice delitable
To etin whan men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were
 That peches, coines, and apples, bere,
 Medlers, plommis, peris, chesteinis,
 Cherise, of whiche many one faine is,
 Noris, and aleis, and bolas,
 That for to sene it was folas,
 With many high laurer and pine,
 Was rengid clene all that gardine,
 With cipris, and with oliveris,
 Of whiche that nigh no plenty here is,
 Ther werin elmis grete and strong,
 Maplis, ashe, oke, aspe, planis long,
 Fine ewe, popler, and lindis faire,
 And othir trees full many a paire,
 What should I tell you more of it?
 There werin so many trees yet,
 That I should al encombrid be
 Er I had rekenid every tre.

These trees were so, that I dowle,
 One from an othir in assise,
 Five fadome or sixe, I rowe so,
 But they were hie and gret also,
 And for to kepe out wel the sunne
 The croppis were so thicke ironne,
 And every braunche in othir knitte,
 And ful of grenè levis fitte,
 That sunnè might there none discende
 Left that the tendir grasss shende:

There might men does and roes ise,
 And of squirels ful grete plente
 From bow to bow alwaie leping;
 Connis there were also playing,
 That comin out of ther clapers, 1405
 Of sondry colours and mahers,
 And madin many' a tourneying
 Upon the freshe grass springing.

In placis sawe I wellis there
 In whichè there no froggis were, 1410
 And faire in shadowe was eche wel;
 But I ne can the nombre tel
 Of strems smal that by devise
 Mirth had done come thorough condise,
 Of whiche the watir in renning: 1415
 Gan makin a noise ful liking.

About the brinkis of these wellis,
 And by the strems ovir al ellis,
 Sprange up the grasse, as thicke iset
 And soft eke as any velvet, 1420
 On which men might his lemman ley,
 As on a fethirbed to pley,
 For the erth was ful softe and swete;
 Thorough moisture of the wel wete
 Sprong up the sotè grenè gras 1425
 As faire, as thicke, as mister was;
 But moche amendid it the place
 That the erth was of suche a grace

That it of flouris hath plente

That both in somre and wintir be. 1436

There sprange the violet al newe,

And freshe pervinkè riche of hewe,

And flouris yelowè, white, and rede;

Suche plente grewe there ner in mede;

Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint, 1438

And poudrid as men had it peint,

With many'a freshe and sondry floure,

That castin up ful gode favour,

I wol not longe holde you in fable,

Of al this gardin dilectable; 1440

I mote my tonge flintin nede,

For I ne maie withoutin drede

Naught tellin you the beutie all;

Ne halfe the bounte, there withall.

I went on right honde and on lefte 1445

About the place; it was not lefte

Till I had al the gardin bene

In the estris that men might fene

And thus while I went in my playe

The god of Love me folowed ay, 1450

Right as an hunter can abide

The beste till he seith his tide

To shote at godenesse to the dere,

Whan that him nedith go no nere.

And so befil I reslid me 1455

Besides a wel undir a tre,

Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine,
 But sithe the time of King Pepine
 Ne grewe there tre in mann'is sight
 So faire, ne so wel woxe in hight; 1460
 In al that yarde so high was none;
 And springing in a marble stone
 Had Nature set, the sothe to tell,
 Under that pinè tre a well,
 And on the bordir al without 1465
 Was writtin in the stone about
 Letteris smal, that saidin thus,
 Here whilome starfe faire Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachilere
 That Love had caught in his daungere, 1470
 And in his nette gan him so straine,
 And did him so to wepe and plaine,
 That nede him must his life forgo
 For a faire lady hight Echo
 Him loved ovir any creture, 1475
 And gan for him fuche paine endure,
 That on a timè she him tolde
 That if he her ne lovin wolde
 That her behovid nedis die;
 There laic none othir remedie. 1480

But nathèlessè for his beaute
 So feirs and daungerous was he
 That he n'olde grauntin her asking
 For weping ne for faire praying.

And when she herde him werne her so 1485
 She had in hert so grette wo,
 And toke it in so grette dispite,
 That she withoutin more respite
 Was ded anon; but ere she diede
 Ful pitously to God she preide 1490
 That the proude hertid Narcissus,
 That was in love so dangerous,
 Might on a day ben hampered so
 For love, and ben so hote for wo,
 That ner he might to joie attaine; 1495
 Than should he fele in every vaine
 What sorowe trewe loveris maken
 That ben villainously forsaken.

This prayir was but resonable,
 Therefore God helde it ferme and stable, 1500
 For Narcissus, shortly to tell,
 By aventure came to that well
 To rest him in the shadowing
 O day when he came from hunting.

This Narcissus had suffrid paines 1505
 For renning al daie in the plaines,
 And was for thurst in grette distresse
 Of herte, and of his werinesse,
 That had his breth almost benomen.
 Whan he was to that wel icomen, 1510

That shadowed was with braunchis grene,
He thought of thilkè watir shene
To drinke, and freshe him wel withall,
And doune on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and hed outstraight,
To drinkin of that well a draught;
And in the watre anon was sene
His nose, his mouthe, his eyin, shene,
And he therof was all abashed,
His owne shadowe had him betrashed,
For wel wende he the forme to se
Of a childe of full grete beaute:
Full well couth Love him wreke tho
Of daungir and of pride also
That Narcissus somtime him bere;
He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he musid so in the well
That shortly, the sothe to tell,
He lovid his owne shadowe so
That at the last he starfe for wo;
For whan he sawe that he his will
Might in no manir way fulfill,
And that he was so faste caught
That he him couthè comfort naught,
He lost his witte right in that place,
And deide within a litill space;
And thus his warison he toke
For the lady that he forsoke.

Ladies, I praye example taketh,
 Ye that spend your lyfe mistaketh;
 If of ther deeth you be to wite,
 God can ful wel your wille quite.
 When this letter, of whiche I tell,
 Had taught me that it was the well
 Of Narcissus in his bounte,
 I gan anon withdrawe me
 When it fel in myghte to braunce
 That him betide suche a mischaunce;
 But at the laste then thought in I
 That scathelless fell chasty
 I might unto the well go,
 Wherof shull I abashin so?
 Unto the well then went I me,
 And downe I loutid for to se
 The clere watir in the ston,
 And eke the gravel, whiche that shone
 Downe in the botome as silvir fine,
 For of the well this is the fine,
 In wold is none so clere of bewe,
 The watre' is evir fresh and newe,
 That welmith up with wavis bright
 The mountenaunce of two fingir hight,
 For it is the grasse springing
 So moiste so thiche and well liking
 That it me may in yntir die
 More than may the see be drie.

Idem VII.

R

Love wil none othir birdis catche
 'Though he fet eithir nette or latche;
 And for the fede that here was sownen 1625
 This welle is cleped, as well is knowen;
 The Welle of Love of very right,
 Of whiche there hath ful many wight
 Spokin in bokis diversely;
 But thei shul ner so verily 1630
 Discripcion of the welle here,
 Ne eke the sothe of this matere,
 As ye shul whan I have undo
 The crafte that here belongeth to.

Alway me likid for to dwell 1635
 To sene the cristall in the well,
 'That shewid me ful opinly
 A thousande thingis faste by;
 But I may saie in fory houre
 Stode I to lokin or to poure, 1640
 For sithin I fore have yfiked
 'That mirrour hath me now entriked;
 But had I first knowen in my wit
 'The vertue and strengthis of it
 I n'oldè not have musid there; 1645
 Me had bettir ben ellis-where,
 For in the snare I fell anone
 'That had bitreshid many one.

in thiike mirrour sawe I tho,
Among a thousande thingis mo, 1650

My thought was in none othir thing,
 For had it ben in my keping
 It would have brought my life again,
 For certis evenly, I dare fain,
 The fight onely and the favour
 Aleggid moche of my langour.

1765

Than gan I for to drawe me
 Toward the bothum faire to se,
 And Love had gette him in this throuwe
 An othir arowe into his bowe,
 And for to shotin gan him dresse,
 The arowes name was Simpletresse:
 And whan that Love gan nigh me nere
 He drowe it up withoutin were,
 And shote at me with all his might,
 So that this arowe anone right
 Throughout mine eigh, as it was founde,
 Into mine herte hath made a wounde:

1770

1775

Than I anone did all my craft
 For to ydrawin out the shaft,
 And therewithall I fighid eft;
 But in mine hert the hedde was left,
 Whiche aie encrefid my desire;
 Unto the bothum drowe I nere,
 And evir mo that me was wo

1780

1785

The more desire had I to go
 Unto the rofir, where that grewe
 The freshe bothum so bright of Kewe:

1790

Bettir me were to' have lettin be,
 But it behovid nedis me
 To doen right as mine hertè badde,
 For er the body must be ladde
 Aftir the herte in wele and wo, 1795
 Of force togethir thei must go;
 But nevir this archir would fine
 To shote at me with all his pine,
 And for to make me to him mete.
 The thirde arowe he gan to shete, 1800
 Whan best his time he might espie,
 The whiche was namid Curtisie,
 Into mine herte he did avale:
 A swoune I fell bothe dedde and pale;
 Long time I laie, and slirid nought 1805
 Till I abraied out of my thought,
 And faste than I avifid me
 To drawin out the shaft of tre;
 But aye the hedde was lefte behinde
 For ought I couthè pull or winde; 1810
 So fore it sticked whan I was hit
 That by no crafte I might it flit,
 But anguisshous and full of thought
 I felt soche wo my wounde aie wrought,
 That somoned me alwaie to go 1815
 Toward the Rose that plesed me so;
 But I ne durst in no manere,
 Bicause the archir was so nere.

For evirmore gladly*, as I rede,
Brent child of fire hath mochil drede: 1820

And certis yet for all my pein
Though that I sigh, yet arowes rein,
And ground quarelis, sharpe of stele,
Ne for no pain that I might fele,
Yet might I not my self with hold 1825

The faire rofir to behold,
For Love me yave soche hardiment
For to fulfill his commaundement;
Upon my fete I rose up than
Feble as a forwounded man, 1830

And forthe to gon my might I set,
And for the archir n'olde I let:
Toward the rofir fast I drowe,
But thornis sharpe mo than inow
There were, and also thistèles thicke, 1835

And breris brimmè for to pricke,
That I ne might ygettin grace
Through the rough thornis for to pace
To sene the rosis freshe of hewe;
I must abide though it me rewe: 1840

The hedge about so thicke was,
That closed the rosis in compas.

But o thing likid me right wele,
I was so nigh that I might fele
Of the bothum the sote odour,
And also se the freshe coloure, 1845

And that right gretely likid me;
 That I so nere might it see;
 Soche joie anon thereof had I
 That I forgate my melody;
 To sene it I had soche delite
 Of woe and angre' I was all quite,
 And of my woundes that I had thore,
 For nothing likin me might thore
 Than dwellin by the river side,
 And thens nevir to passe awaie;
 But whan a while I had be thare
 The god of Love, which all to share
 Mine herte with his arrowis kene,
 Casteth him to yeve me woundis grene;
 He shote at me ful hastily
 An arowe namid Companie,
 The whichè takil is full able
 To make these ladies merciabie;
 Than I anon gan chaungin hewe
 For grevaunce of my woundè newe,
 That I again fell in swouning,
 And fighid fore in complaining.

Sore I complainid that my fore
 On me gan grevin more and more;
 I had none hope of allegiaunce,
 So nigh I drowe to disperauce;
 I ne rought of deth ne of life,
 Whethir that Love ywould me drife;

I wold be make
 I wold not forsake:
 For nigh thus I wold
 f Love an arrow take;
 It was and full poignant,
 I call'd Faire Semblant,
 He in no wise wold consent
 lovir him repent
 in love with herte and all
 till that maie fall:
 In this arrowe was kene grounde
 low that is founde
 and kervin at the point,
 of Love it had anoint
 all precious ointment,
 to yeve alegement
 woundis that he hade
 the eye in my herte made,
 ther foris and to cure,
 thei maie the bette indure;
 is arrowe without more
 nine herte a largè fore,
 all grete pain I abode,
 e ointment went abroad;
 out my woundis large and wide
 about in every side,
 whose vertue and whose might
 tē joifull was and light;

1875

1880

1885

1890

1895

1900

I had ben dedde and all to fyghe,
 But for the preeious ointment,
 The shaft I drowe out of the arowe,
 Roking for wo right wonder narrow,
 But the hedde, whiche that made me snerte,
 I left behindè in mine herte
 With othir fower, I dare well saie;
 That nevir woll be toke awaie;
 But the ointment halpè me wole,
 And yet foche sorowe did I fele
 That allè daie I chaungid hewe
 Of my woundis so freshe and newe,
 As men might se in my visage:
 The arowes were so full of rage,
 So variaunt of diversite,
 That men in evèriche might se
 Both grete anoie and eke fwetenesse,
 And joie ymeint with bittirnesse:
 Now were thei esy and now wode;
 In them I felt bothe harme and gode;
 Now sore without alleggèment,
 Now softning with the ointment:
 It softendid here and prickid there;
 Thus ese and angir were yfere.

The god of Love delivirly
 Came lepande to me hastily,
 And sayid to me in grete jape,
Yelde the, for thou maie not escape,

Maie no defence puaile the here,
 Therefore I rede make no daungeres:
 If thou wolt yelde the hastily
 Thou shalt the rather have mercie:
 He is a fole in sikernesse 1935
 That with daungir or with flootnesse
 Rebhelith there that he should picke;
 In soche folie is litte esse:
 Be make where thou must medis bowe;
 To strive ayen is not thy prow: 1940
 Come at onis, and have idoe,
 For I wollè that it be so;
 Than yelde the here debonairly.
 And I answerid full humbly,
 All gladly, Sir, at your bidding 1945
 I woll me yelde in allè thing;
 To your service I woll me take,
 For God defende that I should make
 Ayen your bidding resistence;
 I woll not doen so grete offence, 1950
 For if I did it were no skill;
 Ye maie doe with me what ye will,
 Or save or spill, and also slo;
 Fro you in no wise may I go;
 My life, my dech, is in your honde, 1955
 I maie not laste out of your bonde;
 Plaine at your liste I yeldè me,
 Hoping in hert that sometime ye

Comforte and eke shal to me sende,
 Or els shortly, this is the ende,
 Withoutin helth I mote aie dure
 But if ye take me to your cure:
 Comforte or helth how should I have,
 Sithe ye me hurte, but ye me save?
 The helth of Love mote be yfounde
 Where as thei tokin first ther wounde;
 And if ye liste of me to make
 Your prisoner, I woll it take
 Of herte and will fully at gre:
 Wholy and plaine I yeldè me,
 Withoutin feining or feintise,
 To be governed by your emprise:
 Of you I here so mochil prise
 I wol ben whole at your devise,
 For to fulfill all your liking,
 And to repentin for nothing,
 Hoping to have yet in some tide
 Mercy of that that I abide:
 And with that covenaut yelde I me,
 Anon doune kneling on my kne,
 Profiring for to kisse his fete,
 But for nothing he would me lete:
 And said, I love the both and preise,
 Sens that thine answere doth me eke,
 For thou answered so curtisly;
For nowe I wote well uttirly

That thou art gentil by thy speche,
 For though a man ferre woulde seche,
 He should not findin in certaine
 No seche answere of ne vilaine, 1990
 For seche a worde ne mighte nought
 Issue out of a vilaines thought :
 Thou shalt not lesin of thy speche,
 For thy helping wollin I eche
 And eke encrefin that I maie, 1995
 But first I woll that thou obaie
 Fully for thine own avanstage
 Anone to do me here homage,
 And sithin kisse thou shalt my mouthe,
 Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe 2000
 For to' aproche it ne for to touche,
 For fause of cherlis I ne vouche
 That thei shal nevir neigh it nere;
 For carteis and of faire manere,
 Wel taught and ful of gentilnesse, 2005
 He must yben that shall me kisse,
 And also of ful highe fraunchise
 That shal atteine to that emprise.

And first of o thing warne I the,
 That paine and gret adversite . 2010
 He mote endure, and eke travaile,
 That shal me serve withoutin faile;
 But there against the to comforte,
 And with thy service to disporte,

Thou maist ful glad and joyfull be	2014
So gode a maister to' have as me,	
And lordè of so high renoun;	
I bere of Love the gonfennoun,	
And of Curtisie the banere,	
For I am of selfe the manere,	2016
Gentill and curteis, meke and fre,	
That who evir ententife be	
Me to honour, re-doute, and serve,	
And also that he him observe	
Fro trespase and fro villanie,	2018
And him governe in curtisie,	
With will and with entencion;	
For when he first in my prison	
Is caught, than must he uttirly	
Fro thennis-forth ful besily	2030
Ycast him gentill for to be	
Yf he desire helpe of me.	

Anone withoutin more delaie,	
Withoutin daungir or affraie,	
I become his vassal anone,	2035
And gave him thankes many a one,	
And knelid doune with hondis joint,	

He asked of me than hostages :
 I have takin fele homages
 Of one and othir where I' have bene, 2045
 Distreinid ofte withoutin wene :
 These felons ful of falsite
 Have many sithes begilid me,
 And through falsshed ther lust achived,
 Wherof I repent and am greved : 2050
 And I 'hem gette in my daungere
 Ther falsheed shul thei bie ful dere ;
 But for I love the' I saie the plaine
 I woll of the be more certaine,
 For the fore I woll now ybinde 2055
 That thou away ne shalt not winde
 For to denien thy covenaut

Or done that is not avenaunt :
 That thou were false it were grete ruth,
 Sithe thou semist so ful of truth. 2060

Sir, if the liste to understaunde
 I merveile the' asking this demaunde ;
 For why or wherefore shoulde ye
 Hostage or borowes aske of me,
 Or any othir sikirnesse, 2065
 Sithin ye wote in sothfastnesse
 That ye me have surprisid so,
 And whole mine herte takin me fro,
 That it woll doe for me nothing
 But if it be at your bidding ? 2070

I wote my self what maie the save,
What medicine thou wouldist have.

And if thy truth to me thou kepe 2125
I shall unto thine helping eke,
To cure thy woundes and make 'hem cleane,
Where so that thei be old or grene :
'Thou shalt be holpen', at wordis few,
For certainly thou shalt well shewe 2130
Where that thou servist with gode will,
For to accomplishe and fulfill
My commaundementis daie and night,
Whiche I to lovirs, gave of right.

Ah Sir ! for Godd'is love (saied I) 2135
Er ye passe hens ententifely
Your commaundementes to me ye saie,
And I shall kepe 'hem if I maie,
For them to kepen' is all my thought ;
And if so be I wote 'hem-nought 2140
Than maie I erre unwittingly ;
Wherefore I praie you entirely
With all mine herte me for to lere,
That I trespase in no manere.

The god of Love than chargid me 2145
Anon, as ye shall here and se
Wordè by worde, by right emprise,
So as The Romaunt shall devise.

The maistr lefith time to lere
 Whan the disciple woll not lere; 2150
 It is but vain on him to fwinke
 That on his lerning woll not thinke:
 Who so lust love let him intende,
 For now The Romance ginneth to' amende.
 Now is gode to herin in faie, 2155
 If any be that can it saie,
 And poinct it as the reson is
 Yset, for othir gate i-wis
 It shall nat well in alle thing
 Be brought to gode understanding; 2160
 For a rede that poinctith ill
 A gode sentence maie oftin spill.
 The boke is gode at the ending,
 Ymade of newe and lustie thing,
 For who so woll the ending here 2165
 The craft of Love he shall now lere,
 If that he woll so long abide
 Till I this Romance maie unhide,
 And undoe the signifiunce
 Of this dremè into Romaunce: 2170
 The sothfastnesse that now is hid
 Without coverture shall be kid
 Whan I undoen have this dreming,
 Wherein no wordè is of lesing.

Villanie at the begynning . . . 2175
 I woll, faied Love; ovis all thing
 'Thou leve, if that thou wolt ybe
 Falso, and trespace ayenist me :
 I curse and blame generally
 All them that lovin villanie, . . . 2180
 For villanie makith villaine,
 And by his dedes a chorle is seine.

These villains arne without pite,
 Frendship and love, and all bounte :
 I n'll receive to my service . . . 2185
 Them that ben vilains of emprise.

But undirstonde in thine entent
 That this is not mine entendement
 To clepin no wight in no age
 Onely gentill for his linage, . . . 2190
 But who so that is vertuons,
 And in his port not outrageous;
 Whan soche one thou seest the beforne,
 Though he be not gentill yborne,
 Thou mayist well seine this in soth . . . 2195
 That he' is gentill, bicause he doth
 As longith to a gentil man;
 Of them none othir deme I can,
 For certainly withoutin drede
 A chorle is demid by his dede . . . 2200
 Of hie or lowe, as ye maie se,
Or of what kinrid that he be;

Ne saie nought for non evill will
 Thing which that is to holdin still;
 It is no worship to misseie, 2205
 Thou maieft ensample take of Keie,
 That was somtime for misslaying
 Yhatid bothe of old and yong:
 As ferre as Gawein the worthie
 Was praisid for his curtisie, 2210
 Kaie was hatid, for he was fell,
 Of worde dispitous and cruell;
 Wherefore be wise and aqueintable,
 Godelie of worde, and resonable,
 Bothè to lesse and eke to mare: 2215
 And whan thou comist there men are,
 Loke that thou have in custome aid
 First to salve 'hem if thou maie;

And if it fall that of 'hem *forisme*
 Salve the first, be thou not *domme*, 2220
 But quite him curtisly anon;
 Without abiding, er thei'gon.
 For nothing eke thy tong applie
 To spekin wordes of ribandrie;
 To vilaine speche in no degre 2225
 Late not thy lippe unboundin be,
 For I nought holde him in gode faith
 Curteis that foulè wordis saith:
 And allè women serve and preise,
 And to thy power ther honour reise; 2230

For Love doeth hatin, as I finde,
 A beautie that cometh nat of kinde :
 Alwaie in herte I redè the
 Full glad and mery for to be,
 And be as joifull as thou can ;
 Love hath no joie of sorowfull man,
 That ill is full of curtisie,
 That knowith in his maladie
 For evir of love the sickenesse
 Is meint with swete and bittirnesse.
 The fore of love is mervailous,
 For now the lovir is joious,
 Now can he plain, now can he grone,
 Now can he singe, now makin mone ;
 To daie he plaineth for hevinesse,
 To morue' he plaineth for jolinesse.
 The life of love is full contrarie,
 Whiche stoundè mele can oftin varie ;
 But if thou canist mirthis make
 That men in gre woll gladly take
 Doe it godely, I commaunde the ;
 For men should, where so er thei be,
 Doe thing that 'hem besitting is,
 For therof cometh gode loos and pris ;
 Wherof that thou be vertuous
 Ne be nat straunge ne dangerous ;
 For if that thou gode ridir be.
Pricke gladly that men maie the se :

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

89

2315

In armis also if thou conne
Pursue till thou a name hast wonne :
And if thy voice be faire and clere
Thou shalt makin no grete daungere ;
Whan the to sing thei godely praie
It is thy worship for to' obaie :
Also to you it longith aie
To harpe and giterne, daunce and plaie ;
For if he can well fote and daunce
It maie him gretely doe avaunce,
Emong eke for thy ladie sake
Songis and complaintes that thou make,
For that woll mevin in her herte
Whan that thei redin of thy smerte :
Whan that thei redin of thy smerte,
Whan that thei redin of thy smerte,

2320

2325

2330

Now woll I shortly here reherce
 Of that I have ysaied in verce
 Allè the sentence by and by
 In wordis fewe compendiously,
 That thou the bet maieſt on 'hem thinke
 Wher ſo it be thou wake or winke,
 For the wordis do little greve
 A man to kepe whan thei be breve.

Who ſo with Love woll gon or ride
 He mote be curteis, voide of pride,
 Merie, and full of jolite,
 And of largeſſe a loſid be.

Fiſt I joigne the here in penaunce
 That evir without repentaunce
 Thou ſet thy thought in thy loving
 To laſt withoutin repenting,
 And think upon thy mirthis ſwete
 That ſhall ſolue' aftir whan ye mete.

And for thou true to Love ſhalt be
 I will and eke commaundè the
 That in one place thou ſet all whole
 Thine herte, withoutin halſin dole,
 For trecherie and ſikirneſſe,
 For I loved nevir doubleneſſe.
 To many' his herte that woll depart
 Everiche ſhall have but little part,
But of him drede I me right nought
That in one place ſettith his thought;

Therefore in o place thou it set,
 And let it nevir thennis flet,
 For if thou yevest it in lening
 I holde it but a wretchid thing,
 Therfore yevith it whole and quite,
 And thou shalt have the more merite;
 If it be lent than aftir soen
 The bountè and the thanke is doen;
 But in love a fre yevin thing
 Requirith a grete guerdoning.

2375

2380

Yeve it in yest all quite fully,
 And make thy gift debonairly,

For men that yest holdin more dere
 That yevin is with gladsome chere.

2385

That giftè nought to praisin is
 That a man gevith mal gre his.
 Whan thou hast yeven thine hert (as I
 Have said the here all opiny)

Than aventuris shull the fall
 Whiche hard and hevvy ben with all;

2390

For ofte whan thou bethinkest the
 Of thy loving, where so thou be,
 Fro folke thou must depart in hie,
 That none perceive thy maladie,
 But hide thine harme thou must alone
 And go forth sole and make thy mone.

2395

Thou shalt no while be in o state;
 But whilom colde and whilom hate,

Departid fro mine owne thought,
And with mine eyen se right nought. 2425

Alas! mine cien sene I ne may
My carefull hertè to conway;
Mine hert'is guidè but thei be
I praise nothing what er thei se; 2430
Shal thei abidin than? why, nay,
But gone and se without delay
That whiche miste hert desirish so,
For certainly but if thei go
A sole my selfe I may well holde 2435
Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde,
Wherefore I wol gone her to sene,
Or euid shall I newir bene
But that I have some tokining.

Than goist thou forth without dwelling; 2440
But ofte thou failest of thy desire
Er thou maist come her any nere,
And wastist in vaine thy passage;
Than faлист thou in a newe rage;
For want of sight thou ginnist murne, 2445
And homwarde pensife dost returne.
In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,
For than againe shal come to the
Sighis and plaintis, with newe wo,
That no itching prickith the so; 2450
So wote it nought he maie go lere
them that buyin love so dere.

Now red as rose, now yelowē and fade :
 Such sorow I trow thou ner had ;
 Cotidien ne the quarteine
 It is not half so full of peine ;

For oftin timis it shal fal
 In love, among thy painis al,
 That thou thy selfin all wholly
 Foryettin shalt so uttirly
 That many timis thou shalt be
 Still as an image made of tre,
 Domme as a stone, without stering
 Of fote or honde, without speking.

And than sone aftir al thy paine
 To memo'rie shalt thou come againe,
 A man abashid wondir fore,
 And aftir sighin more and more ;
 For wit thou wele withoutin wene
 In suche astate ful ofte have bene
 That have the' evill of love affaide,
 Where thorough thou art so dismaide.

Aftir a thought shal take the so
 That thy love is to ferre the fro,
 Thou shalt sa (God) what may this be
 That I ne may my lady se ?
 Mine hert alone is to her go,
 And I abide al sole in wo,

Departid fro mine ownē thought, 2425

And with mine eyin se right nought.

Alas! mine eien sene I ne may

My carefull hertē to convay;

Mine hert'is guidē but thei be

I praise nothing what er thei se; 2430

Shul thei abidin than? why, nay,

But gone and se without delay

That whiche mine hert desirith so,

For certainly but if thei go

A sole my selfe I may well holde 2435

Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde,

Wherefore I wol gone her to sene,

Or esid shall I her bene.

But that I have some tokining.

Than goist thou forth without dwelling; 2440

But ofte thou failest of thy desire

Er thou maist come her any nere,

And wastist in vaine thy passagis;

Than falist thou in a newe rage,

For want of sight thou ginnist rage, 2445

And homwarde pensife dost retorne.

In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,

For than againe shal come to the

Sighis and plaintis, with newe wo,

That no itching prickith the so; 2450

Who wote it nought he maie go here

Of them that buyin love so dere.

Attaine of her to have a sight,
 Than shalt thou done non othir dede
 But with that sight thine eyin fede. 2460
 That faire freshe whan thou maist se
 Thine hert shal so ravishid be
 That ner thou woldest thy thankis lete,
 Ne remove for to se that swete :
 The more thou seest, in sothfastnesse, 2465
 The more thou covitest that swetenesse;
 The more thine herte brennith in fire
 The more thine herte is in desire,
 For who considrith every dele
 It may be likened wondir wele 2470
 The paine of love unto a fere,
 For evirmore thou neighist nere
 In thought, or how so that it be.

Ne for no thing thou felin may,
 Thou shalt not wille to passe away;
 And though thou go, yet must the nede
 Thinkin al day on her faire hede
 Whom thou behelde with so gode will,
 And holde thy selfe begilid ill
 That thou ne haddeft none hardiment
 To shewe her aught of thine entent;
 Thine hert ful fore thou wolt dispise,
 And eke reprove of cowardise,
 That thou so dull in every thing
 Were domme for drede without speking.

Thou shalt eke thinke thou diddest foly
 That thou were her so faste biholdy
 And durst not venture the to say
 Some thing er ~~that thou came away~~.
 For thou haddist no more wonne
 To speke of her whan thou begonne;
 But yet if she would for thy sake
 In armis godely the have take,
 It should have be more worthe to the
 Than of trefeur a grete plente.

Thus shalt thou morne and eke complaine,
 And get encheson to'gen againe
 Unto thy walke or to thy place
 Where thou behelde her fleshy face;
 And n'ere for false suspicion
 Thou woldist finde occasion

For to gone in unto her house;
 Thou artè than so desirous
 A sight of her but for to have,
 If thou thine honour mightist save,
 Or any grange mightist make
 Thidir for thy lov'is sake,
 Ful faine thou woldist, but for drede
 Thou goest not, lest that men take hede;
 Wherfore I rede in thy going,
 And also in thine again comming,
 Thou be wel ware that men ne wite
 Feine the othir cause than it
 To go that waie, or faste bie;
 To helin wel is no folie;
 And if so be it happè the
 That thou thy love there maistie yse,
 In sikir wise thou her salewe,
 Wherwith thy colourè woll transmewe,
 And eke thy bloud shal al to quake;
 Thy hewe eke chaungin for her sake,
 But worde and wit, with chere ful pale,
 Shul want for to tellin thy tale;
 And if thou maist so ferforth winne
 That thou to reson durst beginne,
 And woldist faine thre thinges or mo,
 Thou shalt ful scarcely faine the two;
 Though thou bethinke the ner so wele
 Thou shalt foryetin yet somdele.

But if thou dele with trechery,
 For false lovirs mowe all felly
 Sain what 'hem lust withoutin dred,
 Thei be so double' in ther falsheid, 2540
 For thei in hert can thinke a thing
 And saine an othre' in ther speking :
 And whan thy speche is endid all
 Right thus to the it shal befall ;
 If any worde than come to minde 2545
 That thou to say hast left behinde,
 Than thou shalt brenne in grete martire,
 For thou shalt brenne as any fire :
 This is the strife and eke the' affraie,
 And the batill, that lastith aie : 2550
 This bargaine ende may never take
 But if that she thy pece wil make.

And whan the night is come anon
 A thousande angres shal come on :
 To bed as fast thou wolte the dight, 2555
 Where thou shalt have but smal delight,
 For whan thou wenist for to slepe
 So ful of paine shalt thou crepe,
 Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,
 And turne ful ofte on every side, 2560
 Now downward grouse, and now upright,
 And walow in wo the long night :

Volume VII.

I hope as thus thalt thou sprede a brede
 As man in warre were forwerede;
 Than that the come a remembraunce 2565
 Of her shap and of her semblaunce,
 Wherto none othir may be pere:
 And wete thou wel withoutin were
 That the that se founteine that night
 That thou halt her that is so bright 2570
 Naked bitwene thine armis there,
 Al tothelittle as though it were:
 Thou thalt make castels than in Spaine,
 And dreme of joy al but in vaine,
 And the delitin of right nought 2575
 While thou to thoubrit in that thought
 That is to twete and delitable,

The whiche in sothe n'is but a fable,
 For it ne shall no while last:
 Than thalt thou sighe and wepe fast, 2580
 And say, Dere God! what thing is this!
 My dreme is turnid al amys.
 Which was ful swete and apure
 But now I wake it is a dre
 Now yeeke this
 Twenty times
 I would this
 For it shal
 Is wal

wile! whi n'il ye me socoure?
 yf I trowe that I langoure,
 eth I would me shoulde flo
 I lie in her armis two;
 harme is harde withoutin wene,
 2595
 et unese ful ofte I mene.

ould Love do so I might
 fully joye of her so bright
 ine were quitte me richly.
 to gret a thing aske I;

2600
 at foly' and wrong wening
 te so outrageous a thing,
 who so askith folily
 ote be warnid hastily;
 ne wote what I may say,

2605
 o ferre out of the way,
 would have ful grete liking
 si gret thing;
 could shynesse
 fle

2610
 on,
 o;

2615
 2620

Or an other at whole the play.
Ah Lord ! where I shal bide the day
That ere she shal my lady be ?
He is ful cured that may her se.
Ah God ! whan shal the dauning springe ?
To liggin thus is angry thing ;
I have no joy thus here to lie
Whan that my love is not me bie :
A man to lien hath grete difese
Which maie not slepe ne rest in ese :
I would it dawed and were now day,
And that the night were went away,
For were it daye I would up rise :
Ah flowè sonne ! shewe thine enprise ;
Spede the to sprede thy bemis bright,
And chace the derknesse of the night

And thus enduring shalt thou lie, 2645

And rise on morow up erly

Out of thy bed, and harneis the

Er evir dawning thou maist se :

Al privily than shalt thou gone,

What wethre' it be, thy selfe alone, 2650

For reine or haile, for snowe for flete,

Thidir she dwelleth that is so swete,

The whiche maie fal a slepè be,

And thinkith but lite upon the :

Than shalt thou go, ful foule aferde, 2655

Loke if the gatè be unsperde,

And waite without in woe and paine,

Ful ill a colde in winde and raine :

Than shalt thou go the dore before,

If thou maiste findin any shore, 2660

Or hole, or reſte, what ere it were ;

Than shalt thou ſtoupe and lay to ere

If they within a ſlepè be,

I mene al ſave thy lady fre,

Whom waking if thou maist aſpie 2665

Go put thy ſelfe in jupardie,

To aſkin grace and the bimene,

That ſhe maie wete withoutin wene

That thou all night no reſt haſt had,

So ſore for her thou were beſtad. 2670

Women wel ought pite to take

Of them that ſorowen for ther ſake :

And loke for love of that relike
 That thou thinkè none othir like,
 For whan thou hast so gret anney 2675
 Shall kisse the er thou go away,
 And hold that in ful grete deinte ;
 And for that no man shall the so
 Before the house ne in the way,
 Loke thou be gon againe er day : 2680
 Suchè comming and fuche going,
 Suche hevinessè and fuche walking,
 Makith lovirs withoutin wene
 Undir ther clothis pale and lene.
 Love ne leveth coloure ne clerenesse ; 2685
 Who lovith trewe hath no fatnesse.
 Thou shalt wel by thy selfin se
 That thou must nedes assayid be,
 For men that shape 'hem othir way
 Falsely ther ladies to betray 2690
 No wondir is though thei be fatte,
 With false othis ther loves thei gatte ;
 For ofte I se fuche losingeours
 Fattir than abottes or priours.
 Yet with o thing I wolle the charge, 2695
 That is to say, that thou be large
 Unto the maide that her doth serve ;
 So best her thanke thou shalte deserve :
 Yeve her geftis, and get her grace,
For so thou may thankè purchase, 2700

That she the worthy holde and fre,
Thy lady' and al that may the se :
Also her servautes worship aie,
And plesin as muche as thou maie ;
Grete gode through them may come to the, 2705
Bicause with her thei ben prive ;
Thei shal her tel how thei the fande
Curteis and wise, and wel doande,
And she shal preise the wel the more ;
Loke out of londe thou be not fore, 2710
And if fuche cause thou have that the
Behoveth to gone out of cowntre,
Leave wholly thine hert in hostage
Til thou againe make thy passage :
Thinke long to se the swete thing 2715
That hath thine hert in her keping.

Now have I tolde the, in what wise
A lovir shal do me service ;
Do it than if that thou wolt have
The mede that thou dost aftir crave. 2720

Whan Love al this had bodin me
I said him, Sir, how may it be
That lovirs may in fuche manere
Endure the paine ye have said here ?
I marvailin me wondir faste 2725
How any man may live or laste
In fuche paine and in fuche brenning,
In sorue' and thought, and fuche sighing,

Thine armis shalt thou sprede a brede
 As man in warre were forwerede ;
 Than shal the come a remembraunce 2565
 Of her shape and of her semblaunce,
 Wherto none othir may be pere :
 And wete thou wel withoutin were
 That the shal se somtime that night
 That thou hast her that is so bright 2570
 Nakid bitwene thine armis there,
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were :
 Thou shalt make castels than in Spaine,
 And dreme of joy al but in vaine,
 And the delitin of right nought 2575
 While thou so slombriest in that thought
 That is so swete and delitable,
 The whiche in sothe n'is but a fable,
 For it ne shall no while last :
 Than shalt thou sighe and wepè fast, 2580
 And say, Dere God! what thing is this?
 My dreme is turnid al amis
 Whiche was ful swete and apparent,
 But now I wake it is al shent ;
 Now yede this mery thought away ; 2585
 Twenty timis upon a day
 I would this thought would come againe,
 For it alegith wel my paine ;
 It maketh me ful of joyfull thought ;
 It fleeth me that it lastith nought : 2590

Her laughing eyen perfaunt and clere,
 Her shape, her forme, her godely chere, 2810
 Her mouthe, that is so gracious,
 So swete, and eke so savirous,
 Of al her fetirs shal take hode,
 His eyen with al her liminis fede.

Thus swete thinking shal aswage 2815
 The paine of lovirs and ther rage;
 Thy joye shal double withoutt gessie
 Whan thou thinkest on her semelinese,
 Or of her laughing or her chere,
 That to the made thy lady dere: 2820
 This comforte wol I that thou take,
 And if the nexte thou wolte forsake,
 Which is not lessè savirous,
 Thou shouldest not ben to daungirous.

The second shal be swetè speche, 2825
 That hath to many one be leche,
 To bring 'hem out of wo and were,
 And helpe many a bachilere,
 And many' a lady sent socour,
 That hath ylovid paramoure, 2830
 Thorough speking (whan thei might here)
 Of ther lovirs to them so dere;
 To me it voidith al ther smerte
 The whiche is closid in ther herte;

In hert it maketh ~~hert~~ glad and light, 2835
 Speche, whan thei mowe not havin fight, 2836
 And therefore nowe it cometh to minde, 2837
 In oldè dawis, as I finde, 2838
 That clerkis writtin that her knewe 2839
 There was a lady freshe of hewe 2840
 Whiche of her love madin a song,
 On him fer to remembre' among;
 In which she said, Whan that I here
 Spekin of him that is so dere.
 To me it voidith allè smerte; 2845
 Iwis he sitteth so nere mine herte,
 To speke of him at eve or morowe
 It curith me of al my sorowe;
 To me is none so high plesaunce
 As of his person daliaunce. 2850
 She wist ful wel that swete speking
 Comfortith in ful mochil thing;
 Her love she had full well assaide,
 Of him she was ful wel apaide;
 To speke of him her joye was set: 2855
 Therefore I rede the that thou get
 A felowe that can wel concele
 And kepe thy counsaile, and welle hele,
 To whom go shewe wholly thine herte,
 Both wele and woe, and joye and smerte: 2860
 To get comforte to him thou go,
 And privily bitwene you two

Ye shal speke of that godely thing
 That hath thine hert in her keping,
 Of her beaute and her semblaunce, 2865
 And of her godely countinaunce;
 Of al thy state thou shalt him saie,
 And aske him counsaile how thou maie
 Do any thing that maie her plesse,
 For it to the shal do gret ese, 2870
 That he maie wete thou trust him so
 Both of thy wele and of thy wo;
 And if his herte to love be sette
 His companie is moche the bette,
 For reson wol he shewe to the 2875
 Al uttirly his privityte,
 And what she is he lovith so
 To the plainly he shal undo,
 Withoutin drede of any shame
 Both tel her renome and her name; 2880
 Than shall he forthir ferre and nere,
 And namely to thy lady dere
 In sikir wise ye every other
 Shal helpin as his ownè brother
 In trouthe withoutin doublenesse, 2885
 And kepin close in sikirnesse;
 For it is noble thing in fay
 To have a man thou darste say
 Thy privy counsaile every dele,
 For that woll comforte the right wele; 2890

And thou shalt holde the wel apaied
Whan suche a frende thou hast assaied.

The thirdè gode of grete comfort,
That yevith lovirs most disport,
Comith of sight and beholding, 2895
That is yclepid Swete Loking,
'The whichè may none ese ydo
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro,
Wherfore thou prese alway to be
In placè where thou maist her se, 2900
For it is thing most amirous
Moste delitable' and favirous,
For to asswage a mann'is forow
To sene his lady by the morow ;
For it is a ful noble thing 2905
Whan that thine eyin have meting
With that relike so precious
Whereof thei be so desirous.

But al daie aftir sothe it is
Thei have no drede to faren amis; 2910
'Thei dredin neithir winde ne raine,
Ne non othir manir of paine;
For whan thine eyen were thus in blisse
Yet of ther curtisie iwisse
Alone thei can not have ther joye, 2915
But to the hertè thei convoye

Parte of ther blisse, to him thou sende
Of all this harme to make amende.

The eye is a gode meffangere,
Which can to the' hert in fuche manere 2920
Tidingis sende, that he hath fene
To voide him of his painis clene,
Wherof the hert rejoyfith so
That a grete partie of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight; 2925
Right as the derknesse of the night
Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
Right so is al his wo ful sone
Devoidid clene whan that the light
Beholdin may that freshe wight 2930
Whiche that the hert desirith so,
That al his derkenesse is ago,
For than the herte is all at ese
When thei fene that that maie 'hem plese.

Now have I declared the al out 2935
Of that thou were in dredé and doute,
For I have tolde the faithfully
What the may curin uttirly,
And al lovirs that wollin be
Faithful and of stabilite; 2940
Gode Hope alway kepe by thy side,
And Swetè Thought make eke abide,
Swetè Loking and Swetè Speche,
Of al thine harmes thei shal be leche:

Of bale thou shalt have grete plesaunce 2945
 Yf thou canst bide in suffiraunce,
 And servin wele without feintise;
 Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise
 With more guerdoun if that thou live,
 But al this time this I the yeve. 2950

The god of Love, whan al the day
 He' had taught me as ye have herd say,
 And enformid compendiously,
 He vanishid al sodainly,
 And I alone ylestid al sole, 2955
 So full of complaint and of dole,
 For I sawe no man there me by.
 My woundes me grevid wondirfly;
 Me for to cure nothing I knewe
 Save the bothum so bright of hewe, 2960
 Wheron was sette wholly my thought;
 Of othir comforte knewe I nought,
 But it were through the god of Love;
 I knew nat else to my behove
 That might me ese or comfort gette 2965
 But if he would him entermette.

The roser was withoutin dout
 Yclosid with an hedge without,
 As ye to forne have herde me faine,
 And fast I besied, and would faine 2970

Have passid the hay, if I might
 Have gettin in by any sleight,
 To the bothum so faire to se,
 But evir I dradde blamed to be
 Yf men would have suspicion. 2975
 That I would of entencion
 Have stole the rosis that there were,
 Therfore to entre' I was in fere;
 But at the laste, as I bethought.
 Whethir I shuldè passe or nought, 2980
 I sawe come, with a gladdè chere,
 To me a lusty bachilere
 Of gode stature and of gode height,
 And Bialacoil forsoth he height;
 Sonnè he was to Curtise, 2985
 And he me grauntid ful gladlie
 The passage of the uttir hay,
 And saidè, Sir, how that ye may
 Passe, if that it your wille ybe,
 The freshè rosir for to se, 2990
 And ye the swetè favour fele,
 Your warrant I may be right wele;
 So thou the kepin fro folie
 Shal no man do the vilanie;
 Yf I maie helpin you in ought 2995
 I shall not faine, dredith right nought,
 For I am bounde to your service
 Fully devoide of all feintise.

Than unto Bialacoil saide. I,
I thanke you, Sir, ful hertily,
And your behest I take at gre
That ye so godely profir me;
To you it cometh of grete fraunchise
That ye me profir your servise.

Than aftir ful delivirly
Through the breris anone went I
Wherof encombrid was the haie;
I was well plesed, the sothe to saie,
To se the bothum faire and sote
So freshe ysprong out of the rote.

And Bialacoil me servid wele
Whan I so nigh me mightin fele
Of the bothum the swete odoure,
And so lusty hewed of coloure;
But than a chorle, foule him betide!
Beside the rosis gan him hide,
To kepe the rosis of that rosere,
Of whom the namè was Daungere.
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Ycovirid with grasse and leves,
To spie and take whom that he fonde
Unto that rosir put an honde.

He was not folc, for there was mo,
For with him werin othir two

Of wickid manirs and ill fame ;
 That one was clepid by his name
 Wickid Tonge, God yeve him sorowe !
 For neithir at eve ne at morowe
 He can of no man godde yspeke ;
 On many' a iuste man doth he wreke :

3025

3030

There was a woman that eke hight
 Shame, that who can rekin right
 Trespace ywas her fathir's name,
 Her mothir Refon ; thus was Shame
 Ybrought forth of these ilke two,
 And yet had Trespace nere adoe
 With Refon, ne nere leie her by,
 He was hidous and so ugly ;
 I menè this, that Trespace hight,
 But Refon conceveth of a fight
 That Shame of which I spake aforne :
 And whan that Shame was thus yborne
 It was ordained that Chastite
 Should of the rofir lady be,
 Whiche of the bothoms more and las
 With sondrie folke assailid was,
 That she ne wistè what to doe,
 For Venus her assailith so
 That night and daie fro her she flath
 Bothoms and rofis ovir all :
 To Refon than praicth Chastite,
 Whom Venus hath flemed ore the se,

3035

3040

3045

3050

That she her doughtir would her lene
To kepe the rosir freshe and grene.

Anon Refon to Chastite 3055

Is fully' affentid that it be,
And grauntid her at her request
That Shame, bicause she is honest,
Shall kepir of the rosir be;
And thus to kepe it there were thre,
That none should hardie be ne bolde
(Were he yongè or were he olde)
Again her will awaie to bere
Bothoms ne rosir that there were.

3060

I had well sped had I nat ben 3065

Awaitid with these thre and sene,
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,
So gracious and debonaire,
Quitte him to me ful curtisly,
And me to plesin badde that I 3070

Should drawè to the bothom nere;
Pese in to touchin the rosere
Whiche bare the Rose he yafe me leve;
'This graunt ne might but litill greve;
And for he sawe it likid me 3075

Right nigh the bothom pullid he
A lese all grene, and yave me that,
The whiche full nigh the bothom sat :

I madin of that lese full queint,

And whan I felt I was aqueinte 3080

With Bialacoil, and so prive;
 I wende all my will had ybe,
 Than wext I hardie for to tell
 To Bialacoil how me befell
 Of Love that toke and woundid me; 3085
 And sayid, Sir, so mote I the,
 I maie no joie have in no wise
 Upon no side, but it arise
 For sithè (if I shall not faine)
 In herte I have had so grete paine, 3090
 So grete anoie, and soche affraie,
 That I ne wotte what I shall saie;
 I drede your wrothè to deserve;
 Leve me were that knivis kerve
 My bodie should in pecis small 3095
 Than in any wise it should fall
 That ye wrothid should ben with me.
 Saie boldily thy will, (quod he)
 I n'ill be wrothe, if that I maie,
 For nought that thou shalt to me saie. 3100

Than saied I, Sir, not you displese
 To knowin of my grete unese,
 In whiche only Love hath me brought,
 For painis grete, disese, and thought,
 Fro daie to daie it doeth me drie; 3105
 Supposith not, Sir, that I lie:

In me fíve woundis did he make,
 The fore of whiche shal nevír flake
 But ye the bothom grauntè me
 Whiche is most passaunt of beaute, 3110
 My life, my deth, and my martyre,
 And trefour that I moste desire.
 Than Bialacoil, affrayid all,
 Sayid, Sir, it maie not befall
 That ye desire; it maie not rise; 3115
 What! would ye shende me in this wife?
 A mokill folè than I were
 If I suffrid you' awaie to bere
 The freshe bothom so faire of fight,
 For it were neithir skill ne right 3120
 Of the rosir ye broke the rinde,
 Or take the Rose aforne his kinde:
 Ye are not curteis to aske it;
 Let it still on the rosir sit;
 Let it growe till it' amendid be, 3125
 And perfitly come to beaute;
 I n'olde not that it pullid were
 Fro the rosir that doth it bere,
 To me it is so lese and dere.
 With that anon fíert out Daungere 3130
 Out of the place where he was hidde;
 His malice in his chere was kidde:
 Full grete he was, and blacke of hewe,
Sturdie and hidous, who so' him knewe;

Like sharpe urchons his heere was growe, 3135

His eyes red-sparcling as fire glowe;

His nose frouncid full kirkid stode;

He come criande as he wese wode,

And saied, Bialacoil, tel me why

Thou bringist hidir so boldely 3140

• Him that so nigh to the rosere?

Thou worchist in a wrong manere;

He thinkith to dishonour the;

'Thou art well worthy to' have malgre

To let him of the rosere witte: 3145

Who servith Fellone is ill quitte.

Thou wouldist have doen grete bounte,

And he with shame would quitte the.

Flie hens, felowe; I rede the go;

It wantith lite he wol the flo, 3150

For Bialacoil ne knewe the nought

Whan the to serve he set his thought,

For thou wolt shame him if thou might

Bothe again reson and 'gainst right:

I woll no more in the affie 3155

That comest so flightly for t'espie,

For it provith wondirly wele

Thy sleight and treson every dele.

I durst no more make there abode

For the chorlè, he was so wode: 3160

So gan he threttin and manace,

• And through the haie he did me chace,

For fere of him I trembled and quake,
 So mortuifely his hedde he floke,
 And quied, if eft he might me take 3165
 I should nat from his hondis fcape.
 Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
 And I all fole difconfolate
 Was left alone in pain and thought;
 Fro shame to deth I was nigh brought : 3170
 Than thought I on my high folie,
 How that my bodie attirlic
 Was yeve to pain and to martire,
 And therto had I fo grete ire,
 That I ne durst the hayis paffe; 3175
 There was no hope, there was no grace :
 I trowe nevir man wille of pain
 But he were laced in Lov's chain,
 Ne no man wift, (and foth it is)
 But if he love, what angir is. 3180

Love holdeth his heste to me right wele;
 When pain (he fayid) I should fele
 No herte maie thinke no tonge fain
 A quartir of my wo and pain;
 I might not with the angir laft; 3185
 Mine herte in point was for to braft
 When I thought on the Rose, that fo
 Was thorough Daungir caft me fro.
 A long while ftoode I in that ftate,
 Till that me fawe fo madde and mate 3190

The ladie of the highè ward,
Whiche from her toure loked thidirward.

Refon men clepin that lady,
Whiche from her toure deliurly
Came doune to me withoutin more; 3195
But she was neither yong ne hore,
Ne high ne lowe, ne fatte ne lene,
But best, as it were in a mene :
Her eyin two were clere and light
As a candill that brennith bright; 3200
And on her hedde she had a croune;
Her semid well an high persone,
For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche stonis afret;
Her godely semblaunt by devise 3205
I trowe was made in Paradise,
For Nature had nevir soche grace
To forge a worke of soche compace;
For certain, but if the' lettir lie,
Grete God himself, that is so hie, 3210
Formid her aftir his image,
And yafe her sithe soche avauntage
That she hath might and seignorie
To kepè men from all folie :
Who so woll trowè wele her lore 3215
Ne maie offendin nevirmore.

And while I stode thus derke and pale
Refon began to me her tale :

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L.

She faied, Al haile, my swetè frende!
 Folie and childhod woll the shende, 3220
 Whiche the have put in grete afraie;
 Thou hast bought dere the time of Maie,
 That made thine herte merie to be;
 In evill time thou wentest to se
 The gardin whereof Idilnesse 3225
 Ybare the keie and was maistresse,
 Whan that thou yedist in the daunce
 With her, and haddin acquaintaunce;
 Her acquaintaunce is perillous,
 First soft, and aftir full noious; 3230
 She hath the trashid without wene;
 The god of Love had the nat sene,
 Ne had Idilnesse the conveide
 Within the verge where Mirthe him pleide;
 If Folie have surprisid the 3235
 Doe so that it recovered be,
 And be well ware to take no more
 Counsaile that grevith aftir fore:
 He' is wise that woll himself chasteife.
 Though a yong man in any wise 3240
 Trespasse emong and doe folie,
 Let him nat dwelle, but hastilie
 Let him amende what so be mis;
 And eke I counsaile the i-wis
 The god of Love wholly foryete, 3245
 That hath the in soche pain ysete,

And the in herte tourmentid so;
I can not fene how thou maicst go
Othir waies the to garisoun;
For Daungere, that is so feloun, 3250
Fellie purposeth the to werreie,
Whiche is full cruill, sothe to seie.

And yet of Daungere cometh no blame;
In reward of my doughtir Shame,
Whiche hath the rosis in her warde, 3255
As she that maie be no mufarde,
And Wickid Tong is with these two,
That suffrith no man thidir go,
For er a thing be doe he shall,
Where that he comith ovir all, 3260
In fourtie placis, if it be sought,
Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought,
So moche traifon is in his male,
Of falseneffe for to faine a tale.
Thou delest with angrie folke i-wis, 3265
Wherefore to the the bettir is
From these folkis awaie to fare,
For thei woll make the live in care;
This is the ill that Love thei call,
Wherein there is but folie all, 3270
For love is folie every dell;
Who loveth in no wise maie doe well,

Ne set his thought on no gude myght;
 His schole he lefeth if he be clerk;
 Or othir craft if that he be
 He shall not thrive therein, for he
 In love shal have more passion;
 Than monke, or hermite, or channoun.
 This pain is herd out of mesure;
 The joie maie no while endure;
 And eke in the possession
 Is mochil tribulacion;
 The joie it is so short lasting,
 And but in hape is the getting;
 I se there many in travaile
 That at the last shall foully faile;
 I was nothing thy counsailler,
 Whan thou were made the homager
 Of god of Love to hastily,
 Where was no wisedome but folie;
 Thine harte was jolic but not sage
 Whan thou were brought in soche a rage
 To yelde the up so redily
 To Love of his grete maistiry.

I rede the Love awaie to drive,
 That maketh the reche not of thy live;
 The folie more fro daie to daie
 Shall growe but thou it put awaie;

Take with thy tethe the bridill faste
 To daunt thy herte, and eke the caste,
 If that thou maiest, to get defence
 For to redresse thy first offence :
 Who so his herte alwaie woll leve
 Shall finde among that shall him greve.
 Whan I her herd thus me chastise
 I answerde in full angrie wise,
 I prayid her cesse of her speche
 Eithir to chastise me or teche,
 To biddè me my thought refrain,
 Whiche Love hath caught in his demein :
 What wenin ye Love woll consent
 (That me assayith with bowe bent)
 To drawe mine herte out of his honde,
 Whiche is so quickly in his bonde?
 That ye counsaile maie nevir be,
 For whan he first arestid me
 He toke mine herte so fore him till
 That it is nothing at my will;
 He taught it so him for to' obeie
 That he it sparrid with a keie.
 praie you let me be all still,
 or ye maie welh, if that ye will,
 our wordis waste in idilnesse,
 or uttirly, withoutin gesse,
 ll that ye faine is but in vain;
 e were levir die in the pain

33

3305

3310

3315

3320

3325

Ne set his thought on no gode werke;
His schole he leseth if he be clerke,
Or othir craft if that he be 3275
He shall not thrive therein, for he
In love shal have more passoun
Than monke, or hermite, or chanoun.

This pain is herd out of mesure;
The joie maie no while endure; 3280
And eke in the possession
Is mochil tribulacion;

The joie it is so short lasting,
And but in hape is the getting;
I se there many in travaile 3285
That at the last shall foully faile;

I was nothing thy counsailler,
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of Love to hastily,
Where was no wisedome but folie; 3290

Thine harte was jolie but not sage
Whan thou were brought in foche a rage
To yelde the up so redily
To Love of his grete maistriry.

I rede the Love awaie to drive, 3295
That maketh the reche not of thy live;
The folie more fro daie to daie
Shall growe but thou it put awaie;

Take with thy tethe the bridill faste
 To daunt thy herte, and che the casse,
 If that thou maicst, to get defence
 For to redresse thy first offence:
 Who so his herte alwaie wold love
 Shall finde among that shall him greve.

When I her herd thus me chastise
 I answerde in full angrie wise,
 I prayid her voffe of her speche
 Eithir to chastise me or tache,
 To hiddè me my thought selatin,
 Whiche Love hath caught in his claspyn:
 What wemyn ye Love well confest
 (That me assaynith with hewe best)
 To drave mine herte out of his honde,
 Whiche is so quickly in his honde?
 That ye counsaile meit never be,
 For when he first assaid me
 He take mine herte so fast him till
 That it is nothing at my will:
 He taught it to love me so fast
 That he it spaciouly hath kept.
 I praye you let me be as I am,
 For ye make me, as I am,
 Your wordes make me as I am,
 For meyny, as I am,
 All that ye have to say to me:
 Meyny, as I am, as I am.

Than Love to meward should arette,
Falshede or trefon on me sette :
I woll me gettin pris or blame,
And love true for to save my name : 3330
Who me chastifith I him hate.
With that worde Reson went her gate,
Whan she sawe for no sermoning
She might me fro my folie bring :
Than dismayid I left all sole, 3335
For-werie, for-wandred, as a sole,
For I ne knewe no cherifaunce :
Than fell into my remembraunce
How Love ybadde me to purveie
A felawe to whom I might seie 3340
My counsaile and my privite,
For that should moche availin me.
With that bethought I me that I
Yhad a felaw fastè by
True and fikir, curteis and hende, 3345
And he called was by name a Frende ;
A truer felawe was no where none.
In hast to him I went anone,
And to him all my wo I told,
Fro him right nought I would withhold, 3350
I tolde him all withoutin were,
And made my compleint on Daungere,
How for to seie he was hidous,
And to meward contrarious,

The whichè through his cruilte 3355

Was in point to have meimid me,

With Bialacoil whan he me seie

Within the gardin walke and pleie

Fro me he made him for to go,

And I be left alone in wo;

3360

I durst no lengir with him speke,

For Daungir saied he would ha --- ke

Whan that he sawe l ---

The freshe bothom f ---

If I werè hardie to c ---

3365

Bitwene the haie and ---

This frende, whan n --- y thought,

He discomfortid me rig ---

But saied, Felawe, be na --- de,

Ne so abashid nor bestadde;

3370

My selfe I knowe full well Daungere,

And how that he is fiers of chere,

At primè temps, Love to manace;

Full oft I have ben in his case;

A felon first though that he be

3375

Aftir thou shalt him souple se :

Of long passid I knewe him wele;

Ungodelie first though men him sele

He woll meke afre' in his bering

Ben for service and obeising :

3380

I shall the tell what thou shalt doe;

Mekely I rede thou go him to,

Of herte praie him specially
Of thy trespase to have mercie,
And hotin him well here to plesse, 3385
That thou shalt ner more him displese :
Who can best serve of flattery
Shall plesse Daungir most uttirly.

My frende hath saied to me so wele
That he me esid hath somedele, 3390
And eke allegged of my tourment,
For through him had I hardiment
Again to Daungir for to go,
To preve if I might make him so.

To Daungir cam I all aghamed, 3395
The whiche aforne me had yblamed,
Desiring for t'apeise my wo,
But ovir hedge durst I nat go,
For he forbode me the passage :
I founde him cruill in his rage, 3400
And in his honde a grete bourdoun :
To him I knelid lowe adoun,
Full meke of port and simple' of chere,
And saied, Sir, I am comin here
Ondly to ask of you mercie; 3405
It grevith me full gretily
'That evir I have wrathid you,
But for to'amende I am come now,

With all my might bothe loude and still
To doin right at your owne will, 3410
For Love madin me for to do
That I have trespassed hidirto,
Fro whome I ne maie drawe mine herte,
Yet shall I nere for joie ne smerte
(What so befall me, gode or ill) 3415
Offendin more again your will;
Levir I have endure disese
Than doe that whiche should you displese.

I you require and praie that ye
Of me have mercie and pite, 3420
To stint your ire that grevith so,
That I woll swere for evirmo
To be redressed at your liking
If I trespase in any thing,
Save that (I praie the) grauntè me 3425
A thing that maie nat warnid be,
That I maie love all onily,
None othir thing of you aske I;
I shall doin all wele i-wis,
If of your grace you graunt me this, 3430
And that ye maie nat lettin me,
For well wote ye that love is fre,
And I shall loven soche that I will,
Who evir like it well or ill,

And yet ne would I for all Fraunce
Doe thing to doe you displeaunce. 3

Than Dammir fill in his entent
For to foryeve his male talent,
But all his wrathe yet at the last
He hath relefed, I praied so fast. 34
Shortly, (he sayid) thy request
Is nat to mokill dishonest,

Ne I woll nat wernin it the,
For yet nothing engrevith me;
For though thou love thus evirmore 344.
To me is neithir softe ne sore :
Love where the list, what rechith me ?
So ferre thou fro my rosis be ;
Trust not on me for none affaie
In any time to passe the haie. 3450

Thus hath he grauntid my praier :
Than went I forthe withoutin were
Unto my frende, and told him all
Whiche was right joifull of my tale.
(He saied) Now goeth well thine affaie, 3455
He shall to the be debonaire ;
Though he aforne was dispitous
He shall hereaftir be gracious ;
If he were touched on some gode vein
He should yet rewin on thy pein : 3460
Suffir, I rede, and no boste make
Will thou at gode mes maieft him take.

By suffraunce and by wordis soft
A man maie ovircomin oft
Him that aforne he had in drede, 3465
In bokis sothly as I rede.
Thus hath my frende with grete comfort
Avauncid me with high disport,
Whiche would me gode as moche as I;
And than anon full sodainly 3470
I toke my leve, and streight I went
Unto the haie, for grete talent
I had to sene the freshe bothom
Wherein laie my salvacion,
And Daungir toke kepe if that I 3475
Kepe him covinaunt truily :
So fore I drede his manasing
I durst not brekin his bidding,
For lest that I were of him sbent
I brake not his commaundiment, 3480
For to purchasin his gode will
It was for to comin there till;
His mercie was to ferre behinde
Ykept, for I ne might it finde :
I complainid and sighid fore, 3485
And languishid evir the more,
For I ne durst nat ovir go
Unto the Rose I lovid so,
Throughout my deming uttirly
That he had knowlege certainly : 3490

Soche cruill werre again your man,
 As wholly your's as er he can,
 Nor that ye worchin no more wo
 On this caitife languishing so,
 Whiche woll no more to you trespace, 355
 But put him wholly in your grace:
 And his offence ne was but lite;
 'The god of Love it was to wite
 'That he your thrall so gretely is:
 If ye him harme ye doen amis, 356
 For he hath had full hard penaunce
 Sith that ye rest him th' aquaintaunce
 Of Bialacoil, his mostè joie,
 Whiche all his painis might acoie:
 He was before anoyd fore, 356

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

133

He levith more than he maie doe;
His pain is harde ye maie se, lof 3520
And Love in no wise would consent
That he have powir to repent,
For though that quicke ye would him flo
Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go.

Now, swetè Sir, it is your els 3525
Him for to angir or disese.

Alas! what maie it you avaunce
To doen to him so grete grevaunce?
What worship is' it again him take,
Or on your man a werrè make, 3530
Sithe he so lowlie every wise
Is redy as ye luste devise?

If Love have caught him in his lace,
You for t' obaie in every cace,
And ben your subject at your will, 3535
Should ye therfore willin him ill?

Yè should him spar in more all out
Than him that is bothe proude and stont:
Curtisie would that ye succoure
Them that ben meke undir your cure: 3540

*His herte is hard that wolle not meke
Whan men of mekenesse him besete.*

This is certain, sayid Pite,
We se oft that humilite

Volume VII.

M

Bothe ire and also felonie 3545
Venquish'eth, and also' melancolie,
To stondin forthe in soche dureffe
This cruilte and wickidnesse;
Wherefore I praie you, Sir Daungere,
For to maintein no lengir here 3550
Soche cruill werre again your man,
As wholly your's as er he can,
Nor that ye worchin no more wo
On this caitife languishing so,
Whiche woll no more to you trespace, 3555
But put him wholly in your grace:
And his offence ne was but lite;
The god of Love it was to wite
That he your thrall so gretely is:
If ye him harme ye doen amis, 3560
For he hath had full hard penaunce
Sith that ye rest him th' aquaintaunce
Of Bialacoil, his mostè joie,
Whiche all his painis might acoie:
He was before anoyd fore, 3565
But than ye doublid him well more,
For he of blisse hath ben full bare
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare:
Love hath to him done grete distresse,
He hath no nede of more dureffe: 3570
Voidith from him your ire I rede;
Ye maie not winnin in this dede:

I sawe the Rose, whan I was nigh,
 Was gretir woxin and more high,
 Freshe and roddy, and faire of hewe,
 Of colour evir iliche newe : 3630
 And whan I had it longè sene
 I sawe that through the levis grene
 The Rose spred to spannishing,
 To sene it was a godely thing,
 But it ne was so sprede on brede 3635
 That men within might knowe the sede,
 For it covert ywas and close
 Bothe with the leves and with the Rose ;
 The stalke was even' and grene upright,
 It was thereon a godely fight, 3640
 And well the bettir without wene
 For that the sede was not ysene :
 Full faire it sprad, the god of Blesse,
 For soche an othir as I gesse
 Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile ; 3645
 I was abawid for marveile,
 For er the fairir that it was
 The more I' am boundin in Love's laas.
 Long I abode there, sothe to saie,
 Till Bialacoil I gan to praie, 3650
 Whan that I sawe him in no wise
 To me to warnin his servise,
 That he to me would graunt a thing
 Whiche to remembre' is well fitting,

This is to faine, that of his grace
 He would me yeve leifar and space,
 To me that was so desirous
 To have a kissing precious
 Of the so godely freshè Rose
 That so swetely smelleth in my nose,
 For if it you displeid nought
 I woll gladly, as I have sought,
 I havin a kisse thereof frely
 Of your yestè, for certainly
 I woll none have but by your leve,
 So lothe me were you for to greve.

He sayid, Frende, so God me spede,
 Of Chastite I have soche drede,
 Thou shouldest not warnid be for me,
 But I dare not for Chastite;
 Again her dare I not misdoe,
 For alwaie biddith she me so
 To yeve no lovir leve to kisse,
 For who thereto may winnen, i-wisse
 He of the surplus of the praie
 May live in hope to get some daie;
 For who so kissing maie attain
 Of lov'is pain hath (soth to fain)
 The best and the moste avinaunt,
 And ernest of the reminaunt.

Of his answere I fighid fore,
I durst assaie him tho nomore,
I had suche drede to greve him aie :
A man should not to muche assaie
To chafe his frende out of mesure, 3685
Nor put his life in avinture;
For no man at the firste stroke
Ne may not fel adoun an oke,
Nor of the reifins have the wine
Till grapes be ripe and wel a-fine, 3690
Be fore empresse, I you ensure,
And drawin out of the preffure :
But I, forpeinid wondir strong,
Thoughtè that I abode right long
Aftir the kisse in paine and wo, 3695
Sith I to kisse desirid so ;
Till that rewing on my distresse
There comin Venus the goddesse,
(Whiche aie werryith Chastite)
Came of her grace to socour me, 3700
Whose might is knowin ferre and wide,
For she is mothir of Cupide,
The god of Love, as blinde as stone,
That helpith lovirs many one.
This lady brought in her right honde 3705
Of brenning fire a blasing bronde,

Whereof the flame and hotè fire
Hath many' a lady in defire
Of love ybrought, and fore yhette;
And in her service her herte sette. 3710
This lady was of gode entaile,
Right wondirful of apparaile;
By her atire so bright and shene
Men might percevin well and sene
She was not of religioun; 3715
Nor I n'il makin menciou
Nor of her robe nor of tresour,
Of broche ne of her riche attour,
Ne of her girdle' about her side,
For that I n'il not long abide; 3720
But knowith well that certainly
She was arrayid richily;
Devoide of pride certaine she was;
To Bialacoil she went a paas,
And to him shortely in a clause 3725
She sayid, Sir, what is the cause
Ye ben of porte so daungirous
Unto this lovir and dainous,
To graunt him nothing but a kisse?
To warne it him ye done amisse, 3730
Sithe well ye wotin how that he
Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se,
And hath beaute, wher through he is
Worthy of love to have the blis.

How he' is semely beholde and se, 3735

How he is faire, how he is fre,

How he is sote and debonaire,

Of agè yonge, lusty and faire :

There is no lady so hauteine,

Duchesse, countesse, ne chastelaine, 3740

That I n'olde holde her ungodely :

For to refuse him uttirly.

His brethe is also gode and swete,

And his lippes roddy; are thei mete

Only to plaine and not to kisse? 3745

Graunt him a kisse of gentilnesse.

His teth arne also white and clene;

Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene

If ye now warne him, trustith me,

To grauntè that a kisse have he; 3750

The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,

And the more timè shul ye waste.

Whan the flame of the very bronde

That Venus brought in her right honde

Had Bialacoil with his hete smete 3755

Anone he bade me without lete,

And grauntid me the Rose to kisse,

Than of my paine I ganne to lisse,

And to the Rose anon went I,

And kiffid it ful faithfully. 3760

Nede no man aske if I was blith

Whan the favour so softe and lith

Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,
 And me alleggid of my fore,
 So was I ful of joye and blisse; 3765
 It is faire fuche a floure to kisse;
 It was so fote and favirous
 I might not be so anguishous
 That I mote glad and joly be;
 Whan that I do remembre me 3770
 Yet evre' among (sothly to faine)
 I suffre noie and mochil paine.

The fe may nevir be so still
 But with a litill winde at will
 May ovirwhelme and tourne also 3775
 As it were wode in wawis go;
 Aftir the calme the trouble sone
 Mote folow, and chaunge as the mone.

Right so fareth Love, that felde in one
 Holdeth his ancre, for right anone 3780
 Whan thei in cse wene best to live
 They ben with tempest all fordrive.
 Who servith Love can tel of wo
 The floundmele joye mote ovirgo;
 Now he hurtith and now he cureth, 3785
 For felde in o pointe Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede
 How Shame gan medle and take hede,

Through whom fel angirs I have hade,
 And how the strongè wall was made, 3790
 And the castill of brede and length,
 That god of Love wan with his strength :
 Al this in Romance will I set,
 And for no thing ne will I let,
 So that it liking to her be 3795
 That is the floure of all beaute,
 For she may best my labour quite.
 That I for her love shal endite.

Wickid Tonge, whiche that the covine
 Of every lovir can devine 3800
 Worste, and aie addith more somdele,
 (For wickid tonge saith nevir wele)
 To mewarde hare he right gret hate,
 Espying me erly and late,
 Til he hath sene the gretè chere 3805
 Of Bialacoil and me ifere :
 He ne might not his tonge withstonde
 Worfe to reportin than he fonde,
 He was so ful of cursid rage :
 It sat him wele of his linage, 3810
 For him an Irishe woman bare :
 His tonge was filid sharpe and square,
 And right poignaunt, and right kerving,
 And wondir bittir in speking ;
 For whan that he me gan espie 3815
 He swore (affirming sikirly)

Bitwene Bialacoil and me
 Was ill aquaintaunce and prive :
 He spake therof so folilie
 That he awakid Jelousie, 3820
 Whiche all afraied in his rising,
 Whan that he herdè the jangling,
 He ran anon as he were wode
 To Bialacoil there that he stode,
 Whichè had levir in this caas 3825
 Have ben at Reines or Amias,
 For fote-hote in his felonie
 To him thus saidè Jelousie;
 " Why hast thou ben so negligent
 " To kepin, whan I was absent, 3830
 " This vergir here leste in thy warde?
 " To me thou haddist no regarde
 " To trust (to thy confusion)
 " Him thus, to whom suspicion
 " I have right grete, for it is nede, 3835
 " It is well shewid by the dede :
 " Grete faute in the now have I founde;
 " By God anon thou shalt be bounde,
 " And fastè lockin in a toure,
 " Withoutin refuite or focoure. 3840
 " For Shame to long hath be the fro;
 " Ovir sonè she was ago;

" Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere, to fere
 " It semid well she was not here, 3845
 " For she was besy in no wise 3845
 " To kepin the and to chastite,
 " And for to helpin Chastite
 " To kepe the rofir, as thinketh me,
 " For than this boie knave so boldly
 " Ne shoulde nat have be hardy, 3850
 " Ne in this vergir had suche game,
 " Which now me tournith to grete shame."

Bialacoil n'is what to saie,
 Ful faine he would have fled awaie,
 For fere have hyid, n'ere that he
 All sodainly toke him with me;
 And whan I sawe that he had fo

This Jelousie takin us two
 I was astoned, and **knewe** no rede,
 But fledde away for very drede. 3860

Than Shame came forth ful simpilly;
 She wende have trespaced ful gretely,
 Humble' of her porte, and made it simple,
 Wering a vaile in stede of wimple,
 As nonnis done in ther abbey : 3865
 Bicause her hert was in affray
 She gan to speke within a throwe
 To Jelousie right wondir lowe.

First of his grace the kin becometh,
 And sayid, Sir, ne leweth nought
 Wickid Tonge, that fals epte;
 Which is so glad to faime and lie;
 He hath you made through flatering
 On Bialacoil a false leſing;
 His falsneſſe is not now a nowe,
 It is to longe that he him knowe;
 This ne is not the firſt daie,
 For Wickid Tonge hath cuſtoms aie
 The yonge folkis to bewrite,
 And false leſingis on 'hem lie.

Yet nere-theleſſe I fe among
 That the ſoigne it is ſo long
 Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure
 In Lov'is ſervice for to' endure,
 Ydrawing ſuchè folke him to
 That he hath nothing with to do,
 But in ſothneſſe I trowè nought
 That Bialacoil had er in thought
 To do trefpace or vilanie,
 But for his mothir Curtiſie
 Hath taught him evir for to be
 Gode of aqueintaunce and prive,
 For he lovith none hevineſſe,
 But mirth and play, and all gladneſſe;
 He hatith eke allè trechours,
 And ſoleine folke and envious.

For ye wele wetin how that he
 Wol evir glad and joyful be
 Honestly with folkè to pley:
 I have be negligent in fey
 To chastise him, therfore now I
 Of herte ycrie you here mercy,
 That I have ben so rechiles
 To tamin him withoutin lees;
 Of my foly I me repent;
 Now wol I whole set mine entent
 To kepin bothè low and still
 Bialacoil to do your will.

O Shame! o Shame! faide Jelousie,
 To be bitrashed grete drede have I;
 Lecherie hath yclombe so hie,
 That almost bledid is mine cie:
 No wondir is if drede have I,
 Ovir al reignith Lechery,
 Whose might ygrowith night and dey
 Both in cloistre and in abbey;
 Chastite' is werried ovir all,
 Therfore I woll with sikir wall

Close both the rosis and rofere;
 I have to long in this manere
 Leste 'hem unclofid wilfully,
 Wherfore I am right inwardly
 Sorowfull, and repentè me;
 But now thei shall no lengir be

Unclofid; and yet I drede ~~some~~ *some* *will* *him* *to* *blow* 3935
 I shall repente ferthirmore, *that* *ye* *can* *help* *me* *to* *do* *it*
 For the game goith all amis; *and* *that* *is* *the* *way* *to* *do* *it*
 Counsaile I muste newe i-wis: *that* *is* *the* *way* *to* *do* *it*
 I have to long ytrustid the; *that* *is* *the* *way* *to* *do* *it*
 But now it shal no lengir be; *that* *is* *the* *way* *to* *do* *it* 3930
 For he may best in every coste
 Decevin that men trustin moste:
 I se well that I am nigh shent
 But if I set my full entent
 Some remedie for to purveie, 3935
 Wherefore closin I shall the wey
 From them that woll the Rose espie,
 And come to waite me vilonie;
 For now in gode faith and in trowth
 I wol not lettin for no slouth, 3940
 To live the more in fikiraness,
 Do make anon a fortireffe,
 Than close the rosis of gode favour;
 In middis shal I make a tour
 To put Bialacoil in prifon, 3945
 For evir I drede me of trefon:
 I trow I shal him kepè so
 That he shal have no might to go
 About to makin companie
 To them that thinke of vilanie, 3950
 Ne to no fuche as hath ben here
 Aforne, and founde in him gode chere,

Whiche han assailid him to shende,
 And with ther trowandise to blende;
 A folè is eith to begile;
 But may I live a litil while
 He shal forthinke his faire semblaunt.

3955

And with that worde came Drede Avaunt;
 Whiche was abashed, and in grete fere
 Whan he wist Jelousie was there;
 He was for drede in such affray
 That not a wordè durste he say,
 But quaking stode ful stil alone,

3960

(Til Jelousie his way was gone)
 Save Shamè, that him not forsoke;
 Both Drede and she ful sore quoke,
 That at the lastè Drede abraide,
 And to his cosin Shamè saide:

3965

Shamè, (he said) in sothfastnesse
 To me it is gret hevinesse
 That the noise is so ferre ygo,
 And eke the sclaunder, of us two,
 But sithin that it is befall

3970

We maie it not againè call
 Whan onis sprongin is a fame;
 For many' a yere withoutin blame
 We have ben, and many' a day,
 For many' an Aprill, many' a May,
 We han ypassid nothing shamed,
 Til Jelousie hath us yblamed

3975

3980

Of mistrust and suspicion
 Causelesse, without encheson :
 Go we to Daungir hastily,
 And let us shewe him opinly
 That he hath not aright ywrought 3985
 Whan that he settè not his thought
 To kepin bettir the purprise :
 In his doing he is not wise ;
 He hath to us do gretè wrong,
 That hath suffrid now so long 3990
 Bialacoil to have his will
 Allè his lustis to fulfill :
 He must amende it uttirly,
 Or els shal he villainously
 Exilid be out of this londe,
 For he the werre maie not withstonde 3995
 Of Jelousie, nor bere the grese,
 Sithe Bialacoil is at mischese.

To Daungir Shame and Drede anon
 The rightè way ben both ygon ; 4000
 The cherle thei foundin 'hem asorne
 Liggig undir an hawethorne ;
 For his hed no pilowe was,
 In the slede a trusse of gras ;
 Embroid, and a knappe he toke, 4005
 He piteussly him shoke,

And grete manace on him gan make.

Why slepist thou whan thou should wake?

(Quod Shame) thou doest us vilanie;

Who trustith the he doth folie

4010

To kepè rosis or bothems

Whan thei ben : faire in ther sasons :

Thou arte woxe to familiere

Wher thou should be straunge of chere,

Stoute of thy porte, redy to greve :

4015

Thou doest gret folie for to leve

Bialacoil here inne to call

The yongir man to shenden us all :

Though that thou slepe we mowin here

Of Jelousie grete noisë here :

4020

Art thou now late? rise up an hie,

And stoppe sone and delivirly

Allè the gappis of the hay;

Do no favour I do the pray :

It fallith nothing to thy name

4025

To' make fayre semblaunt where thou mayste blame.

If Bialacoil be swete and fre

Doggid and fel thou shouldist be,

Froward and outrageous i-wis;

A chorle chaungith that curteis is :

4030

This have I herde oft in faying,

That man ne maie for no daunting

Make a sperhaunce of a besarde :
Al men wel hold the for misfardo
That debonaire have foundin the :
It stretch the nought curteisie be :
To do men plesaunce or seruis
In the it is recreaundise :
Let thy werkis ferrè and nere
Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.

Than al abashid in shewing
Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,
And sayid, Daungir, I drede me
That thou ne woltè besy be
To kepin that thou hast to kepe :
Whan thou shouldest wake thou art a-slepe :
Thou shalt be grevid certainly
If the aspyin Jelousie,
Or if he findè the in blame ;
He hath to day affailid Shame,
And chased away with grete manace
Bialacoil out of this place,
And swerith shortly that he shall
Enclose him in a sturdy wall ;
And al is for thy wickidnesse,
For that the failith straungènesse ;
Thine hert I trowe be failid all ;
Thou shalt repent in speciall,
If Jelousie the sothè knewe,
Thou shalt forthinke and forè rewe.

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake,
 Frowning his eyin gan to make,
 And hidous chere, as man in rage;
 For yre he brent in his visage:
 Whan that he herde him blamid for a tale,
 He said, Out of my witte I go,
 To be discomfite I have grete wrong;
 Certis I have now lived to long,
 Sithe I may not this clofir kepe:
 Al quicke I would be dolvin deped,
 Yf any man shal more repayre
 To this gardin for foule or fayre;
 Mine hert for ire goith a-ferre
 That I let any entre here:
 I have do foly now I fe,
 But now it shal amendid be:
 Who fettith fote here any more
 Truly he shall repent it fore,
 For no man more into this place
 Of me to entre shall have grace;
 Levir I had with swerdis twaine
 Throughout mine hert in every vaine,
 Percid to be with many' a wounde
 Than slouthè should in me be founde:
 From hennisforth by night or day
 I shall defende it if I may
 Withoutin any excepcion
 Of eche manir condicion,

And if I it any man graunte
There holdith me for recreaunte.

Than Daungir on his fete gan stonde
And hent a burdon in his honde;
Wrothe in his ire ne left he nought,
But through the vergir he hath fought
If he might findin hole or trace
Where through that me mote forth by pace,
Or any gappe, he did it close;
That no man might touchin a Rose
Of the rofir allè about,
He shittith every man without.

Thus day by day Daungir is were,
More wondirfull and more divers,
And fellir eke than evre' he was,
For him ful oft I singe alas!
For I ne may nought through his ire
Recovir that I moste desire:
Mine hert, alas! wol brest a-two,
For Bialacoil I wrathid so;
For certainly in every membre
I quake whan that I me remembre
Of the bothom whiche that I wolde
Ful oft a day fene and beholde;
And when I thinke upon the kisse,
And how much joie and how much blisse

I haddè through the favour swete,
 For want of it I grone and grete : 4115
 Me thinketh I fele yet in my nose
 The sotè favour of the Rose,
 And now I wote that I mote go
 So ferre the freshe flouris fro, 4120
 To me ful welcome were the dethe,
 Absence therof (alas!) me flethe;
 For whilom with this Rose, alas!
 I touchid nose, and mouthe, and face,
 But now the deth I must abide : 4125
 But Love consent an othir tide
 That onis I touche maie and kisse
 I trow my paine shal nevir liffe;
 Theron is all my covetise,
 Whiche brent my hert in many wif : 4130
 Now shal repaire againe fighting,
 Long watche on nightes, and no sleeping,
 Thought in wifhing, turment, and wo,
 With many' a tourning to and fro,
 That halfe my paine I cannot tell, 4135
 For I am fallin isth hell
 From paradise and welthe; the more
 My turment grevith, more and more
 Anoyith now the bittirnesse
 That I to forne have felte swetnesse : 4140
 And Wickid Tonge throughe his falshede
 Yeasith all my wo and drede;

On þe he lieth a pitous charge;
 Bicause his tonge was to large.
 Now is it time shortly that I
 Tel you somthing of Jelousy, 4145
 That was in grete suspection:
 About him leste he no mason
 That stone could laie, ne no querrou, 4150
 He hirid 'hem to make a tour;
 And first the rois for to kepe
 About 'hem made he a dicke depe,
 Right wondir large, and also brode,
 Upon the which also stode
 Of squarid stone a sturdy wall, 4155
 Whiche on a cragge was foundid all,
 And right grete thicknesse eke it bare;
 About it was yfoundid square
 An hundrid fadome' on every side;
 It was al liche both long and wide: 4160
 Lest any time it were assailed
 Ful wel about it was batailed,
 And rounde environ eke were set
 Ful many' a riche and faire toirnet:
 At every cornir of this wall 4165
 Was set a tour ful principall,
 And evèriche had without fable
 A portcolife defensible,
 To kepe of en'emies, and to greve
 That there ther forcè would ypreve. 4170

And eke amidde this purprise
 Was made a tour of grete maistrise,
 A fairir saugh no man with sight,
 Largè and wide, and of grete might:
 Thei draddè nought nonè assaut
 Of ginn or gonn, nor of skaffaut :
 The tempereure of the mortere
 Was made of lycoure wondir dere,
 Of quicklime persaunt and egre,
 Which temprid was with vinegre. 4175

The stone was harde of adamaunt
 Wherof thei made the foundemaunt;
 The tour was rounde made in compas;
 In al this world no richir was,
 Ne bettir ordained therewithall :
 About the tour was made a wall,
 So that betwixt that and the toure
 Rosis were set of swete favoure,
 With many rosis that thei bere :
 And eke within the castil were
 Springoldis, gones, bowes, and archers,
 And eke about at the corners 4180

Men seinin ovi~~the wall stonde~~
 Gret engins, which ywere nere honde,
 And in the kernils here and there
 Of arblastirs grete plentie were ;
 None armour mighte ther stroke withstonde,
 It were foly to prese to honde : 4195

Without the dicke were listis made
 With wal bataillid large and brade, 4200
 For men and horse should not attaine
 To nigh the dicke ovir the plaine.
 Thus Jelosie hath environ
 Yfette about his garnison
 With wallis rounde and dicke depe, 4205
 Onely the rofir for to kepe,
 And Daungir bothe erly and late
 The keyes kept of the uttir gate,
 The whiche opened towarde the est,
 And he had with him at the lest, 4210
 Thurty servauntes echone by name.

That othir gate was kept by Shame,
 Whiche opinid, as it was couthe,
 Towardis the parte of the southe;
 Sergeauntes assignid were her to 4215
 Full many, her will for to do :
 Than Dredè had in her baillie
 The keping of the constable'rie
 Towarde the north I understonde,
 That opened upon the leste honde, 4220
 The whiche for nothing may be sure
 But if she do her besy cure
 Erly on mor'we', and also late,
 Strongly to shette and barre the gate.
 Of every thing that she may se : 4225
 Drede is aferde where so she be,

For with a puffle of litill winde
 Drede is astonied in her minde,
 Therefore for steling of the Rose
 I rede her nat the yate unclose : 4230
 A foul'is flight would make her fle,
 And eke a shadowe, if she' it se.

Than Wickid Tonge, full of envy,
 With soudiers of Normandy,
 As he that causith all debate, 4235
 Was kepir of the fourthe gate,
 And also to the tothir thre
 He went ful oftè for to se.

Whan his lotte was to walke a night
 His instrumentis would be dight 4240
 For to blowin and makin soun
 Oftir than he hath enchésoun,
 And walkin oft upon the wall,
 Cornirs and wickittes ovir all
 Ful narowe ferehin and espie : 4245

Though he nought fonde yet would he lie.
 Discordaunt er fro armonie,
 And dissonid fro melodie;
 Controve he would, and foulè faile,
 With hornpipis of Cornèwaile; 4250
 In floitis made he discordaunce,
 And in his musike, with mischaunce!

He wouldè seine with notis newe
 That he ne fonde no woman trewe,
 Ne that he sawe nere in his life 4255
 Unto her husbonde a trewe wise,
 Ne none so ful of honeste
 That she n'il laugh and mery be
 Whan that she hereth or may espie
 A man spekin of lecherie: 4260
 Evèriche of 'hem hath some vice;
 One is dishonest, t'other nice;
 Yf one be ful of vilanie
 An othir hath a lico'rous cie;
 If one be ful of wantoness 4265
 Anothir is a chidirre.

Thus Wickid Tonge, God yeve him shame!
 Can put 'hem everichone in blame
 Without desert, and causileffe;
 He lieth though thei ben gitileffe: 4270
 I have pity to sene the sorowe
 That wakith bothe evin and morowe
 To innocentés doth suche grevaunce,
 I pray God yeve him evil chaunce!
 That he evir so besy is 4275
 Of any woman to' seine amis.

Eke Jelousie may God confounde!
 That hath makid a toure so rounde,
 And made about a garison;
 To sette Bialacoil in prison, 4280

The whiche is shette there in the tour,
 Ful long to holdè ther sojour,
 There for to livin in penaunce;
 And for to do him more grevaunce,
 Whiche hath ordainid Jelousie, 4285
 An oldè vecke for to espie
 The manir of his governaunce,
 The whiche devil in her insaunce
 Had lernid all of Lov'is arte,
 And of his pleyis toke her parte: 4290
 She was expert in his servise;
 She knewe eche wrenche and every gise
 Of Love, and every secret wile;
 It was right harde her to begile.
 Of Bialacoil she toke aie hede, 4295
 That er he liveth in wo and drede
 He kepte him coye and eke prive,
 Left that in him she haddè se
 Any lite foly countinaunce,
 For she knew all the oldè daunce. 4300

And after this whan Jelousie
 Had Bialacoil in his baillie,
 And shette him up that was so fre,
 For fure of him he would ybe,
 He trustith fore in his castell, 4305
 The strongè werke him likith well;
 He dradde nat that no glotons
 Should siele his roses or bothoms;

The rosis weren afflurid all,
Defencid with the strongè wall :
Now Jelousie full well may be
Of drede devoide in liberty;
Whether that he or slepe or wakes
Of his rosis may none be take.

But I (alas!) now mornè shall
Bicause I was without the wall :
Ful mochil dole and mone I made ;
Who so had wist what wo I had
I trowe he would have had pite ;
Love all to dere had soldè me ;
The gode that of his love had I
I went about it al queintly,
But nowe through dubling of my paine
I se he woll it sell again,
And me a newè bargain leve,
The whiche all out the more is dere
For the solace that I have lorne
Than I had it nevir aforne :
Certain I am full like in dede
To him that caste in yerth his sede,
And hath joie of the newè springing .
Whan it grenith in the ginning,
And is so faire and freshe of floure,
Lustie to sene, sote of odoure,

But er he it in shevis shere **4335**

Maie fall wethir that shall it dere,

And makin it to fade and fall

The flake, the greine, and flouris all,

That to the tiller is fordoen,

The hope he had conceyved **4340**

I drede certaine that so fa

For hope and travaile fikin

Ben me birafte all with a ro

The floure n'ill sedin of my c

For Love hath so avauncid me, **4345**

Whan I began my privity

To Bialacoil all for to tell,

Whom I ne founde froward ne fell,

But toke agre all whole my plaie;

But Love is of so harde affaie, **4350**

That all at ones he revid me

Whan I wened best above to' have be.

It is of Love as of Fortune,

That chaungith oft, and n'ill contune,

Whiche whilom will on folkè smile, **4355**

And glombe on 'hem an othir while;

Now frende now foe thou shalt her fele,

For a twinkling tournith her whele.

She can writhin her hedde awaie;

This is the concourse of her plaie, **4360**

She can areise that doith mourne,

And whirle adoune and ovirtourne

Who sittith hieft but as her lust :
A sole is he that woll her trust,
For it is I that am come doune
Through charge and revolucioun ;
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twin,
Shette in her prison yonde within,
His absence at mine herte I fele,
For all my joie and all mine hele
Y was in him and in the Rose,
That but you woll, whiche him doeth clo
Opin, that so I maie him se,
Love woll not that I curid be
Of the painis that I endure,
Nor of my cruill avinture.

Ah, Bialacoil, mine own dere !
Though thou be now a prisonere
Kepith at lest thine herte to me ;
Suffir not that it dauntid be,
Ne let not Jelousie' in his rage
Puttin thine herte in no servage :
Although he chastice the without,
And make thy bodie to him lout,
Have herte as harde as diamant,
Stedfast and stout, and naught pliant :
In prison though thy bodie be
At large kepe thine herte fre :

A trewe hert ne will not plie
 For no manace that it maie drie:
 If Jelousie doith the pain
 Quite him his wilè thus again,
 To vengè the at lest in thought;
 If othir waie thou mayist nought,
 And in this wise full subtillic
 Worchin and winne the maistiry.
 But yet I am in grete affraie
 Lest thou sholdest nat doe as I saie;

4390

4395

I drede thou canst me grete maugre
 That thou enprisoned art for me;
 But yet right nought for my trespas,
 For through me nere discovered was
 Yet thing that ought to be secre:
 Well more annoiè is in me
 Than is in the of this mischaunce,
 For I endure more hard penaunce
 Than any man can faine or thinke,
 That for the sorowe' almoſte I ſinke:
 Whan I remembir me' of my wo
 Full nigh out of my witte I go.

4400

4405

4410

Inward mine herte I ſele blede,
 For comfortleſſe the deth I drede:
 Owe I nat well to have diſtreſſe
 Whan falſe through ther wickidneſſe,
 And traitours, that arne envious,
 To noien me be ſo coragious?

4415

Ah, Bialacoil ! full well I fe
 That thei 'hem shape to deceve the,
 To make the buxum to ther lawe,
 And with ther cordè the to drawe
 Where so 'hem lust, right at ther will;
 I drede thei have the brought there till:
 Withoutin comfort thought me slaeth;
 This game would bring me to my deth,
 For if that I your gode will lese
 I mote be dedde, I maie not chese,
 And if that thou foryetè me
 Mine herte shall nere in liking be,
 Nor ellifwhere findin solace:
 If I be put out of your grace,
 As it shall nevir ben I hope,
 Than shuldin I fall in wanhope.

Alas, in wanhope! naie, parde,
 For I woll nere dispeirid be:
 If Hope me faile than alle am I
 Ungracious and unworthy:
 In Hope I woll comfortid be,
 For Love, whan he betaught her me,
 Sayid that Hope where so I go
 Should aie be relese to my wo.

But what and she my balis bete,
 And be to me curteis and swete?
 She is in nothing full certain;
Lovirs she put in full grete pain,

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

And makith 'hem with wo to delt : 4.

Her faire bethe she deceivith fele,

For she woll behote sikirly

And failin aftir uttirly,

Ah! that is a full noious thing,

For many' a lovir in loving 445

Hangeth upon her, and trustith fast,

Whiche lese ther travaile at the last.

Of thing to comme she wote right nought,

Therefore if it be wisely sought

Her counsaile folie is to take; 4455

For many times whan she woll make

A full gode syllogisme, I drede .

That aftirwarde there shall in dede

Felowe an ill conclusion :

This put me in confusion, 4460

For many times I have it sene

That many have begilid bene

For trust that thei have set in Hope,

Whiche fell 'hem aftirward a-slope.

But nath'less yet gladly she wold 4465

That he that woll him with her hold

Had all timis her purpose clere

Withoutin deceipt any where;

That she desirith sikirly ;

Whan I her blamed I did foly. . . . 4470

But what availith her gode will
 Whan she ne maie stanche my wound **4473**
 That helpith lite that she maie doe,
 Out take behests unto my wo,
 And heste certain in no wise.
 Without ifete is not to preise.

Whan heste and dede a fonder vary
 Thei doin a grette contrary :
 Thus am I possid up and downe
 With dole, thought, and confusioun : **4480**
 Of my disese there is no number,
 Daungir and Shame me encomber,
 Dredde also and Jelosie,
 And Wickid Tong, full of envie,
 Of whiche the sharpe and cruill ire **4483**
 Full oft me put in grete martire :
 Thei have my joie fully let,
 Sith Bialacoil thei have beset
 Fro me in prision wickidly,
 Whom I love so entierly, **4490**
 That it wollin my banè be
 But I the sonir maie him se.

And yet moreovir, worse of all,
 There' is set to kepe, foule her befall!
 A rimplid vecke ferre ronne in age, **4493**
 Frowning and yel'we' in her visage,
 Whiche in awaite lieth daie and night,
 That none of him maie have a fight.

Now mote my sorowe enforced be ;
 Full sothe it is that Love yafe me 4500
 Thre wondir yeftis of his grace,
 Whiche I have lorne now in this place,
 Sith thei ne maie withoutin drede
 Helpin but lite who takith hede,
 For here availith no Swete Thought, 4505
 And Swete Speche helpith fight nought,
 The thirde was callid Swete Loking,
 That now is lorne without lesing.

Yeftis were faire, but nat for thy
 Thei helpin me but simply 4510
 But Bialacoil losid be
 To gone at large and to be fre ;
 For him my life lieth all in dout
 But if he come the rathir out.

Alas ! I trowe it woll nat ben, 4515
 For how should I ere more him sene ?
 He maie nat out ; and that is wrong,
 Bicause the tourè is so strong :
 How should he' out, or by whose prowesse,
 Out of so strong a fortireffe ? 4520

By me certain it n'ill be doe,
 God wotte I have no witte therto,
 But well I wote I was in rage
 Whan I to Love did my homage ;

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P

Who was the cause (in sothfastnesse) 4325
 But her self Dame Idilnesse,
 Whiche me conveide through faire praier
 To' entir into that faire vergere?
 She was to blamè me to leve,
 The whiche now doeth me forè greve: 4330
 A fol'is worde is nought to trowe,
 Ne worth an apple for to lowe;
 Men shou
 At primè tem
 I was a fol 4335
 Through v
 She accoi
 That nov
 h my win
 ght releved:
 grevith wondir ill.

Refon me sayid, What should fall
 A sole my self I maie well call, 4340
 That Love aside I had not laied,
 And trowid that Dame Refon saied;
 Refon had bothè skill and right
 Whan she me blamed with all her might
 To medle' of Love, that hath me shent, 4345
 But certain now I woll repent.

And should I repent? naie, parde,
 A false traitour than should I be:
 The devil's engins would me take
 If evir I Love would forsake,

Or Bialacoil falsly betraie,
 Should I at mischief hate him? naie,
 Sithe he now for his curtisie
 Is in prison of Jelousie;
 Curtisie certain did he me 4555
 So moche it maie not yoldin be;
 Whan he the haie passin me lete
 To kisse the Rose faire and swete
 Should I therefore conne him maugre?
 Naie, certainly, it shall nat be, 4560
 For Love shall nevir, save gode will,
 Here of me ne through worde or will
 Offence or complaint more or lesse
 Neithir of Hope nor Idleness;
 For certis it were wrong that I 4565
 Hatid 'hem for ther curtisie.

There is not els but suffice and thinke,
And wakin whan I shoulde winke,
Abide in hope till Love through chance
Sende me soccour or allegaunce, 4570
Expectaunt aie till I maie mete
To gettin mercie of that swete.

Whilom I thinke how Love to me
 Sayid that he would take at gre
 My service if unpacience 4575
 Ycausid me to doen offence;
 He said, In thanke I shall it take,
 And high maistris eke the ymake,

If Wickidnesse ne reve it the,
But, sone, I trowe that shall nat be. 4580
These were his wordis by and by,
It semed he lovid me truely.

Now is there not but serve him wele
If that I thinke his thanke to sele:
My gode, mine harme, lithe whole in me, 4585
In Love maie no defaute ybe,
For true Love ne failed nevyr man;
Sothly the faute mote nedis than,
As God forbide, be founde in me,
And how it cometh I can not se. 4590

Now let it gone as it maie go,
Wher Love woll soccour me or flo,
He maie do wholly on me his will;
I am so fore ybounde him till
From his service I maie not flene, 4595
For life and deth withoutin wene
Is in his hande; I maie nat chese;
He maie me doe bothe winne and lese:
And sithe so fore he doeth me greve,
Yet if my lust he would acheve, 4600

To Bialacoil godely to be,
I yeve no force what fell on me;
For, though I die, as I mote nede,
I praie Love of his godelihede
To Bialacoil doe gentilnesse, 4605
For whom I live in soche distresse

That I mote dyin for penaunce:
 But first withoutin repentaunce
 I will me confesse in gode entent,
 And make in haſte my testament,
 As lovirs doin that felin ſmerte.
 To Bialacoil leve I mine herte
 All whole, withoutin departing
 Or doubleneſſe or repenting.

Coment Raïſon vient a L'amant.

Thus as I madin my paſſage
 In compleint and in cruill rage,
 And I n'ot where to finde a leche
 That couthe unto mine helping eche,
 Sodainly again comin down
 Out of her toure I ſawe Refoun,
 Diſcrete and wiſe, and full pleaſaunt,
 And of her porte full avenaunt:

The right waie ſhe toke unto me,
 Whiche ſtoode in grete perplexite,
 That was poſſid in every ſide,
 That I n'iſt where I might abide,
 Till ſhe, demurely ſadde of chere,
 Sayid to me as ſhe came nere;
 Mine ownè frende, art thou agreved?
 How is this quarell yet ached
 Of Lov'is ſide? anon me tell
 Haſt thou not yet of love thy fill?

P iij

Art thou nat werie' of thy service
That the hath grevid in soche wife?

What joie haste thou in thy loving? 4635
Is it a swete or bittir thing?

Canst thou yet chesin, let me se
What best thy succour mightin be?

Thou servist a full noble lorde,
That maketh the thrall for thy rewarde, 4640

Whiche aie renewith thy tourment,
With folie so he hath the blent:

Thou fell in mischief thilkè daie
Whan thou diddist, the sothe to saie,
To him obeisaunce and homage: 4645

Thou wroughtist nothing as the sage
Whan thou became his liegè man;

Thou diddist a grete folie than:
Thou wilstist nat what fell therto,
With what lorde thou haddist to doe; 4650

If that thou haddist him well knowe
Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe,

For if that thou wiste what it were
Thou n'oldist serve him halfe a yere,

No, nat a weke nor halfe a daie, 4655
Ne yet an houre without delaie:

Ne nevir I loved paramours,
His lordship is so full of shours;

Knowist him ought,

L'amaunt? Ye, Dame, parde,

Raïfoun. Naie, naie. L'amaunt. Yes I.

Raïfoun. Wherefore, let se.

L'amaunt. Of that he ſayid I ſhould be

Glad to have ſoche a lorde as he,

And maiſtir of ſoche ſeignorie.

4665

Raïfoun. Knoweſt him no more?

L'amaunt. Naie, certis I,

Save that he yafe me rulis there,

And went his waie I ne wiſt where,

And I abode bounde in balaunce:

4670

Lo, there a noble cognifaunce!

Raïfoun.

But I woll that thou knowe him now

Ginning and ende, ſithin that thou

Art ſo anguiſhous and ſo mate,

Diſfigurid out of aſtate,

4675

There maie no wreche have more of wo,

Ne catife non endurin ſo;

It were to every man fitting

Of his lorde to have knowleging,

For if thou knewe him out of dout

4680

Lightly thou ſhouldiſt ſcapin out

Of thy priſon that marrith the.

L'amaunt.

Yea, Dame, ſithin my lorde is he,

And I his man made with mine honde

I wouldè right faine undiſtoure

4685

To knowin of what kinde he be,
If any would enformè me.

Raisoun.

I would (sayid Refon) the lere,
Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,
And shewin the withoutin fable
A thing that is not demonstrable.
Thou shalt knowe withoutin science
And withoutin experience
The thing that maie not knowin be,
Ne wist ne shewed in no degre,
Thou maiest the sothe of it not witten
Although in the it were ywritten;
Thou shalt not knowin thereof more
While thou art rulid by his lore,
But unto him that Love will flie
The knottè maie unclosid be
Whiche hath to the, as it is founde,
So longe to knitte and not unbounde:
Now set well thine entencion
To here of love the discripcion.

Love it is an hateful pese,
A fre' acquitaunce without relesce,
And through the fret full of falskede
A sikirnesse all set in drede;
In herte is a dispering hope,
And full of hope it is wanhope;

A wise wodnesse, and voide reson,
 A swete perill in to droun,
 An hevie burthin light to bere,
 A wickid wave awaie to were; 4715
 It is Charybdis perilous,
 Disagreable and gracious;
 It' is discordaunce that can acorde,
 And accordaunce unto discorde;
 It is conning without science, 4720
 And wisdom without sapience,
 Witte withoutin discrecion,
 Havoire without possession;
 It is like hele and whole sickenesse,
 A trust drounid and dronkinesse, 4725
 And helth all full of maladie,
 And charite full of envie,
 And angre full of aboundaunce,
 And a full gredie suffisaunce,
 Delite right full of hevinesse, 4730
 And dreriness full of gladnesse,
 Bittir swetenesse and swete errour,
Right evill favoured gode favour,
 A fin that pardone hath withinne,
 And pardone spottid without sinne, 4735
 A paine also it is joious,
 And felonie right pitèous,
 Also a plaie that selde is stable,
 And stedfastness right mevable,

A strength weikid to stonde upright, 4740
 And a febleness full of might,
 Witte unavissid, sage soie,
 And joie full of tourmentrie,
 A laughtir it is weping aie,
 Rest that travailith night and daie, 4745
 Also a swete hell it is,
 And a sorowfull paradis,
 A plesaunt gaile and esie prisoun,
 And full of frostis soquir-fesoun,
 Primè temps full of frostis white, 4750
 And Maie devoide of all delite,
 With sere braunchis blossoms ungrene,
 And newe fruiſt fillèd with wintir tene;
 It is a slowe maie not forbere,
 Ragges ribanid with gold to were, 4755
 For all so well woll Love be sette
 Undir raggis as riche rochette,
 And eke as well by amorettes
 In mourning blacke as bright burnettes,
 For none is of so mokill prise, 4760
 Ne no man foundin is so wise,
 Ne no man so high of parage,
 Ne no man founde of witte so sage,
 No man so hardie ne so wight,
 Ne no man of so mokill might, 4765
 None so fulfillid of bounte,
That he with love majc dauntid be;

All the worldè holdith this waie,
 Love makith all to gone miswaie
 But it be thei of evill life,
 Whom Genius curfid, man and wife,
 That wrongly werke again Nature;
 None soche I love, ne have no cure
 Of soche as Lov'is servauntes ben,
 And woll nat by my counsaile seen,
 For I ne preisin that loving
 Where through man at the last ending
 Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,
 Love grevith 'hem and shendith so;
 But if thou wolt well Love eschewe
 For to escape out of his mewe,
 And make all whole the sorowe flake,
 No bettir counsaile maiest thou take
 Than thinke to flein well i-wis,
 Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,
 If thou fleie it it shall fleie the,
 Folowe' it and folowen shall it the.

L'amaunt.

Whan I had herid Reson fain,
 Whiche had yspilt her speche in vain,
 Dame, (sayid I) I dare well faie
 Of this avaunt me well I maie,
 That from your schole so deviant
 I am, that nere the more avaunt.

Right nought am through your doctrine;
 I dulle undir your discipline; 4795
 I wot no more than I wiste ever,
 To' me so contrarie and so fer
 Is every thing
 And yet I can
 Mine herte foryeu, nought; 4800
 It is so writtin in my thou
 And depe gravin it is so tender,
 That all mine herte I can it render,
 And rede it ovir communely,
 But to my self lewdist am I. 4805

But sithe ye love discrivin so,
 And lacke and preise it bothè two,
 Definith it into this letter,
 That I maie thinke on it the better,
 For I herd nevir defined here, 4810
 And wilfully I would it lere.
 Raifoun. If love be ferchid well and fought,
 It is a sickenesse of the thought,
 Annexid and knedde betwixt tweine,
 Which male and female with o cheine 4815
 So frelie bindeth, that thei n'ill twinne
 Whedir thereof thei lese or winne:
 The rote springith through hote brenning
 In to difordinate desiring

For to kiffin and to embrace,
 And at ther lust them to solace;
 Of othir thing Love retchith nought,
 But setteth ther herte and all ther thought
 More for ther delectacioun
 Than any procreacioun
 Of other fruiet by engendrure,
 Whiche love to God is nat plesure,
 For of ther bodie fruiete to get
 Thei yeve no force, thei are so set
 Upon delite to plaie in fere;
 And some have also this manere
 To fainin 'hem for lovè seke;
 Soche love I preise not at a leke,
 For paramours thei doe but faine,
 To lovin truely thei disdaine;
 Thei falsin ladies traitourly,
 And swerne 'hem othis uttirly,
 With many 'a lesing, many 'a fable,
 And all thei findin disceivable.

And whan thei han ther lust ygetten
 The hote ernes thei all foryetten;
 Women the harme byin full sore;

But merr this thinkin evirmore,
 The lasse harme is, so mote I the,
 Disceive them than disceivid be,
 And namily where thei ne maie
 Findin none othir mene ne waie,

For I wote well in sothfastnesse,
'That who doeth now his businesse
With any woman for to dele-
For any lust that he maie fele,
But if it be for engendrure
He doeth trespasse I you ensure;
For he should settin all his will
'To gotten a likely thing him till,
And to sustein, if that he might,
And kepin forth by kind'is right
His owne likenesse and semblable;
For bicause all' is corruptable,
And failin should successioun,
Ne were there generacioun,
Our sect'is strenè for to save,
Whan fadre' or mothir arne in grave
'Ther childrin shulde whan they ben dede
Full diligent ben in ther stede
'To use that worke on soche a wise
'That one maie through an othir rise;
'Therefore set kinde therein delite,
For men thercin should 'hem delite,
And of that dedè be not erke,
But oftè fithis haunt that werke,
For none would drawe thereof a draught
Ne were delite whiche hath him caught;
'This had subtill Dame Nature,
For none goeth right I the ensue,

Ne hath entten whole ne pafite,
 For ther desire is for delite,
 The whiche fortendid crefe, and eke
 The plaie of love, for oft thei feke
 And thrall 'hem self, thei be so nice,
 4880 Unto the prince of every vice,
 For of eche finne it is the rote
 Unlesfull luft, though it be fote,
 And of alle vill the racine,
 As Tullius can determine,
 4885 Whiche in his time was full fage,
 In a boke whiche he made of age,
 Where that more he ypraisith Elde,
 Though he be crokid and unwelde,
 And more of commendacioun
 4890 Than Youth in his difcripcioun;
 For youth fet bothè man and wife
 In all perill of foule and life,
 And perill is, but men have grace,
 The perill of youth for to pace
 4895 Without any deth or diftreffe,
 It is fo full of wildèneffe,
 So oft it doeth shame and damage
 To him or unto his linage,
 It ledith man now up now down,
 4900 In mokill diffolucioun,
 And maketh him love ill companie,
 And lede his life difrulilie,

And h[im]m paied with none estate;
 Withi[n] self is soche debate 4903
 He chaun[ge]th purpose and entent,
 And yalt[er] to some covent,
 To livin[ge] amur ther emprise,
 And lesith freg[ue]ntly his life
 That Nature in him how[er]s 4910
 The whiche again he maie n[ot] get,
 If there he make his mansion,
 For to abide professioun;
 Though for a time his herte absent
 It maie not faile he shall repent, 4915
 And eke abidin thilkè daie
 To leve' his abite and gon his waie,
 And leseth his worship and his name,
 And dare not come again for shame,
 But all his life he doeth so mourne, 4920
 Bicause he dare not home retourne,
 Fredome of kinde so lost hath he
 That nevir maie recurid be,
 But that if God him grauntin grace
 That he maie, er he hennis pace, 4925
 Contein undir obedience,
 Through the vertue of pacience;
 For youth set man in all folie,
 In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
 In lecherie and in outrage,
So oft it chaungith of corage:

Youth ginnith oft soche a bargain
 That maie not end withoutin pain :
 In grete perill is set Youth-hede,
 Delite so doeth his bridill lede : 4935
 Delite this hangith, drede the nought,
 Bothe mann'is bodie znd his thought ;
 Only through youth'is chambere,
 That to doen ill is customere,
 And of naught ellis takith hede 4940
 But onely folkis-for to lede
 Into disport and wildenesse
 So froward is it from sadnesse,
 But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro ;
 Who wote it not he maie well go, 4945
 And mo of 'hem that now arne old,
 That whilom youth yhad in hold,
 Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age
 How it 'hem brought in many' a rage,
 And many' a folie therin wrought, 4950
 But now that elde hath 'hem through fought
 Thei repent 'hem of ther folie
 That youth 'hem put in jeopardie,
 In perill and in mokill woe,
 And made 'hem oft amisse to doe, 4955
 And sewin evill companie
 And riot and advouterie.

But Eldè gan againe restraine
 From suchè folý and refraine,
 And fet men by her ordinaunce 4960
 In gode rule and in governaunce ;
 But ill she spendith her fervise,
 For no man wol her love ne preise ;
 She is hatid, this wote I wele,
 Her acquaintance would no man fele, 4965
 Ne han of Eldè companie,
 Men hate to be of her alie,
 For no man wold becomin olde,
 Ne die whan he is yonge and bolde ;
 And Elde mervailith right gretely 4970
 Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly
 Of many' a perillous emprise
 Whiche that thei wrought in sondry wife,
 How evir thei might without blame
 Escape awaie withoutin shame, 4975
 In youth without any damage,
 Without reпре of ther linage,
 Losse of membre, sheding of blode,
 Perill of deth, or losse of gode.
 Wotist thou nat where Youth abit, 4980
 That men so preisin in ther wit ?
 With Delite she yhalte sojour,
 For both thei dwellin in o tour :

As long as Youthe is in feson
 Thei dwellin in one mansion :
 Delite of Youth woll have service
 To do what so he woll devise,
 And Youth is redy evirmore
 For to obey for smerte or fore
 Unto Delite, and him to yeve
 Her service while that she maie live.

4985

4990

Where Elde abitte I wol the tell
 Shortily, and no while ydwelle,
 For thidir behoveth the to go,
 Yf Deth in youthè the not flo;
 Of this journey thou maiste not faile.
 With her Labour and eke Travaile
 Lodgid ben, with Sorow and Wo,

4995

That nevir out of her court go,
 Paine and Distresse, Sickenesse and Ire,
 And Melan'coly, that angry fire,
 Ben of her paleis fenatours,
 Groning and grutching her herbegeours :
 The day and night her to tourment
 With cruill Deth thei her present,
 And tellin her erliche and late
 That Death stondeth armid at her gate ;
 Than bring thei to her remembraunce
 The foly dedes of her enfaunce,
 Whiche causin her to mourne in wo
 That youth hath her begilid so,

5000

5005

5010

Whiche sodainly awaie is hasted;
 She weped the time that she hath wasted,
 Complaining of the preterite
 And the present, that nat abitte, 3015
 And of her oldè vanite,
 That but aforne her she maie fe.
 In the future some smale socoure
 To leggin her of her doloure,
 To graunt her time of repentaunce, 3020
 For her finnis to do penaunce,
 And at the last so her governe,
 To winne the joye that is eterne,
 Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,
 In vanite to drowne and wade; 3025
 For present time abidith nought,
 It is more swifte than any thought;
 So litill while it doth endure
 That there ne is compte ne mesure.

But how that evir the game go, 3030
 Who list love joye and mirth also
 Of love, be it or he or she,
 Or hie or lowe, who so it be,
 In frute thei shouldin 'hem delite,
 Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite, 3035
 To save 'hem self in honeste;
 And yet full many one I fe
 Of women, sothly for to faine,
 That desirin and wouldin faine

The plaie of love, thei be so wilde, 5040
 And not coveite to go with childe;
 And if with childe thei be perchaunce,
 Thei wol it holde a grete mischaunce;
 But what so evir wo thei fele
 Thei wol not plainin, but concele, 5045
 But it be any sole or nice,
 In whome that shame hath no justice;
 For to delite echone thei drawe
 That haunt this worke, both hie and lawe,
 Save suche that arne worth right nought, 5050
 That for money wol be ybought;
 Suche love I preisin in no wise
 When it is given for covetise;
 I preise no woman, though she' is wode,
 That yeveth her selfe for any gode, 5055
 For litill should a man ytelle
 Of her that wil her body felle,
 Be she a maide or be she wife,
 That quicke wol felle her by her life,
 How faire chere that evir she make, 5060
 He is a wretche I undirtake
 That love suche one, for swete or soure,
 Though she him called her paramoure,
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him fest,
 For certainly no suchè best, 5065
 To be lovid is nat worthy,
 Or berin the name of Drury;

None should her plesse, but he wer wode,
That wol dispoile him of his gode :
Yet nathèlesse I wol not saie
That she for solace and for plaie
Maie a jewil or othir thing
Take of her lov'is fre yeving,
But that she aske it in no wise
For drede of shame or covetise;
And she of hers maie him certaine
Without sclaundir yevin againe,
And joyne ther hertes togidir so
In love, and take and yeve also :
Trowe nat that I wollin 'hem twinne
Whan in ther love there is no sinne ;
I wol that thei togidir go,
And done al that thei han ado,
As curtis shoud and debonaire,
And in ther love berin 'hem faire
Withoutin vice, both he and she,
So that alwaie in honeste
Fro folly Love to kepe 'hem clere,
That brennith hertis with his fere,
And that ther love in any wise
Be devoide of all covetise.
Gode lovè shoud engendrid be
Of trewè hert, juste and secre,
And not of fuche as set ther thought
To have ther lust and ellis nought,

So are thei caught in Lov'is lace
 Trewly for bodily solace;
 Fleishely delite is so present
 With the, that set al thine entent
 Withoutin more, what should I glose? 5100
 For to gettin and have the Rose,
 Whiche makith the so mate and mode
 That thou desirest none other gode:
 But thou art not an inche the nerr,
 But evre' abidest in sorroue' and werre, 5105
 As in thy face it is ysene;
 It makith the bothe pale and bene;
 Thy might, thy vertue, gothe awaie;
 A sory gest in gode faie
 Thou harborist than in thine inne, 5110
 The god of Loye whan thou let inn;
 Wherefore I rede thou shette him oute,
 Or he shal greve the out of doute,
 For to thy profite it wol turne,
 If he no more with the sojourne. 5115
 In grete mischese and sorow sonken
 Ben hertis that of love are drunken,
 As thou peraventure knowen shal
 Whan thou hast lost thy time all,
 And spent thy thought in idilnesse, 5120
 In waste, and woful lustinesse.
 Yf thou maist live the time to se
 Of love for to delivered be

Thy time thou shalt bewepè fore,
 The whiche nevyr thou maist restore, 5139
 For time yloft, as men may se,
 For nothing may recovered be.
 And if thou scape yet at the laste,
 Fro Love that hath the so faste
 Yknitte and boundin in his lace, 5140
 Certaine I holde it but a grace;
 For many one, as it is seine,
 Have losse and spent also in veine.
 In his service without socour
 Body and soule, gode and tresour, 5141
 And witte and strength, and eke richesse,
 Of whiche thei had nevyr redresse.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Reson,
 But Love yspilte hath her sermon,
 That was so impid in my thought 5142
 That her doctrine I set at nought,
 And yet ne faide she nevyr a dele
 That I ne understode it wele
 Wordè by worde; the matir all;
 But unto Love I was so thrall, 5143
 Whiche callith ovr all his prais,
 He chasith so my thoughtis aie,
 And holdeth mine herte undir his seie
 As trusty' and trewe as any stele,

evocion **5150**
 he wife fermon **5151**
 on, ne of her rede **5152**
 ur in mine hade, **5153**
 out at one ere **5154**
 othir the didlere; **5155**
 he lost her lore; **5156**
 e grevid wondir fore, **5157**
 er for ire I faide, **5158**
 I did abraide, **5159**
 it your will algate **5160**
 ve but that I hate

ye master do to the **5161**
 tir your spiche, **5162**
 seine, love is not gode, **5163**
 nedis say, with mode, **5164**
 in hatrid aie **5165**
 oidin love a fraie **5166**
 ne a sinful stratche, **5167**
 è that tette, **5168**
 none othir gate, **5169**
 uft I love or hate, **5170**
 in men of newe **5171**
 ove it wol me rewe, **5172**
 preching semith me, **5173**
 thing ne praisith the: **5174**

Ye yeve gode counsaile firkly
 That prechith me al day that I live
 Ne should not Lov'is love slowe
 He were a fole would he knowe
 In speche also ye han me taught
 Another love that knowen is thought
 Whiche I have herde you not repove
 To love eche othir, by your love,
 If ye would definin it me,
 I wouldin gladly here, to se
 At the lest if I mowin here
 Of fondry lovis the manere.

Raisoun:

Certis, frende, a grete fole art thou,
 Whan that thou nothing wolt allow
 Whiche that I for thy profite saie;
 Yet wol I saie the more in saie,
 For I am redy at the lest
 To accomplishin thy request;
 But I n'ot where it wol avyle;
 In vaine perav'enture I travaille.
 Lovè there is in fondrie wile,
 Right as I shall the here devise.

For some love leful is and gode,
 I mene not that whiche maketh the wode,
 And bringith the in many' a fitte,
 And ravisheth fro the al thy witte,

It is so marvelous and queint;
 With such love be no more aquint.
Greatest Reason diffinist Answer.
 Love of frendshippe also there is
 Whiche makith no man don amis, 5205
 Of wille yknitte betwixtin two,
 That wol not breke for wele ne wo,
 Whiche long is likely to contune,
 Whan wil and godes ben in commune;
 Groundid by Godd's ordinaunce, 5210
 All whole withoutin discordaunce,
 With them yholding commauncè,
 Of al ther gode in charite;
 That there be none exception
 Through chaunging of entencion, 5215
 That eche helpe othir at ther nede,
 And wisely helle both worde and dede,
 Trewe of mening, devoide of slouth,
 For wit is nought withoutin trouthe;
 So that the t'one dare all his thought 5220
 Saine to his frende, and sparín nought,
 As to him selfe, without dreding
 To be discovered by wreying,
 For glad is that conjunction
 Whan there is none suspencion 5225
 Betwixtin 'hem whome thei wold prove,
 That trewe and perfite weren in love;
 R.ij.

For no man may be amiable, less amiable
 But if he be so ferne and fustian of word and
 That Fortune change him to a blind,
 But that his frende alway with him stand,
 Bothe pore and riche in one estate,
 For if his frende through any gate
 Wol complaine of his portance,
 He should not bide so long, til he
 Of his helping doth him requite,
 For gode dede done thorough prayre
 Is solde and bought to dere i-wis
 To hert that of grete valure is,
 For hert fulfilled of gentillesse
 Can evill demene his distresse;
 And man that worthy is of name
 To askin oftin hath grete shame.

A gode man breennith in his thought
 For shame whan that he askith ought;
 He hath grete thought, and dredith aise
 For his disese whan he shal praie
 His frende lest that he warnid be
 Till he preve his stabilitie;
 But whan that he hath foundin one
 That truistly is and trewe as stone,
 And hath assayid him at all,
 And founde him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his friendshippe be certaine,
 He shal him shewe bothe joie and paine,

And all that he dare thinke or saie,
 Withoutin shame, as he well maie,
 For how should he ashamid be
 Of suche an one as I tolde the?
 For whan he wot his secreet thought 5260
 The third shall know therof right nought,
 For twey in nombre' is bet than thre
 In every counsaile and secre:
 Repreve he dredith nevre' a dele
 Who that beset his wordis wele, 5265
 For every wise man out of drede
 Can kepe his tong till he se nede.

And folis can not holde ther tonge;
 A fol'is belle is sone yronge;
 Yet shall a trewe frende doin more 5270

To helpe his felowe of his fore,
 And socour him whan he hath nede
 In all that he may done in dede,
 And gladdir that he him plesith
 Than his felowe that he esith: 5275
 And if he do nat his request
 He shal as mochil him molest
 As his felowe, bicause that he
 Maie not fulfill his volunte
 All fully as he hath required. 5280
 If both the hertis Love hath fired

Bothe joye and wretchednesse shall departe, and take his part
 And take evynly eche his parte.
 Halfe his anoye he shal have aye,
 And comforte him what that he maye,
 And of his blisse parte shal he,
 If love wolle departid be.

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**From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Dec. 28. 1782.**

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.



BELL'S EDITION
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



CHAUCE VOL. VIII.
And gan bet winde, and refon to him take,
But wondir sore he was abashed is,
Prologue to the Knight's Tale.

Grignion sculp.

For John Bell British Library Dec. 19th 82.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEOFF. CHAUCER.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

From Urry's Edition 1721,

THE CANTERBURY TALES

From Tyrwhitt's Edition

Grete well CHAUCER

Of dices and of fonges

The which he made

The londre fullfilled is

My mayster CHAUCER

Whom all this londre

Sith of our langage he

That made first to dys

The gold dewe dropys

Into our tunge through

The honour of Engli

My mayster CHAUCER

Mirrou of fructuous entendement,

Univerſel ſadir in ſcience----

This londre verry treſour and richeſſe----

The firſte ſynder of our fayre langage,

Venerable CHAUCER, principall poete but pere,

Hevialy trumpet, orlege and regulere,

In eloquence balme, condict and diall,

Mylky fountane, clere ſtrand, and rois riall,

Of freſche endite throw Albion ſland braid.

O reverend CHAUCER! roſe of rethouris all,

As in oure young flour imperial

That riſe in Brittain evir, quene reidis right

Thou beiris of Makers the triumphs royall,

The freſche enaſſilt termes catchall:

This mater couth half illuminiſt full bright,

Was thou nocht, of our Inglis all the light,

Surmounting every young terreſtriall

As far as May's morrow dois midnight.

GOWER.

poete of Breтайne----

ſit preferre,

terre----

rayne

e and eloquence

excellence.

LYDGATE.

BOCCLEVE.

DOUGLAS.

DUNBAR.

VOL. VIII.

EDINBURG:

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The pure well-head of poetry did dwell---
He whilst he lived was the soveraigne head
Of shepherds all-----

SPENSER.

Old CHAUCER, like the morning star,
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His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades
Darkness again the age invades.

DENHAM.

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The language of our fathers---His legends blithe
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Of homely life, thro' each estate and age
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With cunning hand portraying-----
Him who in times-----

Dark and untaught began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

AKENSIDE.

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'This love to vertue al entendeth,
The t'other folis blent and shendeth.

An othir love also there is
That is contrary unto this,
Which desire is so constrainid
That it ne is but will fainid;
Away fro trowth it doth so varie
That to gode love it is contrarie,
For it maymith in many wise
Sikè hertis with covetise;
All in winning and in profite

Suche love yfettith his delite :
This love so hangith in balaunce;
That if it lese his hope parchaunce
Of lucre that he' is set upon
It woll sailin and quenche anon,
For no man maie be amorous,
Ne in his living vertuous,
But if he lovin more in mode
Men for 'hem selfe than for ther gode;
For love that profite doth abide
Is false, and bidith not no tide :
Soche love comith of Dame Fortune,
That litil while woll contune,
For it shall chaungin wondir sone,
And take eclips as doth the mone,
Whan that she is from us ylet
Through erth, that betwixtin is set

The sonne and her, as it may fall, 5340
Be it in partie or in all :

The shadowe makith her bemes merke,
And her hornis to shewin derke
That part where she hath lost her light
Of Phebus fully and the sight, 5345

Till whan the shadowe' is ovir paste
She' is enlumined agein as faste
Through the brightnes of the sonne bemes,
That yevith to' her againe her lemes :
That love is right of suche nature, 5350

Now is it faire and now obscure,
Now bright, now clipfy of manere,
And whilom dimme and whilom clere,
As sone as poverte ginnith take,
With mantil and with wedis blake 5355

Hidith of love the light away,
That into night it tournith day,
It may not sein Richeffe shine
Till that the blacke shadowis fine,
For whan that Richeffe shinith bright 5360
Love recovereth ayen his light,
And whan it failith he wol flit,
And as she greveth so grevith it.

Of this love herith what I saie :
The riche men are ylovid aie, 5365
And namely tho that sparande bene,
That wol not washe ther hertis clene

Of the filthe nor of the vice

Of gredy brenning avarice.

The riche man ful fonde is i-wis

That wenith that he lovid is ;

If that his hert it understode

It is not he ; it is his gode :

He may wel wetin in his thought

His gode is loved and he right nought ;

For if he be a nigarde eke

Men wol not set by him a leke,

But hatin him, this is the sothe.

Lo what profite his catil dothe !

Of every man that may him se

It getteth him nought but enmite,

But he amende him of that vice,

And know himselfe he is not wise.

Certis he should aie frendly be

To get him love, also ben fre,

Or els he is not wise ne sage,

No more than is a gote ramage.

That he not lovith his dede proveth,

Whan he his richeffe so well loveth

That he wol hide it aie and spare,

His porè frendis sene forfare,

To kepin aie his ill purpose,

Till that for drede his eyin close,

And til a wickid deth him take

Him had levir a foudre shake,

And let al' his limmes a foudre rive,
 Than leve his richeffe in his live;
 He thinketh to part it with no man;
 Certain no love is in him than,
 For how should love within him be 5400
 Whan in his hert is no pite?

That he trespassish well I wate,
 For eche man knowith his estate,
 For wel him ought to be reproved
 That lovith nought ne is not loved. 5405

But sithe we arne to Fortune comen,
 And hath our sermon of her nomen,
 A wondir will I tell the now,
 Thou herdist nere suche one I trow;
 I n'ot where thou me levin shall, 5410
 Although sothfastenesse it be all,
 As it is writtin, and is sothe,
 That unto men more profite dothe.
 The frowarde fortune and contraire
 Than doth the sote and debonaire; 5415
 And if the thinke it is doutable,
 It is through argument provable,
 For Fortune debonaire and softe
 Yfalsith and begilith ofte,
 For liche a mothir she can cherishe, 5420
 And milkin as dothe a norice,
 And of her gode to him ydeles,
 And yeveth 'hem parte of her joweles,

With grete riches and dignite,
And 'hem she hoteth stabilitie
In a state that is noching stable,
But chaunging aie and variable,
And fedith 'hem with glory veine,
And worldly blisse nothing certeine
Whan she 'hem settith on her whole
Than wenin thei to be right wele,
And in so stable state withall
That nevir thei wene for to fall;
And whan thei sette so high to be
Thei wene to have in certainte
Of hertly frendis to grete nombre,
That nothing might ther state encombre;
Thei trust 'hem so on every side,
Wening with 'hem thei would abide
In every perill and mischaunce
Withoutin chaunce or variaunce
Bothè of catil and of gode,
And also for to spende ther blode,
And al ther membris for to spill,
Onily to fulfill ther will:
Thei maken it whole in many wise,
And hotin 'hem ther full service,
How fore so that it do 'hem smerte
Into ther very nakid sherte;
Herte and hande also whole thei give,
For all the tyme that thei may live,

So that with this ther flatiry
 Thei makin folis glorifie
 Onely of ther wordis speking,
 And han chere of a rejoyfing, 5455
 And trow 'hem as the Evangile;
 And it is al falshede and gile,
 As thei shal afterwardis se;
 Whan thei arne fal in poverté,
 And ben of gode and catil hare, 5460
 Than should thei sene who frendis ware,
 For of an hundrid certainly,
 Nor of a thousande ful scarsly,
 Ne shall thei finde unnethis one
 Whan poverté is comen upon. 5465

For thus Fortune that I of tell,
 With men whan that her lust to dwell,
 Maketh 'hem to lese ther conisaunce,
 And norisheth 'hem in ignoraunce. 5470

But frowarde Fortune and perverse,
 Whan high estates she doth reverse,
 And makith 'hem to tumble doune
 Of her whele with a sodaine tourne,
 And from ther richesse dothe 'hem fle,
 And plongith 'hem in poverté, 5475
 As a stepmothir envious,
 And laieth a plaistir dolorous
 Unto ther hertis woundid egre,
 Whiche is not tempered with vinegre,

But with poverté and indigence,
 For to shewe by experience
 That she is Fortune verills,
 In whom no man ne should affe,
 Nor in her yestis have fiance,
 She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she makin hie and lowe,
 When thei from richeffe arne throwe,
 Fully to knowin without were
 Frende of affecte and frende of chere,
 And whiche in love weren trew and stable,
 And whiche also weren variable,
 Aftir Fortunè ther goddesse,
 In poverté, eithir in richeffe,
 For all that yeveth here out of drede
 Unhappe yberith it in dede,
 For Infortunè lette not one
 Of frendis whan Fortune is gone,
 I mene tho frendis that woll fle
 Anone as entrith poverté;
 And yet thei wol not leve 'hem so,
 But in eche place where that thei go
 Thei callin 'hem wretche, scorne, and blame,
 And of ther mishappe 'hem diffame,
 And namely suche as in richeffe
 Pretendith moſte of ſtableneſſe,
 Whan that they ſawe 'hem ſet on loſte,
 And werin of 'hem ſucoured oſte,

And moſte iholpe in all ther nede,
 But now thei take no manir hede,
 But ſeine in voice of flatirie 5510
 That now appereth ther folie
 Ovir al wher ſo that thei fare,
 And ſinge, Go, farewel, Feldefare.

Allè ſuche frendis I beſhrewē,
 For of trewe frendes there be to fewe, 5515
 But ſothfaſt frendes, what ſo betide,
 In every fortune wollen abide;
 Thei han ther hertes in ſuche nobleſſe
 That thei n'il love for no richeſſe,
 Nor for that Fortune may 'hem ſende 5520
 Thei wollen 'hem ſocour and defende,
 And chaungin for ſofte ne for fore;
 For who his frende loveth evirmore,
 Though men drawe ſwerdis him to flo,
 Thei may not hewe ther love a two; 5525
 But if in caſe that I ſhall ſay,
 For pride and ire leſe it he may,
 And for reprove by nicete,
 And diſcovering of privite
 With tongè wounding, as felon, 5530
 Through venomous detraction.

Frende in this caſe wol gon his way,
 For nothing greve him more ne may,
 And for nought ellis wol he fle
 If he love in ſtabilitie: 5535

Volume VIII.

B

And certaine he is well begone
 Among a thousande that findeth none,
 For there ne may be no richesse,
 Aynst frendship of worthinesse,
 For it ne may so high attaine
 As may the valoure, sothe to saie,
 Of him that lovith trewe and welk
 Frendship is more than is catch,
 For frende in courte aie bettir is
 Than peny is in purse certis,
 And than is Fortune mishaping,
 Whan upon men she is fabling
 Thorough misturning of her chaunce,
 And castith 'hem out of balaunce.

She maketh through her adversite
 Men ful and clerly for to se
 Him that is frende in existence
 From him that is by apparence,
 For infortune makith anone
 To know thy frendis fro thy fone
 By experience right as it is,
 The whiche is more to praise i-wis
 Than in muche richesse and tresour,
 For more depe profite and valour
 Poverté, and suche adversite
 Before, than doeth prosperite,
 For that one yevith conisaunce,
 And t'othir gevith ignoraunce.

And thus in poverte' is in dede
 Trouthè declarid fro falshede, 5565
 For faint frendis it wol declare,
 And trewe also, what way they fare;
 For whan he was in his richesse
 These frendis ful of doublenesse
 Offrid him in many wise 5570
 Ther herte and body, and service,
 What would he then have you to' have bought
 To knowin opinly ther thought,
 That he now hath so clereiy fene?
 The lasse begiled he should have bene. 5575
 And he had than percevid it,
 But Richesse n'olde not let him wit;
 Wel more avauntage doeth him than,
 Sithe that it maketh him a wise man,
 The great mischefe that he perceveth 5580
 Than doeth richesse, that him deceveth
 Richesse riche ne ymakith nought
 Him that on tresour sette his thought,
 For richesse stonte in suffisaunce,
 And nothing stonte in haboundaunce, 5585
 For suffisaunce all onily
 Makith menne to live richily.

For he that hath but mitchis tweine,
 Ne value in his whole demeine,

Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,
Than doith he whiche that is chiche,
And in his barne bath, soth to faine,
An hundrid mavis of whete graine,
Though he be chapman or marchaunt,
And have of golde many besaunt,
For in the getting he hath fuche wo,
And in the keeping drede also,
And sette ere more his besinesse
For to encrese and nat to lesse,
For to augment and multiply;
And though on hepes that lie him by,
Yet never shall make his richesse
Affeth unto his gredinesse;
But the pore man that retchith nought
Save of his livelode in his thought,
Whiche that he getteth with his travaile,
He dredith nought that it shall faile,
Though he have little world'is gode,
Metè and drinke, and esie fode,
Upon his travaile and living,
And also suffisaunt clothing,
Or if in sickenesse that he fall,
And lothè mete and drinke withall,
Though he have not his mete to buie,
He shall bethinke him hastily
To put him out of all daungere,
That he of mete hath no mistere,

Or that he maie with little eke
 Be foundin while that he is seke,
 Or that men shall him berne in haste 5620
 To live till his sickenesse be paste
 Unto some maisondewe beside:
 He caste nought what shall him betide;
 He thinkith nought that evre' he shall
 Into any sickenesse yfall. 5625

And though it fall, as it maie be,
 That all betime sparin shall he
 As mo kill as shall to' him suffice
 While he is sicke in any wise,
 He doith for that he woll be 5630
 Contentid with his poverté
 Withoutin nede of any man:
 So moche in little have he can
 He is apaide with his fortune,
 And for he n'ill be importune 5635
 Unto no wight ne onerous,
 Nor of ther godeesse covetous,
 Therefore he spareth, it maie well ben,
 His pore estate for to sustene.

Or if him luste not for to spare, 5640
 But suffrith forthe as nat yet ware,
 At laste it happeneth, as it maie,
 All right unto his laste daie,

And take the worlde as it would be;
For evir in herte thinkith he
The sonir that Deth him yflo
To paradise the sonir go
He shall, there for to live in blisse
Where that he shall no godis misse:
Thidir he hopeth God shall him sende
Aftir this wretchid liv'is ende.
Pythagoras himself reherfes,
In a boke that The Goldin Verses
Is cleped, for the nobilite
Of the honorable dite,

Than whan thou goest thy body fro
Fre in the ayre thou shalt up go,
And levin all humanite,
And purely live in diete.
He is a sole withoutin were
That trowith have his countrey here.

In yerth is not our countere,
That maie these clerkis seine and se
In Boece of Consolacion,
Where it is makid mencion
Of our contre plaine at the eye
By teching of philosophie,
Where leude men mightin lerin wit,
Who so that would translatin it.
If he be suche that can well live
Aftir his rentè maie him yeve,

And not desirith more to have
 Than maie fro poverte him save.
 A wiseman saied, as we maie sene,
 Is no man wretched but he it wene, 5673
 Be he a king, knight, or ribaude :
 Many' a ribaude is merie' and baude
 That swinketh and berith daie and night
 Many a burthin of grete might,
 The whiche doith him la 5680
 For that he suffrith in pacien
 Thei laugh and daunce, and sing,
 And laie nought up for til
 But in the taverne all
 The winning whiche endeth; 5685
 Than goeth he fardil
 With as gode chere as he was ere :
 To swinke and travaile' he not fainith,
 For to robbin he disdainith,
 But right anon after his swinke 5690
 He goeth to taverne for to drinke.
 All these are riche in haboundaunce
 That can thus havin suffisaunce
 Well more than can an usere,
 As God well knowith, without were, 5695
 For 'an usurer, so God me se,
 Shall nevir for richeffe riche be,
 But er more pore and indigent,
 Scarce, and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is, whom it displese,
 There maie no marchaunt live at ease,
 His herte in soche a where is set
 That it quicke brennith for to get,
 Ne nevir shall though he hath gotten,
 Though he have golde in garnis yeten,
 For to be neddy he dredeth fore,
 Wherefore to gettin more and more
 He set his herte and his desire :
 So hote he brennith in the fire
 Of covetise, that maketh him wode
 To purchase othir mennis gode.
 He undirfongith a grete pain
 That undertaketh to drinke up Sain,
 For the more that he drinkith aie
 The more he levith, sothe to saie.
 Thus is the thrust of false getting,
 That laste evir in coyiting,
 And the anguishe and the distresse,
 With the fire of gredinesse;
 She fightith with him aie and striveth,
 So that his herte a sondir riveth :
 Soche gredinesse him assailith
 That whan' he moſte hath moſte he failith.

Phisiciens and advocates
 Goin right by the ſame yates;
 Thei ſell ther ſcience for winning,
 And haunte ther craſte for grete getting :

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

Ther winning is of soche swetenesse
That if a man fall in sickenesse
Thei are full glad for ther encrece,
For by ther will withoutin lese
Evertiche man shouldin be seke;
Though thei die thei set not a leke;
Astir whan thei the golde have take
Full little care for 'hem thei make:
Thei would fowertie were sicke at ones,
Ye, two hundrid, in fleshe and bones,
And yet two thousande, as I gesse,
For to encrefin ther richesse.

Thei woll not worchin in no wise
But for lucre and covetise,
For phisicke ginnith first by (phi)
The phisicien also sothly;
And sithen it goeth fro fie to fiè
To trust on 'hem it is folie,
For thei n'ill in no manir gre
Doin right nought for charite.
Eke in the samè secte are set
All tho that prechin for to get
Worships, and honour, and richesse;
Ther hertis arne in grete distresse
That folke livin not holily,
But abovin all specially
Soche as yprechin veinglorie,
And towarde God have no mem'orie,

But forthe as ipocritis trace,
And to ther soulis deth purchase,
And outward shewing holinesse,
Though thei be full of curfidnesse:
Nat liche to the apostlis twelve,
Thei deceve othir and 'hem selve;
Begilid is the gilir than
For preching of a curfid man:
Though it to othir maie profite
Himself it availeth not a mite,
For oft gode predicacioun
Cometh of evill entencion:
To him nat availith his preching,
All helpe he othir with his teching,
For where thei gode example take
There is he with veinglorie shake.

But let us levin these prechours,
And speke of 'hem that in ther tours
Hepe up ther golde and fast yshet,
And fore thereon ther hertis set:
'Thei neithir lovin God ne drede;
'Thei kepin more than it is nede,
And in ther baggis fore it binde
Out of the funne and of the winde;
'Thei puttin up more than nede ware
Whan thei sene povir folk forfare,
For hungre die, and for cold quake;
God can well vengeaunce thereof take;

The grete mischivis 'hem assaileth,
 And thus in gadring aie travaileth;
 With mochil pain thei winne richesse,
 And drede 'hem holdith in distresse
 To kepin that thei gathir fast:
 With sorowe thei leve it at last,
 With sorowe thei bothe die and live
 That unto richesse ther hertes yeve.
 And in defaute of love it is,
 As it shewith full well iwis,
 For if these gredy, sothe to saine,
 Lovidin and were loved againe,
 And gode love reignid ovir all,
 Soche wickidnesse ne should yfall,
 But he should yeve that moste gode had
 To 'hem that weren in nede bestad,
 And live withoutin false usure,
 For charite full clene and pure;
 If thei 'hem yeve unto godenesse,
 Defending 'hem from idilnesse,
 In all this worlde than povir none
 We shouldin finde I trowe not one.
 But chaungid is this worlde unstable,
 For love is ovir all vendable:
 We se that no man lovith now
 But for his winning and for prow;e;
 And love is thrallid in servage
 Whan it is solde for avauntage;

5785

5790

5795

5800

5805

5810

Yet women woll ther bodies sell :
 Soche foules goith to the devill of hell.

Whan Love had tolde 'hem his entent
 The baronage to counsaile went.

5815

In many sentencis thei fill,
 And diversly thei saied ther will;
 But aftir discorde thei accorded,
 And ther accorde to Love recorded :

Sir, saidin thei, we ben at one,
 By even accorde of everichone,
 Out take Richesse all onily,

5820

That swornè hath full hauteinly
 That she the castill n'ill assaile,
 Ne smite a stroke in this battaile

5825

With darte nè mace, ne spere ne knife,
 For man that speketh or berith life,

And blamith your emprise iwis,
 And from our hoste departid is,

At lestè waie, as in this plite,
 So hath she this man in dispite;

5830

For she saieth he ne loved her never,
 And therefore she woll hate him ever;

For he woll gathir no tresore
 He hath her wrathe for evirmore;

5835

He' agilte her nere in othir case,
 Lo here all wholly his trespass!

She saieth well that this othir daie
 He asked her leve to gone the waie

at is clepid to moche yeving, 5840
 And spake full faire in his praying,
 At whan he praied her poore was he,
 Therefore she warned him the entre,
 Ne yet is he not thrivin so
 That he hath gotten a penie or two 5845
 That quietly' is his owne in holde;
 Thus hath Richeffe us all ytolde,
 And whan Richeffe us this recorded
 Withoutin her we ben acorded.

And we finde in our accordaunce 5850
 That Falso Semblant and Abstinaunce,
 With all the folke of ther battaile,
 Shull at the hindir gate assaile
 That Wickid Tong hath in keping,
 With his Normans full of jangling, 5855
 And with 'hem Curtesie and Largeffe,
 That shullin shewe ther hardinesse
 To the old wife that kept so hard
 Faire Welcoming within her ward,
 Than shall Delite and Well-Heling 5860
 Yfondin Shame adoun to bring
 With all her hoste erly and late,
 Thei shull assailin that ilke gate;
 Ayenist Drede shall Hardinesse
 Assaile and also Sikerresse, 5865

With all the folke of ther leding,
 That nevir wiste what was slaying.

Volume VIII.

C

Downe shall the cause
If eueriche doe his entent,
So that Venus ybe present,
Your mothir, full of vesselage,
That can inough of soche usage;
Withoutin her maie no wight spede
This werke neithir for worde ne dede,
Therefore is gode ye for her sende,
For through her maie this worke amende.

Lordinges, my mothir the goddes,
That is my ladie and maistres,
Ne is nat all at my willing,
Ne doeth nat all my desiring;
Yet can she sometime doen labour
To helpe her luste in my focour,

nd were she nigh she commin wold;
 rowe that nothing might her hold.

5895

My mothir is of grete prowesse,
 She hath tane many a fortresse
 That cost hath many' a pound er this
 There I n'as not present iwis,
 And yet men saied it was my dede:
 But I come nevir in that stede,
 Ne me ne liketh, so mote I the,
 That soche tours ben ytake with me;
 For why? me thinketh that in no wise
 It maie be cleped but Marchaundise.

5900

5905

Go buie a courfir blacke or white,
 And paie therefore, than art thou quite:
 The marchaunt owith the right nought
 Ne thou him whan thou hast it bought.
 I woll not selling clepe Yeving,
 For selling asketh no guerdoning;
 Here lithe no thanke ne no merite,
 That one goth from that othre' all quite;
 But this selling is not semblable;

5910

For whan his horse is in the stable
 He maie it sell again parde,

5915

And winnen on it, soche happe maie be,
 All maie the manne nat lese iwis,
 For at the lest the skينه is his;

Or ellis, if it so betide
 That he woll kepe his horse to ride,
 Yet is he lorde aie of his horse;
 But thilkè chafare is well worse
 There Venus entremetith ought,
 For who so soche chaffare hath bought
 He shall not worchin so wisely
 That he ne shall lese uttirly
 Bothe his money and his chaffare;
 But the sellir of thilkè ware
 The prife and profite havin shall;
 Certaine the buier shall lese all,
 For he ne can so dere it buie
 To have lordship and full maistrice,
 Ne havin power to make letting
 Neither for yeste ne for preching,
 That of his chaffare maugre his
 An other shall have as moche iwis,
 If he woll yeve as moche as he,
 Of what countrey so that he be,
 Or for right nought, so happe ymaie,
 If he can flattir her to' her paie.

And ben than soche marchauntis wise?
 No, but folis in every wise:
 Whan thei buie soche thing wilfully
 There thei lese ther gode folily;
 But nathèlessè this dare I saie,
 My mothir is not wont to paie,

For she' is neithir so sole ne nice
 To entremete her of soche vice;
 But trustith well he shall paie all
 5950 That repente of his bargaine shall,
 Whan Poverté put him in distresse,
 All were he scholir to Richeffe,
 That is for me in grete yerning
 Whan she assenteth to my willing. 5955

But by my mothir Sainct Venus,
 And by her fathir Saturnus,
 That her engendrid by his life,
 But nat upon his weddid wife,
 Yet woll I more unto you swere, 5960
 To makin this thing the surere.

Now by that faithe and that beaute
 That I owe to' all my brethrin fre,
 Of whiche there n'is wight undir heven
 That can ther fadir's namis weven, 5965
 So divers and many there be
 That with my mothre' have be prive,
 Yet woll I swere for sikirnesse

The pole of helle to my witnesse,
Now drinke I not this yere clarre 5970
If that I lie or forsworne be,
For of the goddes the usage is
That who so him forswereth amis

Shall that yere drinkin no clarre.

Now have I sworne inough parde; 5975

If I forswere than am I lorne;

But I woll nevir be forsworne,

Sithe Richeffe hath me failid here

She shall abie that trespas dere

At lestè waie but I her harme 5980

With swerde, or sparth, or with gisarme.

For certis sihe she loveth not me,

Fro thilkè time that she maie se

The castill and the toure to shake,

In sorie time she shall awake; 5985

If I maie gripe a richè man

I shall so pulle him if I can

That he shall in a few stoundis

Lese all his markes and his poundis.

I shall him make his pens out fling 5990

But that thei in his garnir spring;

Our maidins shall eke plucke him so

That him shall nedin fethirs mo,

And make him sell his londe to spende

But he the bet conne him defende. 5995

Pore men han made ther lorde of me;

Although thei nat so mightie be

That thei maie fede me in delite

I woll not have 'hem in dispite :

No gode man hateth 'hem as I gessle,	6000
For chinche and feloun is Richeffe,	
That so can chafe 'hem and dispise,	
And 'hem defoule in sondrie wise :	
Thei loven full bette, so God me spede,	
Than doith the riche chinchy grede,	6005
And ben (in gode faith) more stable,	
And truir and more serviable,	
And therefore it suffisith me	
Ther gode hertis and ther beante :	
Thei han on me set all ther thought,	6010
And therefore I foryete 'hem nought.	
I woll 'hem bring in grete noblesse,	
If that I were god of Richeffe,	
As I am god of Love sothely,	
Soche ruthe upon ther plaint have I;	6015
Therefore I must his succour be	
That painith him to servin me,	
For if he deied for love of this	
Than semeth in me no love there is.	
Sir, saied thei, sothe is every dele	6020
That ye reherce, and we wote wele	
Thilke othe to holde is resonable,	
For it is gode and covenantable	
That ye on riche men han ysworne;	
For, Sir, this wote we well besorne,	6025
If riche men doin you homage	
That is as folis doen outrage;	

But ye shull not forsworne ybe,
Ne let therefore to drinke clarrie,
Or piment makid freshe and newe;
Ladies shull 'hem soche pepir browe
If that thei fall into ther lass
That thei for wo mowe saine Alas!
Ladies shullen ere so curteis be
That thei shall quite your othe all fre;
Ne seketh nevir othir vicaire,
For thei shall speke with 'hem so faire
That ye shall holde you paid full welc,
Though ye you medle nere a dele.
Let ladies worchin with ther thinges,
Thei shall 'hem tell so fele tidinges,
And move so many requestis,
By flatterie, that not honest is,
And thereto yeve 'hem soche thankinges,
What with kissing and with talkinges,
That certis if thei trowid be
Shall nevir leve 'hem longe ne fe
That it n'ill as the moeble fare,
Of whiche thei first delivered are.
Now maie you tell us all your will,
And we your hestis shall fulfill.

But Falso Semblant dare not for drede
Of you, Sir, medle' him of this dede,

For he saith that ye ben his fo,
 He n'ot if ye woll worche him wo; 6055
 Wherefore we praie you all, beau Sire,
 That ye foryeve him now your ire,
 And that he maie dwell as your man
 With Abstinence his dere lemman :
 This our accorde and our will now. 6060

Parfei, saied Love, I graunt it you
 I woll well holde him for my man;
 Now let him come : and he forthe ran.

Falso Semblant, (quod Love) in this wise
 I take the here to my service, 6065
 That thou our frendis helpe alwaie,
 And hindre 'hem neithir night ne daie,
 But doe thy might 'hem to releve,
 And eke our en'emies that thou greve :
 Thine be this might ; I graunt it the; 6070
 My king of Harlotes shalt thou be :
 We woll that thou have soche honour:
 Certain thou art a false traitour,
 And eke a thief ; fith thou were borne
 A thousande times thou art forsworne : 6075
 But nathèlessè in our hering,
 To put our folke out of doubting,
 I bidde the teche 'hem, wost thou how ?
 By some genèrall signè now,
 In what place thou shalt foundin be 6080
 If that men had mistir of the,

And how men shall the best espie,
For the to knowe is grote maistris :
Tell in what place is thine haunting.

Sir, I have fully divers wooing
That I kepe not reherfid be,
So that ye would respitin me,
For if that I tell you the sothe
I maie have harme and shame bothe :
If that my felowes wifin it
My talis shouldin me be quit,
For certaine thei would hate me
If er I knewe ther cruelte,
For thei would ore all hold 'hem still
Of trothe that is again ther will :
Soche talis kepin thei not here ;
I might eftfone buie it full dere
If I saied of 'hem any thing
That displefith to ther hering,
For what worde that 'hem pricketh or bitet
In that worde none of 'hem deliteth,
All were it gospell the' Evangile,
That would reprove 'hem of ther gile,
For thei are cruill and hautain ;
And this thing wote I well certain,
If I speke ought to paire or loos
Your courte shall not so well be cloos
That thei ne shall wite it at last :
Of gode men am I nought agast,

For thei woll taken on 'hem nothing 6110

Whan that thei knowe all my meynyng,

But he that woll it on him take

He woll himself suspicious make

That he his life let covirtly

In Gile and in Ypocrisie, 6115

That me' engendrid and yave sostring.

Thei made a full gode engendring,

(Quod Love) for who so sothly tell

Thei engendrid the divell of hell.

But nedely, howsoere it be, 6120

(Quod Love) I will and chargè the

To tell anon thy wonning placis

Hering eche wight that in this place is,

And what life thou livist also,

Hide it no lengir now; whereto? 6125

Thou must discovre' all thy worching,

How thou servist, and of what thing,

Though that thou shouldest for thy soth-saw

Ben all to-betin and to-drawe,

And yet art thou not wont parde; 6130

But nathelesse though thou betin be

Thou shalt not be the first that so

Hath for sothsawe yfuffrid wo.

Sir, siþe that it maie likin you,

Though that I should be slain right now, 6135

I shall doen your commaundement,

For thereto have I grete talent.

Withoutin wordis mo right than
 Falso Semblant his sermon began,
 And saied 'hem thus in audience : 6140

Barons, take hede of my sentence.
 That wight that list to have knowing
 Of Falso Semblant, full of flatt'ring,
 He must in worldly folke him seke,
 And certis in the cloistirs eke ; 6145
 I won no where but in 'hem twaie,
 But not like evin, sothe to saie :
 Shortly, I woll herberowe me
 There I hope best to hulstrid be ;
 And certainly sikereft hiding 6150
 Is undirneþ humblif clothing.

Religious folke ben full covert,
 Seculer folke ben more appert ;
 But nathèlesse I woll not blame
 Religious folke, ne 'hem diffame, 6155
 In what habite that er thei go ;
 Religion humble' and true also
 Woll I not blamin ne dispise,
 But I n'ill love it in no wise ;
 I mene of false religious, 6160
 That stout ben and malicious,
 That wollin in an habite go
 And settin not ther herte therto.

*Religious folke ben all pitous,
 Thou shalt not sene one dispitous ; 6165*

Thei lovin no pride ne no strife,
 But humbly thei woll lode ther life,
 With whiche folke woll I never be,
 And if I dwell I fainè me
 I maie well in ther habite go;
 But me were lever my necke a two
 Than let a purpose that I take,
 What covènaunt that er I make.

6170

I dwell with 'hem that proude ybe,
 And full of wiles and subtilte,
 That worship of this worlde coveiten,
 And gretè nede connin expleiten,
 And gon and gadrin grete pitaunces,
 And purchase 'hem the acquaintaunces
 Of men that mightie life maie leden,
 And faine 'hem pore, and 'hem self seden
 With gode morcils delicious,
 And drinkin gode wine precious,
 And preche us povert and distresse,
 And fishin 'hem self grete richesse
 With wily nettis that thei cast :
 It woll come foule out at the last.

6175

6180

6185

Thei ben fro clene religion went;
 Thei make the worlde an argument
 That hath a foule conclusion :
 I have a robe of religion,
 Than am I all religious :
 This argument is all roignous ;

6190

It is not worth a crokid breere :
 Habite ne makith monke ne frere,
 But clene life and devocion
 Makith gode men of religion.

Nathèlffe there can none answere,
 How high that er his hedde he shere
 With rasour whettid nere so kene,
 That gile in braunchis cutte thurtene,
 There can no wight distinct it so
 That he dare saie a word thereto.

But what herb'row that ere I take,
 Or what fernblaunt that er I make,
 I mene but gile, and folowe that,
 For right no more than Gibbe our cat
 (That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen)
 Ne entende I but to begilen :
 Ne no wight maie by my clothing
 Wete with what folke is my dwelling,
 Ne by my wordis yet parde,
 So soft and so plefaunt thei be.

Beholde the dedis that I doe,
 But thou be blinde thou oughtist so,
 For varie ther wordes fro ther dede
 Thei thinke on gile withoutin drede,
 What manir clothing that thei were,
 Or what estate that er thei bere,
 I. crid or leude, lorde or ladie,
 Knight, squier, burgeis, or bailie.

Right thus while Falso Semblant fernaeth
 Eft sonis Love him aresmeth,
 And brake his tale in his speaking
 As though he had him tolde belyng, 6225
 And said, What devill is that I here?
 What folke haist thou us nempnand here?
 Maie men findin religioun
 In worldly habitacioun
 Ye, Sir, it foloweth 6230
 Should lede a wickid
 Ne not therefore the
 That 'hem to world
 For certis it were gre
 Men maie in seculere 6235
 Florishin holy religioun
 Full many' a saint in felde and toun,
 With many' a virgine glorious,
 Devoute and full religious;
 Han died that common clothe aie beren, 6240
 Yet saintis nerthelesse thei weren:
 I could reckon you many a ten,
 Ye, welnigh all these holy women
 That men in churchis herry' and seke,
 Bothe maidins and these wivis eke, 6245
 That bare ful many' a faire childe here,
 Werid alway clothis seculere,
 And in the same clothes didin they
 That saintis weren and han alway.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

usande maidinis dere, 6154
 T n heven ther ciergis clere,
 O ne men rede in churche and sing,
 Were take in seculer clothing,
 Whan thei recevid martirdome,
 And wounn hevenly home. 6158
 Gode hert ymakith thought,
 The clothing yevet thought:
 The gode thought alle the worching
 That maketh the religion nowing;
 There lieth the gode religioun 6160
 Aftir the righte entencioun.

Who so ytoke a wethir's skinne,
 And wrapped a gredy woulfe therinne,
 For he shoulde go with lambis white,
 Wenist thou not he woulde hem bite? 6163
 Yes; nerthelesse as he were wode
 He woulde hem wirry', and drinke the blode,
 And wel the rathir hem disceve,
 For sithin thei coude nat perceve
 His tregette and his cruilte 6170
 Thei woulde him folow tho he fle.

If there be wolvis of suche hewe
 Amongis these apostlis newe,
 Thou, holy churche, thou maiste be wailed;
 Sithe that thy cite is assailed 6173

Through knightis of thine ownè table
 God wot thy lordship is doutable:
 If thei enforcin it to win
 That shoud defend it fro within
 Who might defence ayenst 'hem make?
 Withoutin stroke it mote be take
 Of trepeget or mangonell,
 Without displaying of pensell;
 And if God n'il done it focour,
 But let rennin in this colour,
 Thou must thy hestis lettin be;
 Than is there nought but yeldè the,
 Or yeve 'hem tribute doutilefs,
 And holde it of 'hem to have pees:
 But gretir harme betidith the
 That thei all maistir of it be:

6280

6285

6290

Wel con thei scornin the withall,
 By day ystuffin thei the wall,
 And al the night thei minin there:
 Nay, thou plantin must ellis where
 Thine impis if thou wolt frute have;
 Abide not there thy selfe to save.

6295

But now pece; here I turne againe;
 I wol no more of this thing saine,
 Yf I may passio me hereby,
 For I might makin you wery;

6300

OLD MAN

And eke my lemman mote thei serve,
Or thei shul not my love deserve.
Forsoth I am a false traitour;
God judged me for a thefe trechour:
Forsworne I am, but wel nigh none
Wote of my gile til it be done.

'Through me hath many' one deth rece
That my treget ner aperceved,
And yet receveth, and shal receive,
That my falsnesse shal nere perceive,
But who so doth, if he wise be,
Him is right gode beware of me;
But so flighe is the perceving
'That al to late comith knowing,
For Proteus, that coude him chaunge

now chasteleine, 6330

nowe chapelaine,

lerke, and now fostere,

, now scholere,

chanon, now baily :

anne am I.

6335

e, now am I page,

v'ry langage ;

e and olde,

nd stout, and bolde,

, now Robin,

6340

, now Jacobin :

weth my loteby

and comp'any,

Abstinance, and raigned

arraie fained ;

6345

th to her liking

ring.

an's clothe take I,

, now lady :

eligious,

6350

in an hous :

prioresse,

and now abbessse,

all regiounes

unes.

6355

ir that I' am sworne

nd bete the corne :

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE.

of hetin you alway
e your frendis what I may,
wollin my company,
For thei be shent all uttirly;
But if so fallin that I be
Oftin with 'hem and thei with me,
And eke my lemmman mote thei serve,
Or thei shal not my love deserve.
Forsoth I am a false traitour;
God judged me for a thefe trechour:
Forsworne I am, but wel nigh none
Wote of my gile til it be done.

'Through me hath many' one deth received
That my treget ner aperceved,
And yet receveth, and shal receive,
That my falsnesse shal nere perceive,
But who so doth, if he wise be,
Him is right gode beware of me;
But so flighe is the perceving
'That al to late comith knowing,
For Proteus, that coude him chaunge
In every shappe homely and straunge,
Coude never fuche gile ne trefoun
As I, for I come nere in toun
There as I might yknowin be
Though men me both might here and see :
Ful wel I can my clothis chaunge,
Take one and make an othir straunge;

Now am I knight, now chastelaine,
 Now prelate, and now chapelaine,
 Now priest, now clerke, and now fostere,
 Now am I maistir, now scholere,
 Now monke, now chanon, now baily :
 Whatevir mistir manne am I.

6330

6335

Now am I prince, now am I page,
 And can by hert ev'ry langage ;
 Somtimis am I hore and olde,
 Now I am yong, and stout, and bolde,
 Now am I Robert, now Robin,
 Now Frere Minor, now Jacobin :
 And with me foloweth my loteby
 To done me solace and comp'any,
 That hight Dame Abstinence, and raigned
 In many a queint arraie fained ;
 Right as it commeth to her liking
 I fulfill all her desiring.

6340

6345

Somtime a woman's clothe take I,
 Now am I a maide, now lady :

6350

Somtime I am religious,
 Now like an ankir in an hous :

Somtime am I a prioresse,
 And now a nonne, and now abbesse,
 And go thorough all regiounes

Yfeking all religiounes.

6355

But to what ordir that I'am sworne
 I take the strawe and bete the corne :

To jolie folke I enhabite
I aske no more but ther habite.

What wol ye more? in every wise
Right as me list I me disgise. 6365

Wel can I bere me undir wede,
Unlike is my worde to my dede.
Thus make I into my trappes fall
The folke through my priv'ilegis all 6375
That ben in Christendome a live.

I may affoile and I may thrive,
That no prelate may lettin me,
All folke where evir thei found be:
I n'ot no prelate maie done so 6370
But it the Pope be, and no mo,
That madin thilke establisshing:
Now is not this a propre thing?
But were my sleightis aperceved 6374

.....
As I was wont, and wost thou why?
For I did 'hem a tregetry;
But therof yeve I' a litil tale,
I have the filvir and the male.
So have I prechid and eke thriven, 6380
So have I take, so have I yeven,
'Through ther foly husbonde and wise,
That I lede right a joly life:
'Through simpleffe of the prelacie
'Thei know not all my tregettrie. 6385

But for as moche as man and wife
 Shuld shew ther parish priest ther life
 Onis a yere, as saith the boke,
 Er any wight his housil toke,
 Than have I privilegis large
 That maie of mochil thing discharge,
 For he may say right thus parde :

6390

Sir Priest, in shrift I tel it the
 That he to whom that I am shriven
 Hath me assoilid, and me yeven
 Penaunce sothly for alle my sin
 Whiche that I founde me giltie in;
 Ne I ne' have nevir entencion
 To make double confession,

6395

Ne reherce este my shrift to the;
 O shrifte is right inough to me;
 This ought the to suffisun wele,
 Ne be not rebell nere a dele,
 For certis though thou haddest it sworne
 I wote no priest ne prelate borne
 That maie to shrift est me constraine,
 And if thei done I wol me plaine,
 For I wote where to plainin wele:
 Thou shalt not streinin me a dele,
 Ne enforce me ne not me trouble
 To makin my confession double :

6400

6405

6410

Ne I have none affection
 To' have double absolucion;
 The first is right inough to me;
 This lattre' alloiing quite I the: 6415
 I am unbounde; what maist thou finde
 More of my finnes me to unbinde,
 For he that might hath in his honde
 Of all my finnis me unbounde?
 And if thou wolt me thus constraine, 6420
 That me mote nedis on the plaine,
 There shall no juge imperiall,
 Ne bishop ne officiall,
 Done jugement on me, for I
 Shal gone and plaine me opinly 6425
 Anon to my shriftfathir newe,
 Whiche that hight Frere Wolfe untrewē,
 And he shal chusin him for me,
 For I trowe he can hampir the;
 But lord! he would be wrothe withall 6430
 Yf men would him Frere Wolfe ycall,
 For he would have no pacience,
 But done all cruill vengience;
 He would his might done at the lest,
 Than nothing spare for Godd'is hest: 6435
 And God so wise be my focour
 Put thou yeeve me my Saviour
 At Estir, whan it likith me,
 Wirhoutin presing more on the,

I wol forth and to him ygone,
 And he shal housil me anone,
 For I am out of thy grutching ;
 I kepe not dele with the nothing.

6440

Thus may he shrive him that forsaketh
 His parish priest and to me taketh,
 And if the priest wol him refuse
 I am full redy him to' accuse,
 And him punish and hampir so
 That he his churchè shal forgo.

9445

But who so hath in his feling
 The consequence of suche shriving
 Shal sene that priest maie nere have might
 To know the conscience aright
 Of him that is undir his cure ;
 And this is ayenst holy' scripture,
 That biddith every herde honest
 Have very knowing of his best ;
 But povir folke, that gon by strete,
 That have no golde ne summis grete,
 Them would I let to ther prelates,
 Or let ther priestis know ther states,
 For to me right nought yevin thei,

6450

6455

6460

And why it is, for thei ne may.

Thei ben so bare I take no kepe,
 But I woll havin the fat shepe ;
 Let parish priestis have the lene ;
 I yeve *not* of ther harme a bene :

6465

And if that prelatiſ grutche it,
 That oughtin wroth be in ther wit
 To leſin ther fat beſtiſ ſo,
 I ſhal yeve 'hem a ſtroke or two,
 So that thei ſhal leſin with force
 Ye, both ther mitre and ther croce.

Thus jape I 'hem, and have do longe,
 My privilegiſ ben ſo ſtrong.

False Semblant would have ſtintid here,
 But Love ne made him no ſuche chere
 That he was wery of hiſ ſawe,
 But for to make him glad and ſawe
 He ſaid, Tell on more ſpecially
 How that thou ſerviſt untruly :

Tel forth, and ſhame the nere a dele,
 For as thiſne habit ſhewith wele
 Thou ſerveſt an holy heremite.

Sothe iſ but I 'am but an ipocrite.
 Thou goeſt and prechiſt poverté.

Ye, Sir, but Richeſſe hath poſtè.
 Thou prechiſt abſtinence alſo.

Sir, I woll ſillen, ſo mote I go,
 My paunche of gode mete and gode wine,
 As ſhould a maiſtir of divine,
 For how that I me povir ſaine
 Yet al povir folke I diſdaine.

I love bettir the acquaintance
 Ten timis of the King of Fraunce 6495
 Than of a pore man of milde mode
 Though that his soule be all so gode,
 For whan I se beggirs quaking,
 Nakid on mixins all stinking,
 For hungre crie and eke for care, 6500
 I entremet not of ther fare;
 Thei ben so pore and ful of pine
 Thei might not ones yeve me a dine,
 For thei have nothing but ther life;
What shoulde be yeve that licketh his knife? 6505
 It is but foly to' entremete
 To seke in hound'is nest fat mete:
 Let bere him to the spittle' anone,
 But for me comfort get thei none:
 But a full riche ficke usurere 6510
 Would I visitin and drawe nere;
 Him would I comforte and rehetete,
 For I hope of his golde to gete,
 And if that wickid Deth him have
 I woll go with him in his grave: 6515
 And if there any reprove me
 Why that I let the povir be,
 Wost thou how I know how to' ascape?
 I say and swerin him full rape

That richè men han more tetchis 6520
 Of sinne than han these pore wretchis,
 And han of counsaile more mistere,
 And therefore I would drawe 'hem nere;
 But as gret hurt, it maie so be,
 Hath soule in right grete poverté 6525
 As soule in grete richesse forsothe,
 Al be it that thei hurtin bothe,
 For richesse and mendicitees
 Bene clepid two extremitées,
 The mene is clepid Suffisaunce, 6530
 There lieth of vertue the' aboundaunce.

For Salomon, full wel I wote,
 In his wise Parablis us wrote,
 As it is knowen of many' a wight,
 In his thirtieth chapitir right, 6535
 God thou me kepe for thy possè
 Fro richesse and mendicite,
 For if a richè man him dresse
 To thinkin to moche on richesse
 His hert on that so ferre is fette 6540
 That he' his Creatour doth foryette,
 And him that beggith woll aie greve;
 How should I by his wordé him leve,
 Unneth that he n'is a micher
 Forsworne, or els Godd'is lier? 6545
 Thus sayith Salomon'is sawes.

Ne we find writtin in no lawes,

And namely in our Christin laie,
 Who so faith ye I dare say naie,
 That Christ ne his apostils dere,
 While that thei walkid in erth here,
 Were nevir sene herbrid begging,
 For they n'olde beggin for nothing.

6550

And right thus were men wont to teche,
 And in this wise wouldin it preche
 The maistirs of divinite
 Somtime in Paris the cite.

6555

And if men would there gaine appose
 The nakid texte and let the glose,
 It mightin sone affoild be,
 For men may wel the sothe yse
 That pardie thei might aske a thing
 Plainly forth withoutin begging,
 For they weren Godd'is herdis dere,
 And cure of foulis haddin here,
 Thei ne wolde nothing begge ther fode,
 For aftir Christ was done on rode
 With ther propir hondis thei wrought,
 And with traveile, and ellis nought,
 Thei wonnin al ther sustinaunce,
 And lividin forth in ther penaunce,
 And the remenaunt yaf awaie
 To othir pore folkis alwaie.

6560

6565

6570

But how that is can I not se 6630
 But if the prince discevid be;
 Ne I ne wene not sikirly
 That thei maie have it rightfully.

But yet I wol not determine
 Of princis powir ne define, 6635
 Ne by my worde compre'hende iwis,
 Yf it so ferre may fletche in this;
 I wol not entremete a dele
 But I trowe that the boke saith wele,
 Who that taketh almessis that be 6640
 Dewe to folke that men may yse
 Lame and feble, wery and bare,
 Povir, or in suche manir care,
 That con winnin 'hem nevir mo,
 For thei havin no power therto, 6645
 He etith his ownè dampning,
 But if he lie that made al thing;
 And if ye suche a truaunt finde
 Chastise him wel if ye be kinde;
 But thei would hatin you parcaas 6650
 If that ye fillin in ther laas.

Thei would eftlonis do you scathe,
 If that thei mightin, late or rathe,
 For thei be not ful pacient
 That han the worlde thus soule yblent; 6655
 And wetith wel that God ybad
 The gode man sell al that he had

And folowe' him, and to pore it yeve;
 He would not therfore that he live
 To servin him in mendience,
 For it was nevir his sentence,
 But he bad werke whan that nede is,
 And folowe him in gode dedis.

6660

Saint Poule, that loved al holy church,
 He bade the' apostils for to wurch,
 And winne ther livelode in that wise,
 And 'hem defendid truandise,
 And sayid, Werkith with your honden:
 Thus should the thing be understonden.

6665

He n'olde iwis have bid 'hem begging,
 Ne sellin gospels ne preching,
 Lest thei berafte with ther asking
 Folke of ther cattle' or of ther thing.

6670

For in this world is many' a man
 That yeveth his gode, for he ne can
 Werne it for shame, or ellis he
 Would of the' askir delivered be,
 And for he him encombrith so
 He yeveth him gode to let him go:
 But it can him nothing profite;
 Thei lese the yeste and the merite.

6675

6680

The gode folke that St. Poule to preched
 Profrid him ofte, whan he 'hem teched,
 Some of ther gode in charite,
 But therof right nothing toke he,

6685

But of his hondis would he gette
Clothis to wrine him, and his mete.

Tel me than how a man may liven
That al his gods to pore hath yeven,
And wol but onely bidde his bedes,
And ner with hondes labour his nedes.
May he do so? Ye, Sir. And howe?
Sir, I woll gladly tellin you.
Saint Austyn saith, A man may be
In housis that han properte,
As Templers and Hospitlers,
And as these Chanons Regulars,
Or these White Monkis, or these Blake,
I wol no mo ensamplis make,
And take thereof his susteining,
For therin lyith no begging,
But othirwayis not iwis,
Yet Austyn gabbith not of this;
And yet ful many' a monke laboureth
That God in holy church honoureth,
For whan ther fwinking is agon
Thei rede and sing in church anone.

And for there hath ben grete discorde
As many' a wight may bere recorde,
Upon the' estate of mendicience,
I wol shortely in your presence

Tel how a man maie begge at nede,
 That hath not wherwith him to fede,
 Maugre his felowis janglinges,
 For sothfastnes wol none hidinges, 6715
 And yet percase I may obey,
 That I to you sothly thus sey.

Lo, here the case especial :
 If a man be so bestiall
 That he of no crafte hath science,
 And nought desirith ignorance, 6720
 Than may he go a begging yerne
 Till he some othir crafte can lerne,
 Through whiche withoutin truanding
 He may in trouthe have his living : 6725

Or if he may done no labour
 For elde, or sickenesse, or langour,
 Or for his tendir age also,
 Than may he yet a begging go :

Or if he have peravinture 6730
 Through usage of his noriture
 Livid ovr deliciously,
 Than oughtin gode folke cominly
 Han of his mischefe some pite,

And suffrin him also that he 6735
 May gon about and begge his bred
 That he be not for hongir ded :

Or if he have of crafty conning,
 And strength also and desiring
 For to worchin, as he had what, 674
 But he finde neithir this ne that,
 Than may he beggin till that he
 Have gettin his necessite :

Or if his winning be so lite
 That his labour will not aquite 675
 Sufficiauntly al his living
 Yet may he go his brede begging,
 Fro dore to dore he may go trace
 'Till he the remnaunt may purchase :

Or if a man would undirtake 675
 Any emprise for to ymake
 In the rescous of our lay,
 And it defendin as he may,
 Be it with armis or lettrure,
 Or othir convenable cure, 676
 If it be so that he pore be
 Than may he beggin til that he
 Maie findin in trouth for to swinke,
 And get him clothis, mete, and drinke,
 Swinke he with his hondes corporel, 676
 And not with hondes espirituel.

In all this case, and in semblables,
 If that there ben mo resonables,

He maie begge as I tell you here,
 And ellis not in no manere, 6763
 As William Saint Amour would preche,
 And oftin would dispute and teche
 Of this matir all opinly
 At Paris fully' and solemply;
 And all so God my soulè blesse 6770
 As he had in this Redfastnesse
 The' acorde of the' Univerfite,
 And of the peple', as semith me.

No gode man ought it to refuse,

Ne ought him thereof to excuse, 6775
 Be wrothe or blithe, who so thou be,
 For I wol speke and tell it the
 Al should I die and be put down,
 As was Saint Poule, in derke prifoun,
 Or be exilid in this caas 6780
 With wrong, as Maiftir William was,
 That my mothir Hypocrisie
 Banished for her gret envie.

My mothir flemed him Saint Amour :
 This noble man did fuche labour 6785
 To fusteine er the loialte,
 That he to mucche agiltè me :
 He made a boke and let it write,
 Wherin his life he did all dite,
 And would that eche renied begging, 6790
 And livin by my travailing,

If I ne' had rent ne othir gode;
 What! wenith he that I were wode?
 For labour might me nevir plese,
 I have more will to ben at ese, 6795
 And have well levir, sothe to saie,
 Before the peple pattre' and praie,
 And wrie me in my foxerie
 Undir a cope of papelardie.

(Quod Love) What divel is this I here? 6800
 What wordis tellist thou me here?
 What, Sir? Why Falsenesse that apert is.
 Than dredist thou not God? No, certis;
 For selde in grete thing shal he spede
 In this world that God wol ydrede, 6805
 For folke that 'hem to vertue yeven,
 And truily on ther owne liven,
 And 'hem in godenesse aie contente,
 On 'hem is liti\ thrifte isente:
 Suche folke ydrinkin grete misese; 6810
 That life ne may me nevir plese.

But se what golde han usurers,
 And silvir eke, in ther garners!
 Tailagiers, and these moniours,
 Bailiffes. bedils, provostes, countours, 6815
 These livin well nigh by ravine;
 The smale peple 'hem mote encline,
 And thei as wolvis wol 'hem eten;
 Upon the povir folke thei geten

CHAUNT OF THE ROSE.

61

thei spende or kepe; 6820

that thei n'il firepe,

elvin well at full;

g thei 'hem pull:

le ovirgothe,

y simple clothe 6825

obbid and robbours,

and gilours;

thre' and threste

into my cheste,

e so faste ybounde; 6830

leis do I founde,

uifill

s at my will,

ntremees:

le and pees, 6835

: to spende also,

e hagge is ago

t with my japes,

amble mine apes?

ie mine entent; 6840

ettir than my rent;

should betin be

me:

ie no wight dure;

to cure: 6845

ie cure have I

n length; boldly

I wol bothe preche and eke counsaillen :
With hondis wol I not travaillen,
For of the Pope I have the bull ; 6830
I ne holde not my wittis dull :
I wol not stintin in my live
These emperouris for to thrive,
Or kingis, dukes, and lordis grete,
But povir folke al quite I lete : 6835
I love no sliche thriving parde
But it for othir cause ybe :
I recke not of these povir men ;
Ther estate is not worthe an hen.

Wher findest thou 'a swinkir of labour 6860
Have me to be his confessoure ?
But empressis and ducheßis,
These quenis and eke counteßis,
These abbessis and eke bigins,
And these grete ladies palasins, 6865
These joly knightis and bailives,
These nonnis and these burgeis wives,
That riche yben and eke plesing,
And these maidinis welfaring,
Where so thei clad or nakid be, 6870
Uncounsailed goeth there none fro me ;
And for ther foulis favite
At lorde and lady', and ther meine,
I alke, whan thei 'hem to me thrive,
The propertie of al ther live, 6875

And make 'hem trowe, both moſte and leſt,
 Ther pariſh prieſt is but a beſt
 Ayens me and my company,
 That ſhrewis ben as gret as I,
 Fro whiche I wol not hide in helde 6880
 No privity that me is tolde,
 That I by worde or ſigne iwis
 Ne wol make 'hem know what it is,
 And thei wollen alſo tellin me
 Thei hele fro me no privity; 6885
 And for to make you them perceiven
 That uſin folke thus to deceiven,
 I wol you ſaine withoutin drede
 What men maie in the Goſpell rede
 Of Sainct Mathewe the goſpellere, 6890
 That ſaieth as I ſhall you ſaie here.

Upon the chairè of Moſes
 Thus it is gloſid doutileſs,
 (That is, The Oldè Teſtament,
 For thereby is the chairè ment) 6895
 Sittin Scribis and Pharifen,
 That is to ſaine, the curſid men,
 Whiche that we Ipocritis call;
 Doeth that thei preche I rede you all;
 But doeth not as thei doen a dele 6900
 That ben not weric to ſaie wele,

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROOSE

cell no will have thei,
 uld binde on folke alwaie,
 be begilid able,
 t ben importable; 6905
 uldires thinges thei couchen,
 ill-with ther fingirs touchen;
 all thei not touch it? why!
 lifte nat fikiranly,
 e burdons that men taken 6910
 is shouldirs aken.
 i doe ought that gode be
 olke it shouldin so;
 is largir makin thei,
 her hemmes wide alwaie, 6915
 tis at the table
 the moſte honourable;
 an the firſt chairis
 s to 'hem full dere is,
 hat folke 'hem loute and grete 6920
 hei paſſin through the ſtrete,
 be cleped Maiſtir alſo;
 ould not willin ſo,
 'is there ayenſt I geſſe,
 a well ther wickidneſſe. 6925

ſome uſin we;
 woll ayenſt us be
 dedly everychone,
 werrey him as one:

Him that one hateth hate we all,
 And coniecte how to doen him ful;
 And if we sene him want honour,
 Richeffe or preise, through his wantour
 Provende or rent, or dignite,
 Full faste iwis compassen we
 By what laddre' he is climbing ful;
 And for to make him downe to go
 With traifon we will him defame.
 And doen him lesen his gode name.

Thus from his laddre we him take;
 And thus his frendis losen we make,
 But worde ne water shall he none
 Till al his frendis ben his lone;
 For if we did it openly
 We mightin have blame reney,
 For had he wiste of our maner
 He had him kept but he were none.

An othir' is this, that if so fath
 That there be one among us all
 That doeth a gode name, out of these
 We faine it is our this dede,
 Ye, fikirly though he it fained,
 Or that him lifte or that him dauid
 A man through him avaucied be,
 Thereof all partinere be we,
 And tellin folke where so we go
 That man through us is sprongin so.

But to doe well no will have thei,
And thei would binde on folke alwaie,
That ben to be begilid able,
Burdons that ben importable;
On folkis shouldirs thinges thei couchen,
That thei n'ill-with ther fingirs touchen;
And why woll thei not touch it? why!
For them ne liste nat sikirly,
For the sadde burdons that men taken
Ymakin folkis shouldirs aken.

And if thei doe ought that gode be
That is for folke it shouldin se;
Ther burdons largir makin thei,
And makin ther hemmes wide alwaie,
And lovin fetis at the table
'The first and the mosse honourable;
And for to han the first chairis
In sinagogges to 'hem full dere is,
And willen that folke 'hem loute and gret
Whan that thei passin through the strete,
And wollen be cleped Maistir also;
But thei ne should not willin so,
The Gospell' is there ayenst I gesse,
That shewith well ther wickidnesse.

An othir custome usin we;
Of 'hem that woll ayenst us be
We hate him dedly everychone,
And we woll werrey him as one:

that one hatith hate we all,
 and coniecte how to doen him fall;
 and if we fene him winne honour,
 richeffe or preise, through his valour,
 Provende or rent, or dignite,
 Full faste iwis compassin we
 By what laddre' he is clombin so;
 And for to make him doune to go
 With traifon we woll him defame,
 And doen him lesin his gode name.

6930

6935

Thus from his laddir we him take,
 And thus his frendis foes we make,
 But worde ne wetin shall he none
 Till al his frendis ben his fone;
 For if we did it opiny
 We mightin have blame redily,

6940

6945

For had he wiste of our malice
He had him kept but he wers nice.

An othir' is this, that if so fall
 That there be one among us all
 That doeth a gode tourne, out of drede
 We faine it is our aldir dede,
 Ye, fikiranly though he it fained,
 Or that him liste or that him dained
 A man through him avauncid be,
 Thereof all partineres be we,
 And tellin folke where so we go
 That man through us is sprongin so.

6950

6955

Al have of men praisiſg
 We þu through our flattering
 Of riche men of grete poſſe 6960
 Lettirs to witneſſe our bounte,
 So that man weneth that maie us ſe
 That allè vertue is.

And alwaie povin
 But how ſo that we in 6965
 We ben the folke without
That all thing have without na

Thus be dradde of the peple wiſe,
 And gladly my purpoſe is this:

I delin with no wight but he 6970
 Have golde and trefour grete plente;
 Ther acquaintaunce well lovin I;
 This moche is my deſire ſhortly;
 I entremete me of brocages,
 I makin pece and mariages, 6975
 I am gladly executour,
 And many times a procuratour,
 I am ſometime a meſſagere,
 That fallith not to my miſtere.

And many timis I make enqueſt, 6980
 For me that office is nat honeſt;
 To dele with othir mennis thing
 That is to me a grete liking;
 And if that ye have ought to doe
 In place that I repairin to

I shall it sped in through my witte
 As sone as ye have told me it :
 So that ye seruin me to paie
 My service shall be yours alwaie.

But who so woll chastise me
 Anone my love yloste hath he,
 For I love no man in no gife
 That woll me reprove or chastise,
 But I woll all folke undirtake,

6990

And of no wight no teching take ;
For I that othir folke chastie
Woll not be taught fro my folie.

6995

I ne love none hermitage more ;
 Al desertis and holtis here,
 And grete wodis everichone
 I let 'hem to the Baptist John ;
 I queth him quite, and him releffe,
 Of Egypt all the wildirnesse :
 To ferre were all my manfious
 Fro allè citees and gode touns.

7000

7005

My paleis and mine house make I
 There men maie renne in opinly,
 And saie that I the worlde forsake ;
 But all amidde I builde and make
 My house, and swimme and pise therein
 Bette than a fishe doth with his finne.

7010

Of Antichrist's men am I
 Of whiche that Christ saieth opynly
 Thei have habite of holinesse,
 And livin in foche wickidnesse. 7015

All outward lambin sein we,
 Full of godenesse and of pite,
 And inwarde we withoutin fable
 Ben gredy wolvis ravifable.

We envircoun bothe londe and se; 7020
 With all the worlde werryin we:
 We woll ordain of allè thing,
 Of folkis gode and ther living.

If there be castill or cite
 Within that any bougerons be, 7025
 Although that thei of Millaine were,
 For thereof ben thei blamid there;

Or if a wight out of mesure
 Would lene ther gold and take usure, 7030
 For that he is so coveitous,
 Or if he be to lechirous,

Or these that hauntin simonie,
 Or provost full of trechirie,
 Or prelate living jolilie,
 Or priest that halt his quein him by, 7035

Or oldè whoris hostilers,
 Or othir baudes or bordillers,

Or ellis blamed of any vice,
Of whiche men shouldin doen justice;

By all the sainctis that we preie,
7040 But thei defende them with lampreie,
With luce, with elis, with famons,
With tendir gees and with capons,
With tartis or with cheffis fat,

7045 With deinte flaunis brode and flat,
With caleweis or with pullaile,

With coninges or with fine vitaille,
That we undir our clothis wide
Ymakin through our golet glide,
Or but he woll doe come in haste

7050 Rae venison ybake in paste,

Whethir so that he loure or groine

He shall have of a corde a loigne,

With whiche men shall him binde and lede

To brenne him for his unfull dede,

7055 That men shall here him erie and rore

A mil'is waje about and more,

Or els he shall in prison die

But if he woll his frendship baie,

Or smertin that that he hath doe

7060 More than his gilt amountith to.

But and he couthe thorough his sleight

Doe makin up a toure of height,

Nought rought I wher of stone or tre,

Or yerth or turvis, though it be,

7065

Though it were of no rounde stounde, brenne
 Ywrought with square and schelded,
 So that the toure were stufed well
 With allè riches temporell;

And than that he would him wylfully
 Enginis bothè more and lesse,
 To caste at us by every side,
 To berin his gode samè wide,

Soche sleightis I shullin you yeven,
 Barelles of wine by fixe or seven,
 Or golde in sackis grete plente,
 He should though sone delivered be;
 And if he have no suche pitences
 Let him studie' in equipolences,
 And lerin lies and fallaces,
 If that he would deserve our graces,
 Or we shall bere him soche witnesse
 Of sinne and of his wretchidnesse,
 And doen his lose so widè renne,
 That all quicke we shouldin him brenne,
 Or ellis yeve him soche penaunce
 That is well worse than the pitaunce.

For thou shalt nevir for nothing
 Con knowen aright by ther clothing
 The traitours full of trechèrie
 But thou ther werkis can espie.

And ne had the gode keping be
 Whidom of the' Univerfite,

peth the kei of Christendome;
 ben tourmentid all and some. 7095
 : ben the stinking Prophetis;
 e of 'hem that gode prophete is,
 i through wickid entencion,
 e of the' incarnation
 ande and two hundrid yere 7100
 i-fifte, ferther ne nere,
 tin a boke with forie grace,
 en ensample in common place,
 yid thus, though it were fable,
 e Gospell pardurable 7105
 o the Holie Ghost is sent:
 ere it worthy to be ybrent.
 l was in soche manere
 ke of whiche I tell here,
 n'as no wight in al Paris 7110
 : our Ladie at parvis
 ei ne might the bokè by;
 tence plesed 'hem well truely.
 : copie if him talent toke
 Evangelist'is boke, 7115
 might he se by grete traifoun
 any' a false comparifoun.
 roche as thorough his grete might,
 f hete be it of light,
 nne yfurmoutith the mone, 7120
 roubler is, and chaungith sone,

And the nutte kerneill dothe the shell,
I skorne nat that I you it tell,

Right so withoutin any gile
Surmountith this noble' Evangile 7135
The worde of any' evangelist,
And to ther title thei toke Christ.
And many soche comparisoun,
Of whiche I make no menciou, n
Mightin men in that bokè finde, 7130
Who so could of 'hem havin minde.

The' Uni'versite, that was a slepe,
Can for to braied, and takin kepe,
And at the noise the hedde up cast,
Ne nevir sithen slept it fast, 7135
But up it stert, and armis toke
Aycnst this false horrible boke,
All redy battaile for to make,
And to the judge the boke thei take.

But thei that broughtin the boke there 7140
Hent it anone awaie for fere;
Thei n'old shewe it no more a slele,
But than it kept, and kepin wele,
Till soche a time that thei maie se
That thei so strong ywoxin be 7145
That no wight maie 'hem well withstonde,
For by that boke thei durst not stonde;
Awaie thei gonne it for to bere,
For thei ne durstin not answere

By expoficion ne glofe
 To that that clerkis woll appofe
 Aycnft the curfidneffe iwis
 That in that boke ywrittin is.

7150

Now wotte I nat ne can nat fe
 What manir ende that there fhall be
 Of all this whiche that thei yhide,
 But yet algate thei fhall abide
 Till that thei maie it bette defende;
 This trowe I beft woll be ther ende.

7155

Thus Antichrift abidin we,
 For we ben all of his meine,
 And what man that woll not be fo
 Right fone he fhall his life forgo:
 We woll a peple' on him areife,
 And through our gile doin him ceife,
 And him on sharpe speris rive,
 Or othir waies bring him fro live,
 But if that he woll folowe' iwis
 That in our boke ywrittin is.

7160

7165

Thus moche woll our boke signifie,
 That while Peter had maiftrie
 Maie nevir John shewe well his might.

7170

**Now have I you declarid right
 The mening of the barke and rinde
 That makith the entencions blinde;**

7175

Volume VIII. **G**

But now at erst I woll begin
 To expounce you the p^{er}the within,
 And the seculers comprehend
 That Christ's lawe wollin defende,
 And should it kepin and maintenon
 Ayenst them that all sustenen,
 And falsly to the peple techen
 That John betokeneth 'hem to prechen
 That there n'is lawe covenable
 But thilke Gospell pardurable
 That fro the Holy Ghost was sent
 To tournin folke that ben miswent.

The strenght of John thei undirstonde
 The grace in whiche thei saie thei stonde,
 That doeth the sinfull folke convert,
 And 'hem to Jesu Christ revert :
 Full many'an othre' horriblete
 Mowin men in that boke se,
 That ben commaundid doutilefs
 Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse,
 And all with Antichrist thei holden,
 As men maie in the boke beholden.

And than commaudin thei to flee
 All tho that with Peter yben ;
 But thei shall nevir have that might,
 And God to forne, for strief to fight,
 That thei ne shall ynough yfnde
 That Peter's lawe shall have in minde,

vir holde and so maintene,
 at the last it shall be sene 7205
 hei shall all comin thereto
 ght that thei can speke or do.
 I thilke lawe ne shall not stonde
 hei by John have undirstonde,
 augre them it shall adoun, 7210
 en brought to confusion.
 I woll stint of this matere,
 is wondir long to here ;
 id that ilke boke endured
 tre' estate I were ensured, 7215
 endis have I yet parde
 an me set in grete degre.

this worlde is emperour
 my fathir, the false trechour,
 mperesse my mothir is, 7220
 re the Holie Ghoſte iwis.
 nightie limage and our rout
 ith in every reigne about,
 cell' is worthy we mini'sters be,
 this worldè governe we, 7225
 an the folke so well deceve
 none our gilis can perceiue,
 hough thei doen thei dare not saie ;
 the dare no wight bewraie.

But he in Christ is wrothe his dede
 That more than Christ my brethren dede
 He n'is no full gode champion
 That dredeth soche similecion,
 Nor that for pain well refusa
 Us to correte and accusa.

He woll not entremete by right,
 Ne havin God in his eyen sight,
 And therefore God shall him punice:
 But me ne reckith of no vice
 Sithen men us loven communablie,
 And holdin us for so worthie,
 That we maie folke repreve echone,
 And we n'ill have represe of none;
 Whom shouldin folke worshipin so
 But us that stintin nevir mo
 To patrin while that folke maie' us se
 Though it not so behinde' hem be?

And where is there more wode folie
 Than to enhauncin chivalrie,
 And lovin noble men and gaie,
 That jolie clothis weren alwaie?
 If thei be soche folke as thei semen,
 So clene as men ther clothis demen,
 And that ther wordes folowe ther dede,
 It is grete pite out of drede
 That all be none hypocritis;
 thinkith grete spite is:

I can not love 'hem on no side :

But beggirs with these hodis wide,
With sleigh and palè facis lene, 7260
And with graie clothis nat full clene,
But frettid full of tatar waggès,
And high shewis knoppid with dagges,
That frouncin like a qualè pipe,
Or botis riving as a gipe; 7265

To soche folke, as I you devise,
Should princis and these lordis wife
Take all ther landis and ther thinges,
Bothe warre and pece in govirninges,
To soche folke should a prince him yeve 7270
That would his life in honour live.

And if thei be nat as thei seme,
That servin thus the worlde to queme,
There would I dwellin to deceive

The folke, for thei shall nat perceve. 7275

But I ne speke in no soche wise
That men should humble' habite dispise;
So that no pride there undir be
No man should hate, as thinkith me,
The povir man in soche clothing; 7280
But God ne prefirith him nothing
That saieth he hath the worlde forsake,
And hath to worldly glory' him take,
And woll of soche delicis use;
Who maie that beggir well excuse? 7285

That papelarde that him yeldeth fast
And woll to worldly eia yge,
And saith that he the worldes hach left,
And gredily it gripith eft,
He is the hounde, shame is to sein,
That to his casting goeth again.

But unto you dare I not lie,
But might I felin or espie
'That ye percevid it nothing
Ye shouldin have a starke lessing:
Right in your honde thus to beginne,
I ne wolde it let for no sinne.
The god lough at the wondir tho,
And every wight gan laugh also,
And sayid, Lo, here a man right
For to be trustie to' every wight!

False Semblant, (quod Love) saie to me,
Sirh i thus have avauncid the,
That in my court is thy dwelling,
And of Ribaudes shalt be my king, 730f
Wolt thou well holdin my forwardes?

Ye, Sir, quod he, from hens forwardes
Had ner your fathir here beforne
Seruaunt so true sithe he was borne.
That is aye nist all nature.

Sir, put you in that avinture,

For though ye borowes take of me
 The likerer shall ye never be
 For hostagis ne likirnesse
 Or chartris for to bere witness:
 I take your self to recorde here
 That men ne maie in no manere
 Terin the wolfe out of his hide
 Till he be slain bothe backe and side,
 Though men him bete and all defile:
 What! were ye that I woll begile?

7315

7320

For I am clothid mekily
 There undre' is all my trechiry;
 Mine herte chaungith never the mo
 For none habite in which I go:
 Though I have chere of simplenesse
 I am not werie of shreudnesse:
 My lemman, strainid Abstenaunce,
 Hath mistir of my purveiaunce,
 She had full long ago be dedde

7325

7330

**N'ere for my counsaile and my radde:
 Let her alone, and you and me.**

**And Love answerid, i trust the
 Without borowe, for i woll none.**

**And Falso Semblant the thesle anone
 Right in that ilkè samè place,
 That had of trefon all his face
 Right blacke within and white without,
 Thanking him gan on his knees lout.**

7335

That in the' Apocalyps is shewed,
That signifieth the folke beshrewed
That ben all full of trecherie,
And pale thorough hypocrisie;
For on that horse no colour is 7400
But onely dedde and pale iwis:
Of soche a colour enlangoured
Was Abstinence iwis coloured;
Of her estate she her repented
Right as her visage represented. 7405

She had a burdoune all of theste
That Gile had yeve her of his yest,
And a skrippè of faint distresse,
That full was of elengènessè,
And forthe she walkid sobirlie. 7410
And Falso Semblant saint, *Je vous die*,
And as it were for soche mistere
Doiñ on the cope of a frere,
With chere simple and full pitous
His loking was not disdeinous 7415
Ne proude, but meke and ful pefible.

About his necke he bare a Bible,
And squyrlly forthe gan he gon,
And for to rest his limmes upon
He had of tresen a potent; 7420
As he were feble' his waie he went.

But in his sleve he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe and well biting,

'Ther harneis nigh 'hem was algate;
 By Wickid Tong adoune thei fate,
 That badde 'hem nere him for to come,
 And of tidingis tell him some,
 And saied 'hem, What case makith you
 To comin into this place now?

7480

7485

Sir, sayid Strainid Abstinence,
 We for to dryin our penaunce
 With hertis pitous and devout
 Are commen as pilgrimes gon about;
 Well nigh on fote alwaie we go;
 Full doughtie ben our helis two,
 And thus bothe we ben ysent
 Throughout the worlde that is miswent

7490

To yeve ensample' and preche also;

To fishin sinfull men we go,

7495

For othir fishing ne fishe we:

And, leve Sir, for that charite,

As we be wont, erbo'rowe we crave;

Your life to amenne Christ it save,

And so it should you not displese

7500

We wouldin, if it were your ese,

A short sermon unto you sain.

And Wickid Tong answered again,

The house (quod he) soche as ye se

shall nat be warnid you for me:

7505

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H

For Semblant was so flie ywrought
 That falseness he ne espied nought;
 But haddest thou knowin him besorne
 Thou woldist on a boke have sworne, 7455
 Whan thou him sawe in thilke araie,
 That he that whilom was so gaie,
 And of the daunce Jolie Robin,
 Was tho become a Jacobin:
 But sothly what so men 'hem call 7460
 Frere prechouris ben gode men all;
 Ther ordir wickidly thei beren
 Soche minstrellis if that thei weren.

So ben Auguslins and Cordileres,
 And Carmis, and eke sackid freres, 7465
 And all the freris shode and bare,
 Though some of 'hem ben grete and square,
 Full holy men as I 'hem deme;
 Everiche of hem would gode man seme;
But shalt thou newir of apparence 7470
Sein conclude gode consequence
In any argument iwis,
 If existens all failid is;
 For men maie finde alwaie sopheme
 The consequence to enveneme, 7475
 Who so hath had the subtilte
 The double sentence for to se.

Whan the pilgrimis comin were
 To Wickid Tong that dwellid there,

Ther harneis nigh 'hem was algate;
 By Wickid Tong adoune thei fate,
 That badde 'hem nere him for to come,
 And of tidingis tell him some,
 And saied 'hem, What case makith you
 To comin into this place now?

7480

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 With hertis pitous and devout
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A short sermon unto you fain.

And Wickid Tong answered again,

The house (quod he) soche as ye se

hall nat be warnid you for me :

7505

Saie what you list and I woll here.
Graunt mercie! tho swetè Sir dere,
Quod aldirfirst Dame Abstinence,
And thus began she her sentence;

Sir, the first vertue for certaine,
The gretist and most soveraine
That maie be founde in any man
For having or for wit he can
That is his tong for to refrain;
Therto ought every wight him pain,
For it is bettir still to be
Than for to spekin harme parde,
And he that harkeneth it gladly
He is no gode man sikirly.

And, Sir, aboven all othir sinne
In that art thou most giltie inne;
Thou spake a jape not long a go,

And, Sir, that was right evill doe.
Of a yong man that here repaired,
And nevir yet this place apaired,
Thou saidest he awaitid nothing
But to disceve Faire Welcoming:
Ye saidin nothing sothe of that,

But, Sir, ye lie, I tell you plat:
He cometh no more ne goeth parde;
I trowe ye shal him nevir se;
Faire Welcoming in prison is
That ofte hath plaied with you er this

The fairist gamis that he coude
 Withoutin filth, or stil or loude; 7535
 Now dare he not himselfe solace;
 Ye han also the man do chace,
 That he dare neither come ne go:
 What mevith you to hate him so
 But propirly your wickid thought, 7540
 That many' a false lesing hath thought,
 That mevith your foule eloquence,
 That ianglith evre' in audience,
 And on the folke arisith blame,

And doeth 'hem dishonour and shame 7545
 For thing that maie have no proving
 But likelineffe and contriving?

For I dare faine that Reson demeth
It is not al soth thing that semeth;
 And it is sinne for to controve 7550
 Any thing that is to reprove;
 This wote ye wele, and, Sir, therefore
 Ye arne to blame mochil the more;
 And nathèlesse he reckith lite
 He yeveth not now therof a mite, 7555
 For if he thoughtin harme, parfaie
 He would ycome and gone all daie;
 He ne coude not himselfe abilene:
 Now cometh he not, and that is sene,
 For he ne taketh of it no cure, 7560
 But if it be through avinture,

And lasse than othir folke algate,
And thou here watchist at the gate
With spere in thine arest alwaie,
There muse mufarde all the longe daie; 7565
Thou wakist night and daie for thought;
Iwis thy traveile is for nought,
And Jelousie withoutin faile
Shall nevir quite the thy traveile;
And skathe is that Faire Welcoming, 7570
Withoutin any trespassing,
Shal wrongfully in prison be,
There wepith and languishith he;
And though thou nevir yet iwis
Agiltist man no more but this 7575
Take not a grese, it were worthy
To put the out of this baily,
And astirwarde in prison lie,
And fettrid the till that thou die;
For thou shalt for this finne dwelle 7580
Right in the devil's arse of helle
But if that thou repentè the.
Maifaie thou lieft falsely (quod he.)
What, welcome with mischaunce now!
Have I therfore herberid you 7585
To faie me shame and eke reprove,
With sorie happe to your behove?
Am I to day your herbegere?
Go herbir you els where than here

That han a lier callid me. 7590

Two tregetours arte thou and he,
That in mine hous do me this shame,
And for my sothesawe ye me blame.
Is this the sermon that ye me make?

To all the devils I me take, 7595

Or ellis God thou me confounde,
But er men didden this castill founde.

It passith not ten daies or twelve

But it was tolde right to my selve,
And as thei saide right so tolde I; 7600

He kiste the Rose privily;

Thus saide I now, and have said yore,
I n'ot where he did any more:

Why should men saie me suche a thing
If that it had yben gabbing? 7605

Right so saide I, and well saie yet,

I trowe I lyid not of it;

And with my bemis I woll blowe

To allè neighbouris arowe

How he hath bothe comin and gone. 7610

Tho spake Falso Semblant right anone,

All is nat gospell out of deute

That men saine in the toune aboute:

Lay no defe ere to my speking,

I swere you, Sir, it is gabbing; 7615

I trow ye wote well certainly

That no man loveth him tendirly

That saith him harme, if he wote it,
All be he ner so pore of wit;
And sothe is also sikirly, 7620
This know ye, Sir, as well as I,
That lovirs gladly wol visiten
The placis there ther loves habiten :
This man you loveth and eke honoureth,
This man to servin you laboureth, 7625
And clepith you his frende so dere,
And this man makith you gode chere,
And every where that he you meteth
He you saleweth and he you greteth;
He presith nat so ofte that ye 7630
Oughte of' his coming encombrid be;
'There presin othir folke on you
Ful oftir than he doith now;
And if his hert him strainid so
Unto the Rose for to go 7635
Ye should him sene so oftin nede
That ye should take him with the dede;
He coude his comming not forbere,
Though ye him thrillid with a spere;
It n'ere not than as it is now; 7640
But trustith well, I swere it you,
That it is clene out of his thought.
Sir, certis he ne thinketh it nought,
No more ne doth Faire Welcoming,
That fore abyith all this thing, 7645

And if thei were of one assent,
 Full sone ywere the Rose ybent,
 Tho the malgre your's would ybe.

And, Sir, of o thing herkeneth me;
 Sithe ye this man that lovith you
 Han faide such harme and thame now,
 Wittith well if he gessid it

7650

Ye maie well demin in your wit
 He ne wolde nothing love you so,
 Ne callin you his frende also,
 But night and daie he wollin wake
 The castill to distroie and take,
 Yf it were sothe as ye devise;

7655

Or some man in some manir wise
 Might it warnin him every dele,
 Or by himselfe percevin wele,
 For sithe he might not come and gone,
 As he was whilom wonte to done,

7660

**He might it sonè wite and se,
 But now all othirwise wote he.**

7665

**Than have we, Sir, all uttirly
 Deservid hell, and jolily
 The deth of hellè doutileffe,
 That thrallin folke so gilkileffe.**

**False Semblant so provith this thing
 That he ne can none answering,
 And seeth alwaie soche apparaunce
 That nigh he fel in repentaunce;**

7670

And said him ; Sir, it maie well be ;
Semblant, a gode man femin ye,
And Abstinence, ful wise ye seme ;
Of o talent you bothe I deme :
What counsaile wol ye to me yeven ?

Right here anon thou shalt be shriven,
And say thy sinne withoutin more ;
Of this shalt thou repent the sore,
For I am priest, and have poste
To shrive folk of most dignite
That ben as wide as world maie dure ;
Of al this world I have the cure,
And that had nevir yet persoun
Ne vicarie' of no manir toun.

And God it wot I have of the
A thousande timis more pite
Than hath thy priest parochiall,
Though he thy frende be speciall.

I have avantage in o wise,
That your prelates ben not so wise
Ne halfe so lettrid as am I ;
I am licensid boldily
In divinite for to rede,
And to confessin out of drede.

Yf that ye wol you now confesse,
And leve your finnis more and lesse,
Without abode knele doune anon
And you shal have absolucion.

Here endeth The Romaunt of the Rose.

BEWOLGWETH THE BOKE OF
JILUS AND CRESEIDE.

IN FIVE BOOKES.

ble sorow of Troilus to telle,
the King Priamus sonne of Troy,
how his aventuris felle
to wele, and astir out of joy,
he is er that I partè fro'y.
siphone! thou helpe me t'endite
il verse, that wepin as I write. 7
I clepe, thou goddesse of tourment,
I wight, sorowing ay in paine!
, that am the wofull instrument
ith lovirs as I can complaine;
t it, the sothè for to saine,
vight to have a drery fere,
'orowfull tale a fory chere. 14
hat god of Lov'is servauntes serve,
> love for mine unlikelineffe,
: spede, al should I therfore sterve,
n I fro his helpe in derkenesse;
lesse if this may done gladnesse
vir, and his cause aveile,
he thanke and mine be the travcile. 21

d Creseide] In this excellent boke is shewed the ser-
Troilus to Creseide, whom he enjoyed for a time,
te untruthe to him agalne in giving her self to Dio-
In the end did so cast her off that she came to grete
whiche discourse Chaucer liberally treteth of the
saunce. Urry.

But ye lovirs that bathin in gladnesse,
Yf any drope of pite in you be,
Remembrith you of pallid hevinesse
That ye have felte, and on the' adversite
Of othir folke, and thinkith how that ye
Han felte that Lovè durst you to displese
Or ye han won him with to gret an ese.

And prayith for 'hem that ben in the case
Of Troilus, as ye may astir here
That Love 'hem bring in hevin to solace;
And eke for me prayith to God so dere,
That I have might to shew in some manere
Suche paine and wo as Lov'is folke endure
In Troilus unsefly avinture.

And biddith eke for them that ben dispeired
In love, that nevir will recovered be,
And eke for them that falsely ben apeired
Through wickid tongis, be it he or she,
And biddith God for his benigneite
So graunt 'hem sone out of this world to pace
That ben dispairid out of Lov'is grace.

And biddith eke for them that ben at ese
That God 'hem graunt in love perseveraunce,
And sende 'hem grace ther lovis for to plesse,
That it to love be worship and plesaunce;
For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce
To pray for them that Lov'is servauntes be,
And write ther wo, and live in charite;

And for to have of them compassioun,
As though I were ther ownè brothir dere.
Now herkenith with a gode entencioun,
For now wol I go streight to my matere,
In whiche ye may the double sorowes here
Of Troilus in loving of Creseide,
And how she forsoke him er that she deide.

56

It is wel wist how that the Grekis strong
In armis with a thousand shippis went
To Troièwardis, and the cite long
Besiegedin, nigh ten yeres ere thei stent,
And how in divers wise and one entent,
The ravishing to wreke of Queine Heleine,
By Paris don, thei wroughtin all their peine.

63

Now tell it so that in the tounce there was
Dwelling a lord of gret authorite,
A gret divine, that clepid was Calcas,
That in that science so' experte was that he
Knew wel that Troiè should distroyid be
By answere of his god, that hight was thus
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

70

So whan this Calcas knew by calculing,
And eke by the' answere of this god Apollo,
That Grekis shouldin suche a peple bring
Thorow the whiche that Troy must be fordo,
He caste anone out of the tounce to go,
For wel he wist by sorte that Troiè sholde
Distroyid be, ye, would who so or n'olde ;

77

Wherfore for to departin softly
 'Toke purpose ful this wight, forknowing, wife,
 And to the Grekis host ful privily
 He stale anone, and thei in curteis wise
 Didin to him both worship and service,
 In trust that he hath conning 'hem to rede
 In every peril which that was to drede. 84

Grete rumour rose whan it was first espied
 In al the toun, and opinly was spoken
 That Calcas traitour fled was, and alied
 To them of Grece; and caste was to be wroken
 On him that falsly bath his faith to broken,
 And said that he and al his kinne atones
 Were worthy to be brent both fell and bones. 91
 Now had this Calcas leste in this mischaunce,
 Unknowing of this false and wicked dede,
 A doughtir whiche that was in grete penaunce,
 And of her life she was full fore in drede,
 And ne wist nevir what best was to rede;
 And as a widowe was she and alone,
 And n'ist to whom she might ymake her mone. 98

Creseide ywas this ladies name aright;
 As to my dome in al Troy's cite
 Most fairist lady, passing every wight;
 So angelike shone her natife beaute
 That like a thing immortal semid she,
 And therwith was she so parfite a cature
 As she had be made in scorning of Nature. 105

This lady, whiche that al day herde at ere
 Her fathir's shame, his falshed, and traifoun,
 Ful nigh out of her wit for sorow' and fere,
 In widowe's habite large of samite broun,
 Before Hector on knees she fill adoun,
 His mercy bad, her selfin excusing
 With pitous voice, and tendirly weping.

112

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
 And saw that she was sorowful begone,
 And that she was so faire a creature,
 Of his godenesse he gladid her anone,
 And saidè, Let your fathir's traifon gone
 Forth with mischaunce, and ye your self in joye
 Dwellith with us whilis you list in Troye,

119

And al the honour men may do you have,
 As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here,
 Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,
 As fer as I may ought enquire and here.
 And she him thankid with ful humble chere,
 And oftir wolde and it had been his will,
 And toke her leve, went home, and helde her still. 126

And in her house she' abode with such meine
 As til her honour nede was for to holde;
 And while she was dwelling in that cite
 She kepthe her estare, and of yong and olde
 Ful wel beloved, and wel men of her tolde;
 But whethir that she childrin had or none

rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

133

Volume VIII.

1

The thingis fellin as thei done of werre
 Betwixin'hem of Troie and Grekis olte,
 For some day boughtin thei of Troie it derre,
 And eft the Grekis foundin nothing softe
 The folke of Troie; and thus Fortune aloft
 And undir este gan'hem to whelmin bothe,
 Astir her course, aie while that thei wer wroth

But how this toun came to distruccion
 Ne fallith not to purpose me to tel;
 For why? it were a long digression
 Fro my matir, and you to long to dwel;
 But the Troyan jessis, all as thei fel
 In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,
 Who so that can may rede'hem as thei write.

But though the Grekis them of Troie in she
 And ther cite besegid al aboute,
 Ther olde usagis n'oldin thei not letten,
 As to honouren ther goddis ful devoute,
 But aldirmost in honour out of doute
 Thei had a relicke hight Palladion,
 That was ther trust abovin everichon.

And so besel, whan comin was the time
 Of Aprilis, whan clothid is the mede
 With newè grene, of lusty Ver the prime,
 And with swete smelling flouris white and red
 In sondrie wise shewid, as I you rede,
 The folke of Troie ther observaunces olde,
 Palladion'is fest, went for to holde.

Unto the temple in all ther best wise
 In general went every manir wight
 To herkin of Palladion's service,
 And namily many a lusty knight,
 And many' a lady fresh and maidin bright;
 Full well beseyn the most meynè and lest
 Both for the sefon and for the hie fest.

168

Among these othir folke was Creseida,
 In widdowe's habite blake; but nathèles
 Right as our first lettir is now an A,
 In beaute first so stode she makèles;
 Her godely loking gladdid all the pres;
 N'as nevir sene thing to be praised so derre,
 Nor under cloudè blake so bright a sterre.

175

As was Creseide, thei saidin everichonè
 That her beheldin in her blakè wede;
 And yet she stode ful lowe and stil alone,
 Behinde all othir folke, in litil brede,
 And nie the dore, aye undir sham'is drede,
 Simple' of atire, and debonaire of chere,

With full assutid loking and manere.

182

Dan Troilus, as he was wont to gide
 His yongè knightis, ladde'hem up and doune
 In thilke large temple on evèry side,
 Beholding aie the ladies of the tounè
 Now here now there, for no devociounè
 Had he to none to revin him his rest,
 But gan to praise and lackin whom he lest.

189

And in his walke ful faste he gan to waiten
If knight or squyir of his company
Gan for to like, or let his eyin baiten
On any woman that he coude espie,
Then he would smile, and holde it a folie,
And say him thus; O Lord! she slepith softe
For love of the, whan thou turnist ful ofte. 19

I have herde tel pardieux of your living,
Ye lovirs, and of your leude observaunce,
And whiche a labour folke have in winning
Of love, and in the keping whiche doutaunce,
And whan your pray is lost wo and penaunce.
O very folist blinde and nice be ye,
There is not one can ware by othir be. 20

And with that worde he gan cast up his browe
Afaunce, lo! is this not wisely ispoken?
At whiche the god of Love gan lokin rowe
Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken;
He kidde anon his bowe was not to broken,
For sodainly he hitte him at the full,
And yet as proude a pecocke can he pul.

O blindè worlde! o blinde entencioun!
How oftin fallith al th' effeete contraire
Of surquedrie and soule presumcioun?

For caught is proude and caught is **debonaire**;
This Troilus is clombin on the staire,
And wil wenith that he mote discende;
But al day failith thing that folis wende.

proude Bayard beginnith for to skippe
 the way (so prickith him his corne)
 lashe haue of the longè whippe,
 thinkith he though I prounce al beforne
 he traife, full fatte and newe ishorne,
 but an horse, and hors'is lawe
 endure, and with my feris drawe: 224
 led it by this fiers and proude knight;
 he a worthy king'is sonne were,
 and that nothing had had such might
 is wil that should his herte stere,
 a loke his hert ywoxe on fire,
 that now was most in pride above
 dainly moſte ſubject unto love. 231
 for ensample takith of this man
 proude, and worthy folkis all,
 in Love, whiche that ſo ſone can
 come of your hertis to him thral;
 was and euer ſhall befall
 he is he that al thingis may binde,
 an maie fordo the law of kinde. 238
 his be ſothe hath preuid and doth yet,
 trowe I) ye knowin al and ſome,
 n nat that folke han gretir wit
 i that han ben moſt with love inome,
 giſt folke ben therwith oircome,
 hyiſt and gretiſt of degre;
 and is, and yet man ſhal it ſe. 245

And traillike it fitte well to be
For aldirwisest han therwith ben
And thei that han ben aldirmost
With love han ben comfortid me
And ofte it hath the cruill herte
And worthy folke made worthy
And causith most to dredin vice

Now sith it may nat godely be
And is a thing so vertuous in kinde
Ne grudgith nought to Love for
Sith as him selvin list he may yet
*The yerde is bette that betwin cool and
Than that that brest;* and therefore
Folowith him that so well can yet

But for to tellin forth in specia
As of this king's sonne of which
And levin othir thing collaterall,
Of him thinke I my tale forth to
Bothe of his joye and of his caris
And all his werke as touching this
For I it gan, I wol therto refere.

Within the temple wente him
This Troilus with every wight al
On this lady and now on that lok
Wherefo she were of toun or of
And upon case besil that through
His eye ypercid, and so depe it w
Til on Creseide it smote, and the

and sodainly for wondir wext astoned,
 gan her bet beholde in thrifty wise;
 ercy, God! thought he, where hast thou wonned,
 t arte so faire and godely to devise?
 rwith his hert began to sprede and rise,
 softe he sighid, lest men might him here,
 caught ayen his formir playing chere. 280
 re n'as nat with the leste of her stature,
 al her limmis so wel answering
 in to womanhode, that creature
 nevir lassè mannish in seming,
 leke the purè wise of her mening
 shewid wel, that men might in her gesse
 our, estate, and womanly nobleffe. 287
 ho Troilus right wondir wel withall
 for to like her mening and her chere,
 iche somdele deignous was, for she let fal
 loke alite a side, in suche manere
 auncis, what! may I nat stondin here?
 l astir that her lokin gan she light,
 t never thought him sene so gode a sight. 294
 and of her loke in him there gan to quicken
 prete desire and suche affectioun,
 t in his hert's bottom gan to sticken
 ner his fixe and depe impressioun;
 l though he erst had porid up and down
 in was he glad his hornis in to shrinken;
 uthis wist he how to loke or winke. 301

Lete him selvin so conning,
 And, hem that lov'is painis drien,
 Was that Love had his dwelling
 With bitil stremis of her eyen,
 That him thought that he felte dien
 Right w^{er} loke the spirite in his herte:
 Bleffid be a^{ll} like converte! 308

She thus in boilus
 Ovir al thing he holde,
 But his desire, ne wode thus,
 He neithir chere made thereof tolde,
 But from aserre, his manir holde,
 On othir thing somtime his loken he cast,
 And este on her, while that the service last. 315

And aftir this, not fully all awhaped,
 Out of the temple esliche he wente,
 Repenting him that evir he had japed
 Of Lov'is folke, lest fully the discente
 Of scorne fil on him self; but what he mente
 Leste it were wiste on any manir side
 His wo he gan dissimulin and hide. 322

Whan he was fro this temple thus departed
 He streight anone unto his palais turneth;
 Right with her loke thorough shottin and darterd,
 Al frainith he in luste that he sojourneth,
 And all his chere and speche also' he abnormeth,
 And aie of Lov'is servauntes every while,
 Himselfe to writ, at 'hena he gan to smile, 329

And sayd, Ah, Lord! so ye live all in lust,
Ye lovirs, for the conningist of you,
That servith most ententifeliche and best,
Him tite as oft in harme therof as prowē;
Your hire is quite ayen, ye, God wote howe,
Not wel for wel, but skorne for gode servise;
In faith your ordir is ruled in gode wise.

336

In no certaine ben your observaunces,
But it in a few sely pointis be,
Ne nothing asketh so gret attendaunces
As doth your laie, and that knowin al ye;
But that is not the worst, as mote I the,
But tolde I which were the worst point, I leve,
Al faide I sothe, ye woldin at me greve.

343

But take this; that ye lovirs ofte eschewe,
Or ellis done of gode entencion,
Ful ofte thy lady wel it misseconstrewe,
And deme it harme in her opinion,
And yet if she for othir enccheson
Be wroth, then shalt thou have a groin anone;
Lorde! wel is him that may bene of you one!

350

But for al this, whan that he seeth his time,
He held his pees, non othir bote him gained,
For Love began his fethirs so to lime,
That wel unneth unto his folke he fained
That othir besy nedis him distained:
So wo was him that what to done he n'ist,
But bad his folke to gone where as 'hem list,

357

And whan that he in chambre was alone
 He doune upon his bedd'is fete him sette,
 And first he gan to like and este to grone,
 And thought aie on her so withoutin lette,
 That as he satte and woke his spirite mette
 That he her saugh and temple', and all the wise
 Right of her loke, and gan it newe avise. 364

Thus gan he make a mirroure of his minde,
 In whiche he saugh all wholly her figure,
 And that he wel coude in his hert yfinde
 It was to him a right gode avinture
 To love suche one, and if he did his cure
 To servin her yet might he fal in grace,
 Or els for one of her servauntes pace: 371

Imagining that ne travaile nor grame
 Ne might for so godely an one be lorne,
 As she ne him for his desire no shame,
 Al were it wiste, but in prife and upborne
 Of alle lovirs, wel more than beforne,
 Thus argumentid he in his ginning,
 Ful unavisid of his wo comming. 378

Thus toke he purpose Lov'is crafte to sewe,
 And thought that he would workin privily,
 First for to hide all his desire in mewes,
 From every wight iborne all uttirly,
 But he might ought recovered ben therby,
 Remembring him that *Love to wide iblowe*
Telt bittir frute, although swete sede be sewe. 385

And ore al this ful mokil more he thought
What for to speke and what to holdin inne,
And what to artin her to love he fought,
And on a songe anone right to beginne,
And gan loude on his sorowe for to winne;
For with gode hope he gan fully assente
Crescida for to love, and nought repente.

392

And of his songe not onely his sentence,
(As write mine auctour, callid Lolius)
But plainely, save our tong's difference,
I dare wel say in al that Troilus
Saied in his songe, lo! every word right thus
As I shal faine, and who so list it here
Lo! next this verse he may it findin here.

399

The songe of Troilus out of Petrarche.

If no love is, o God, what fele I so!
And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?
If love be gode from whence comith my wo?
If it be wicke a wondir thinkith me,
Whan every turment and adversite
That cometh of him may to me savery thinke,
For aye more thurst I the more that I drinke.

406

And if that at mine ownè lust I brenne,
From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte?
If harme agre me wherto plaine I thenne?
I n'ot nere why unwery that I feinte.
O quickè deth! o swetè harme so quicinte!
How may I se in me soche quantite
But if that I consente that it so be?

And if that I consente I wrongfully
 Complaine iwis. Thus possid to and fro;
 As sterelss wight is in a bots, am I,
 Amidde the se atwixin windis two
 That in contrarie stondin evir mo.
 Alas! what is this wondir maladie?
 For hete of colde, for colde of hete, I die.

And to the god of Love thus sayid he
 With pitous voice; O Lorde! now your'is in
 My spirite, whiche that oughtin your'is be;
 You thonke I, Lord, that han me brought to
 But whethir goddeffe or woman iwis
 She be I n'ot whiche, that ye do me serve,
 But as her man I wol aie live and sterve.

Ye stondin in her eyin mightily,
 As in a place unto your vertue digne,
 Wherefore o Lord! if my service or I
 May likin you, so bethe me to ben,
 For mine estate royal here I resigne
 Into her honde, and with ful humble chere
 Become her man, as to my lady dere.

Endeth the fange.

In him ne deigned to sparin blode royall
 The fire of love, wheresfro may God me bless
 Ne him forbare in no degre for all
 His vertue or his excellent prowesse,
 But helde him as his thrall lowe in distresse,
 And brende him so in sondrie wise aie newe
 That sixty times a day he losse his hewe.

As proude Bayard beginnith for to
Out of the way (so prickith him his co
Till he a lashe haue of the longè whippe,
Than thinkith he though I prauunce al beforne
First in the traife, full fatte and newe ishorne,
Yet am I but an horse, and hors'is lawe
I must endure, and with my feris drawe :

224

So fared it by this fiers and proude knight;
Though he a worthy king'is sonnè were,
And wenid that nothing had had such might
Ayenst his wil that should his hertè stere,
Yet with a loke his hert ywoxe on fire,
That he that now was most in pride above
Woxe sodainly moste subject unto love.

231

Forthy ensample takith of this man
Ye wise, proude, and worthy folkis all,
To skornin Love, whiche that so sonè can
The fredome of your hertis to him thral;
For evir was and evir shall befall
That Love is he that al thingis may binde,
For no man maie fordo the law of kinde.

238

That this be sothe hath previd and doth yet,
For this (trowe I) ye knowin al and some,
Men redin nat that folke han gretir wit
Than thei that han ben most with love inome,
And strengist folke ben therwith ovrcome,
The worthyist and gretist of degre;
This was and is, and yet man shal it se.

245

The sharpe shouris fell of armis preve
That Hector or his othir brethrin didden
Ne made him onely therefore onis meve,
And yet was he, wher so men went or ridden,
Found one the best, and lengist tinie abiden
There peril was, and eke did suche travail
In armis that to thinke it was mervaile.

But for none hate he to the Grekis had,
Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
Ne made him thus in armis for to mad,
But onely lo! for this conclusioun,
To likin her the bet for his renoun:
Fro daie to daie in armis so he spedde
That all the Grekis as the deth him dredde.

And fro this forthe tho rest him love his slepe
And made his mete his foe, and eke his sorow
Gan multiplie, that who so tokē kepe
It shewid in his hewe both even' and morow,
Therefore a tittle he gan him to borowe
Of othir sickenesse, lest men of him wende
That the hotte fire of cruill love him brende;

And saied he by a fevir fared amis:
But how it was certain I cannot say,
If that his ladie underflood nat this,
Or fainid her she n'ist, one of the tweie;
But well rede I that by no manir weie
Ne semid it as if she on him rought,
Of his paine, what so evir he thought.

But than yfelt this Troilus soche wo
 That he was wel nigh wode; for aie his drede
 Was this, that she some wight had lovid so
 That ner of him she would han takin hede,
 For whiche him thought he felte his hertè blede;
 Ne of his wo ne durst he nought begin
 To tellin her for all this worlde to win. 504

But whan he had a space left from his care
 Thus to himself full oft he gan to plain;
 He saied, O sole! now art thou in the snare
 That whilom japedist at lov'is pain;
 Now art thou hent; now gnaw thin ownè chain:
 Thou wert aie woned eche lovir reprehende
 Of thing fro which thou canst nat the defende. 511

What woll now every lovir saine of the
 If this be wist? but er in thine absence
 Laughin in scorne, and fain, Lo! there goth he;
 That is the man of so gratesapience,
 That helde us lovirs lesse in reverence:
 Now thanked be God he maie gon on the daunce
 Of 'hem that Love list feebly to avaunce: 518

But o thou wofull Troilus! God would
 (Sithe thou must lovin through thy destine)
 That thou beset wer of soche one that should
 Know all thy wo, all lackid her pite!
 But all so colde in love towards the
 Thy ladie is as frost in wintir mone,
 And thou ferdon as snowe in fire is sone. 525

'These wordis and full many' an othe
He spake, and callid euer in his pleinte
Her name; to tellin unto her his wo,
Till nigh that he in saite teris was dree
All was for nought; she herd nat his e
And whan that he bethought on that
A thousand folk his wo gan multiplie

Bewailing in his chambir thus alone
A frende of his, that callid was Pandar
Came onis in unware, and herd him g
And sawe his frend in soche distresse
Alas! (quod he) who causith all this?
O mercie God! what unhap maie this
Has now thus sone the Grekis made

ou some remorse of conscience?
 w fall in some devocioun,
 It for thy sinne and thine offence,
 for ferde ycought contricioun?
 e 'hem that besiegid han our toun,
 o can laie our jolite on presse,
 bring our lustie folke to holinesse! 560
 hese wordis saied he for the nonis all,
 at with soche thing he might him angry maken,
 and with his angre doen his sorowe fall
 as for a time, and his corage awaken;
 But well wist he, as ferre as tongis speken,
 There n'as a man of gretir hardinesse
 Than he, ne more desirid worthinesse. 567

What cas (quod Troilus) or what avinture
 Hath gidid the to sene me languishing,
 That am refuse of every creature?
 But for the love of God, at my praying,
 Go hence awaie, for certis my dying
 Woll the disese, and I mote nedis deie,
 Therefore go waie; there n'is no more to seie. 574

But if thou wene I be thus sicke for drede
 It is nat so, and therefore scorne me nought;
 There is an othir thing I take of hede
 Wel more than ought the Grekis han yet wrought,
 Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought,
 But though that I now tell it the ne leste
 Be thou nat wrothe; I hide it for the beste. 581

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo
 Full oftin saied, Alas! what maie this be
 Now frende, (quod he) if euir love or te
 Hath ben er this betwixin the and me
 Ne doe thou nevir soche a cruilte
 'To hidin fro thy frende so grete a care;
 Wost thou not well that it am I Pandar

I woll partake with the of all thy pain
 If it so be I doe the no comfort,
 As it is frend'is right, sothe for to saine,
 To enterpartin wo as glad disport
 I have and shall; for true or false report
 In wrong and right, iloved the all my li
 Hide not thy wo from me, but tell it bli

Than gan this sorowfull Troilus to fil
 And saied him thus; God leve it be my
 To tellin the, for sicke it maie the like
 Yet woll I tell it the though my herte b
 And well wote I thou maiest do me no r
 But lest thou deme that I trust nat to th
 Now herkin frende, for thus it stant wil

Love, ayenst the whiche who so dese
 Him selvin moste him aldirlest availeth.
 With dispeire so forely me offendith
 That streight unto the deth mine hert y
 'Thereto desire so brenningly me' assaile
 That to ben slain it were a gretir joie
 To me than king of Grece to be and Tr

is, my fully frende Pandare,
 he faied, for now woteft thou my wo,
 the love of God my coldè care
 well, I tolde it ner to mo,
 mis mightin folowen me than two
 ere wift; but be thou in gladneffe,
 let me fterve unknowe of my diffrefle. 616
 how haft thou thus unkindely and long
 and this fro me, thou fole? (quod Pandarus)
 araventure thou maieft for foche one long
 That mine avife anone maie helpin us.

This were a wondir thing, (quod Troilus)
 Thou couldift ner in love thy felfin wiffe,
 How devill maieft thou bringin me to bliffe? 623

Ye, Troilus, now herkin, (quod Pandare.)
 Though I be nice, it happith oftin fo,
 That one that of axis doeth fall ill fare
 By gode counsaile can kepe his frend therfro;
 I have my felf yfeine a blinde man go
 There as he fell which that could lokin wide:
A fole male aka a wife man oftin gide. 630

A whetstone is no kerving inftrument,
 But yet it makith sharpe kerving tolis;
 And if thou woft that I have aught miswent
 Efchue thou that, for foche thing to fchole is,
 Thus oftin wife men ben warin by folis:

**If thou fo do thy wit is well bewared;
 By his contrary' is every thing declared.**

For how might evir swetnesse have be know
 To him that nevir tastid bittirnesse?
 No man ne wot what gladnesse is I trowe
 That nevir was in sorowe' or some distresse;
 Eke white by black, by shame eke worthines;
 Eche set by othir more for othir semeth,
 As men maie sene, and so the wise it demeth. 644

Sithe thus of two contraries is o lore,
 I that in love so oftin have affayed
 Grevauncis ought to connin well the more
 Counfailin the of that thou art dismaied,
 And eke the ne ought not ben ill apaied
 Though I desirin with the for to bere
 Thine hevie charge; it shall the lasse the dere. 651

I wote well that it farid thus by me
 As to my brothir Paris an heirdesse
 Whiche that yclepid was Oenone
 Wrote in a complaint of her hevinesse;
 Ye sawe the lettir that she wrote I gesse.
 Naie, nevir yet iwis (quod Troilus.)
 Now (quod Pandare) herkinith, it was thus. 658

Phœbus, that first found art of medicine,
 (Quod she) and coud in every wight'is care
 Remedy' and rede by herbis he knewe fine,
 Yet to himself his conning was full bare,
 For love had him so boundin in a snare,
 All for the doughter of the King Admete,
 That all his craft ne coud his sorowe bete. 665

Right so fare I; unhappily for me
 I love one best, and that me smertith sore,
 And yet paravinture I can rede the
 And nat my self; reprove thou me no more,
 I have no cause I wote well for to fore
 As doeth an hauke that listith for to plaie,
 But to thine helpe yet somewhat can I saie.

672

And of o thing right sikir maicst thou be,
 That certain for to dyin in the pain
 That I shall nevir mo discovir the,
 Ne by my trowth I kepe nat to restrain
 The fro thy love, although it were Helcin,
 That is thy brothir's wife, if I it wist,
 Be what she be; and love her as the list.

679

Therefore as frendfulliche in me assure,
 And tell me platte what is thine encheson
 And finall cause of wo that ye endure,
 For doubtith nothing mine entencion
 N'as nat to you of reprehension
 To speke as now, for no wight maie bireve
 A man to love till that him list to leve.

686

And therefore wotith wel that both ben vics,
 Mistrustin all or ellis all beleve;
 But well I wote the mene of it no vice is,

As for to trustin some wight is a prove
Of trowth, and forthy would I fain remeve
Thy wrong concept, and do the some wight trust
Thy wo to tell, and tell me if she lust.

692

The wife saith, Wo is him that is alone,
 For and he fall he hath none helpe to rise;
 And sithe thou hast a felowe tell thy mone,
 For this ne is nought certain the next wise
 To winnin love, as techin us the wise,
 To waile and wepe as Niobe the quene,
 Whose teris yet in marble ben isene.

Let be thy weping and thy drerinesse,
 And let us lessin wo with othir speche,
 So maie thy wofull time semin the lesse;
 Delitith nought in wo thy wo to seche,
 As doen these folis that ther sorowes eche
 With sorowe whan thei han misauinture,
 And lustin nought to sechin othir cure.

Men saine, *To peretche is consolacion*
To haue an othir felowe in his paine;
 That ought well to ben our opinion,
 For we bothe thou and I of love do plain
 So full of sorowe am I, sothe to saine,
 That certainly as now no more hard gr
 Maie sit on me; for why? there is no f

Yf God wol thou art nought agast o
 Lest i would of thy lady the begile;
 Thou wost thy self whom that I love
 As I best can, gon sithin longè while,
 And sithe thou wost I do it for no wi
 And sithe I am he that thou trustith
 Tel me somwhat, sens al my wo the

Yet Troilus for al this no worde saide,
But long he laie as still as he ded were,
And aftir this with fiking he abraide,
And to Pandarus voice he lent his ere,
And up his eien cast he; and than in fere
Was Pandarus leste that in a frenseye
He should yfal, or ellis sonè deye; 728

And said, Awake, full wondirliche and sharpe;
What slombriſt thou as in a lethargy?
Or art thou like an aſſe unto the harpe,
That herith ſoun, whan men the ſtringis ply,
But in his mind of that no melodie
Maie ſinkin him to gladin, for that he
So dull is in his beſtialite? 735

And with this Pandare of his wordis ſlent,
But Troilus to him no thing anſwerde;
For why? to tellin was nought his entent
Ner to no man for whom that he ſo ſerde,
For it is ſaid, *Men makin ofte a yerde*
With which the makir is himſelfe ibeten
In ſondrie manir, as theſe wiſe men tretten. 742

And namèliche in his counſaile telling
That touchith love, that ought to ben ſecre,
For of himſelfe it woll inough out ſpring,
But if that it the bet governid be;
Eke ſomtime it is craſte to ſeme to fle
Fro thing which in effeſle men huntin faſte:
Al this gan Troilus in his herte caſte. 749

But nath'lesse whan he had herde him: crie
Awake, he gan to like wondir fore,
And sayd, My frende, although that still I lie
I n'am not dese; now pite, and crie no more,
For I have herde thy wordis and thy lore,
But suffir me my fortune to bewailen,
For thy proverbis may nought me availen;
Not othir cure ne canst thou none for me,

Eke I n'il not ben curid; I woll die:
 What knowin I of the **Quene Niobe**?
 Let be thine olde ensamplis, I the prey.
 No, frende, (quod Pandarus) therfore I sey
 Suche is delite of folis to bewepe
 Ther wo, but to sekin bote thei ne kepe.

Now know I that there reson in the faileth;
 But tellith me, if I wiste what she were
 For whome that the al misavinture ailcth
 Durste thou trust that I tolde it in her ere
 Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy selfe for fere,
 And her besought on the to han some routh?
 Why nay, (quod he) by God and by my trouthe.

What! not as befily (quod Pandarus)
 As though mine ownè life lay in this nede?
 Why no, parde, Sir, (quod this Troilus.)
 And why? For that thou shouldist never spede:
 Wost thou that well? Ye, that is out of drede,
 (Quod Troilus) for all that er ye conne
 She wol to no suche wretche as I be wonne.

(Quod Pandarus) Alas! what may this be
 That thou dispairid art thus causileffe?
 What! liveth nat thy lady? *Benedicite!*
 How wost thou so that thou art gracileffe?
 Suche evil is not alwaie botleffe;
 Why put not thus impossible thy cure,
 Sithe thing to come is ofte in avinture?

784

I grauntin well that thou endurist wo
 As sharpe as doth be Tityus in hell,
 Whose stomake foulis tirin evir mo
 That hightin Vulturis, as bokis tell;
 But I may not endurin that thou dwell
 In so unskilful an opinion

That of thy wo n'is no curacion;

791

But onis n'ilt thou for thy cowarde herte,
 And for thine ire and folish wilfulnesse,
 For wantrust tellin of thy sorowe' smerte,
 Ne to thine ownè helpe do besinesse
 As moche as speke a worde ye more or lesse,
 But liest as he that of life nothing retche:
 What woman living coude love suche a wrotche?

798

What may she demin othir of thy dethe,
 Yf thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,
 But that for fere is yoldin up thy brethe
 For Grekis han besiegid us iwis?
 Lord! which a thanke shalt thou have than of this!
 Thus wol she saine, and al the toun atones,
 Whis ded, the divel have his bones!

r.

L

Thou maist alone here wepe, and crie, and knele
And love a woman that she wote it nought,
And she wol quite it that thou shalt not fele,
Unknow unkist, and lost that is unsought.
What! many a man hath love ful dere abought
Twenty wintir that his lady ne wiste,
That never yet his ladie's mouthe he kiste. 812

What! should he therfore fallin in dispaire,
Or be recreaunte for his ownè tene,
Or slain himself, all be his ladie faire?
Naie, naie; but er in one be fresh and grene,
To serve and love ay his dere hert'is quene,
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve
A thousande folde more than he can deserve. 819

And of that wordè toke hede Troilus,
And thought anone what folie he was in,
And how that sothe him sayid Pandarus,
That for to slaen himself might he not win,
But bothe to doen unmanhode and a sinne,
And of his deth his ladie nought to wite,
For of his wo God wot she knewe full lite. 821

And with that thought he gan ful sore to like,
And saied, Alas! what is me best to doe?
'To whom Pandare answerid, If the like
'The best is that thou tell me all thy wo,
And have my trouth but if thou find it so,
I be thy bote or that it ben full long
To pecis doe me drawe and fithin hong. 823

Ye, so saiest thou, (quod Troilus) alas!
 But God wot it is naught, the rather so
 Full harde it were to helpin in this caas,
 For well finde I that Fortune is my fo,
 Ne all the men that ridin con or go
 Maie of her cruill whole the harme withstond,
 For as her list she plaith with fre and bond. 840

(Quod Pandarus) Than blamist thou Fortune
 For thou art wroth ye now at erst I se;
 Wost thou not wel that Fortune is commune
 To every manir wight in some degre?
 And yet thou hast this comfort, lo! parde,
 That as her joyis motin ovirgone
 So mote her sorowes passin everichone. 847

For if her whele stint any thing to tourne
 Than cessith she Fortune anone to be;
 Now sith her whele by no waie maie sojourn
 What wost thou of her mutabilite?
 Right as thy self lust she woll done by the,
 Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping,
 Paravinture thou hast cause for to sing. 854

And therfore wost thou what I the besече?

Let be thy wo and turning to the grounde,
 For who so liste have heling of his leche
 To him bihovith first unwrie his wounde;
 To Cerberus in hell aie be I bound,
 Were it eke for my sustir all thy sorowe,
 By my gode will she should be thine to morowe. 861

Loke up I faie, and tell me what she is
 Anone, that I maie gone about thy nede. ..
 Know I her aught ? for my love tell me this,
 Than would I hope the rathir for to spede.
 Tho gan the veine of Troilus to blede,
 For hé was hit, and woxe all redde for shame.
 Aha ! (quod Pandare) here beginnith game. 868

And with that worde he gan him for to shake,
 And faied him thus; These, thou shalt her name tell :
 But tho gan sely Treilus for to quake,
 As though men should han had him into hel,
 And faied, Alas ! of all my wo the well
 Than is my swetè foe callid Creseide ;
 And well nigh with that word for fere he deide. 875

And whan that Pandare herd her namè neven,
 Lorde ! he was glad, and sayid, Frend so dere,
 Now fare a right, for Jov'is name in heven
 Love hath beset the well : be of gode chere,ⁱ
 For of gode name, and wisedom, and manere,
 She hath inough, and eke of gentillnesse :
 If she be faire thou wost thy self I gesse. 882

Ne nevir seie I a more bounteous
 Of her estate, ne gladdir, ne of speche
 A frendlier, ne none more gracious
 For to doe well, ne lasse had nede to seche
 What for to doen, and all this bet to eche
 In honour to as ferre as she may stretche :
 A king'is herte semith by her's a wretche. 889

And forthy loke of gode comforte thou be,
For certainly the firste pointe is this
Of noble courage, and welc ordaine the
A man to have pece with himselfo iwis;
So oughtist thou, for nought but gode it is
To lovin wel and in a worthy place;
The ought not to clepin it happe but grace.

896

And also think, and therwith gladdin the,
That sith thy lady vertuous is all,
So foloweth it that there is some pite.
Amongis all these othis in generall,
And for thei se that thou in speciall
Requirist nought that is aye her name,
For Vertue stretchith not himselte to shame.

903

But wel is me that evir I was borne
That thou beset art in so gode a place,
For by my trouth in love I darst have sworne
The should nevir have tidde so faire a grace;
And wost you why? for thou were wont to chace
At Love in scorne, and for dispite him call
Saint Idiot, lorde of these foies all.

910

How oftin hast thou madin thy nice japes?
And saied that Lov'is servauntes everichone
Of nicete ben very godd'is apes,
And some of them would monche ther mete alone
Ligging a bedde, and make 'hem for to grone,
And some thou saidist had a blaunche fevere,
And praidist God thei should nevir kevere:

917

And some of 'hem toke on 'hem for the cold
 More than inough; so saidist thou full oft,
 And some han sainid oftin time, and tolde
 How that thei wakin when thei slepin soft,
 And thus thei would have set 'hem self aloft;
 And nathèlesse were undir at the laste:
 Thus saidist thou, and japidist full faste.

Yet saidist thou that for the more part
 These lovirs wouldin speke in generall,
 And thoughtin that it was a sikir art
 For failing for to' assayin ovir all:

Now maie I jape of the if that I shall;
 But nathèlesse although that I should deie
 Thou ne art none of tho I dare well seie.

Now bete thy brest, and saie to god of
 Thy grace, o Lord! for now I me repent
 If I misspake, for now my self I love;
 Thus saie with all thine hert in gode ent

(Quod Troilus) Ah, Lorde! I me conse
 And praie to the my japis thou foryeve
 And I no more will jape while that I l

Thou saiest well, (quod Pandare) a
 That thou the godd'is wrath hast al a
 And sithin thou hast weptin many
 And said soch thing wherwith thy
 Now would God nevir but that the
 And thinke well she of whom rest
 Hereafter maie thy comfort be a

For thilke ground that berith the wedis wike
Bereth eke these wholsome herbis as full oft,
And nexte to the foule nettle rough and thicke
The rose ywexith sote, and smothe, and soft,
And next the valey is the hill aloft,
And next the derkè night is the glad morowe,
And also joie is next the fine of sorowe. 952

Now loke that well attēpre be thy bridell,
And for the best aie suffre to the tide,
Or ellis all our labour is on idell:
He bastith well that wisely can abide.
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide:
Be lustie, fre: persever in servise,
And all is well if thou werke in this wise: 959

But he that partid is in every place
Is no where whole, as writin clerkis wise;
What wondir is if soche one have no grace?
Eke wost thou how it fareth of some servise?
As plant a tre or herbe in fondrie wise,
And on the morowe pull it up as blive,
No wondir is though it maie nevir thrive. 966

And sith the god of Love hath the bestowed
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,
Stonde fast, for to a gode port hast thou rowed,
And of thy self for any hevinesse
Hope alwaie well; for but if drerinesse
Or ovirhast doe our bothe labour shende
I hope of this to makin a gode ende. 973

But herke, Pandare, o worde, for I ne wolde
 That thou in me wendist so grete folie
 That to my lady I desirin sholde
 That touchith harme or any vilanie,
 For dredileffe me were lewir to die
 Than she of me aught ellis understode
 But that that might yfownin into gode.

Tho lough this Pandare, and anon answerde,
 And I thy borow? sic! no wight doth but so:
 I ne rought not although she stode and herde
 How that thou saiest: but farewell, I wol gye
 Adieu; be glad: God spede us both: two I
 Yeve me this labour and this businesse
 And of my spede be thine al the swetnes.

Tho Troilus on knees gan doune to fall;
 (And Pandare in his armis hente him fast)
 And saide, Nowe fie upon the Grekis all!
 Yet parde God shal helpin at the last,
 And dredileffe if that my life may last,
 And God toforne, lo! some of 'hem shal smerte;
 And yet me' athinketh that this avaunte m'after

And now, Pandare, I can no more say,
 But thou wise, thou wost thou maist: thou art
 My life, my deth, hole in thine honde I lay;
 Helpe me (quod he.) Yes, by my trouth I shal.
 God yelde the, frende, and this in special,
 (Quod Troilus) that thou me recommaunde
 To her that may me to the deth commaunde.

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His ful frendè, also saide in this manere ;
Farwel, and thinke i wol thy thanke deserve,
Have here my trowth, and that thou shalt well here :
And went his way thinking on this matere,
And how he best might her beseeche of grace,
And find a lesure therto and a place. 1064

For every wight that hath a house to found
He rennith nat the werke for to beginne
With rakel honde, but he wol bide a flound,
And sende his hert'is line out fro within,
Thus aldirfirst his purpose for to winne,
As this Pandarus in his hert'is thought
Did cast his werke full wisely er he wrought. 1071

But Trpilus lay tho no lengir down,
But up anon gat upon his stede baie,
And in the felde he playid the lioun ;
Wo was that Greke that with him met that daie :
And in the toun his manir tho forthe aie
So godely was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved that lokid in his face. 1078

For he becamin the most frendly wight,
The gentilist, and eke the mostè fre,
The trustyist, and one the bestè knight,
That in his time was or ellis might be :
Ded were his japis and his cruilte,
Ded his high porte and all his manir straunge,
And eche of 'hem gan for a vertue chaunge. 1085

Now let us stint of Troilus a stounde,
 That farith like a man that hurt is fore,
 And is somdele of aking of his wounde
 Ylessid wel, but helid no dele more,
 And as an esy pacient the lore
 Abite of him that goth about his cure,
 And thus he drivith forth his avinture.

1092

Explicit liber primus.

PROÆMIUM LIBRI SECUNDI.

Out of these blackè wawis let us faile,
 O winde, o winde ! the wedir ginnith clere,
 For in the se the bote hath suche travaile
 Of my conning that unneth I it stere:
 This se clepe I the tempestous matere
 Of depe dispaire that I roilus was in;
 But now of hope the kalendis begin.

7

O lady mine, that callid art Clio!
 'Thou be my spede fro this forthe, and my Muse,
 'To rimè wel this Boke til I have do;
 Me nedith here none othir art to use;
 For why ? to every lovir I me' excuse
 'That of no sentiment I this endite,
 But out of Latin in my tonge it write.

14

I n'il have neither thanke ne blame
 Forke, but praie you mekily
 Excuse me if any worde be lame,
 The auctour sayid so say I;
 Though I speke of love unfeelingly
 Wondir is, for it nothings of newe is:
For man can not iudge wel in bewis.
 Now eke that in forme of speche is chaunge
 In a thousande yere, and wordis tho
 Haddin prife now wondir nice and straunge
 Thinkith 'hem, and yet thei spake 'hem so,
 And spedde as wel in love as men now do;
 Like for to winnin love in fondry ages
 In fondry londis fondry ben usages.

And forthy if it happe in any wise
 That here be any lovir in this place
 That herkeneth, as the story wol devise,
 How Troilus came to his ladie's grace,
 And thinkith so n'olde I not love purchase,
 Or wondrith on his speche or his doying,
 I n'ot, but it is to me no wondring:

For every wight whiche that to Rome ywent
 Halt nat o pathe ne alway o manere;
 Eke in some londe were al the game yshent
 Yf that men farde in love as men don here,
 As thus, in opin doying or in chere,
 In visiting, in forme, or said our sawes;
 For thus men saine, *Eche countre bath his lawes.*

Eke scarcely ben there in this placè thre
That have in love said like and done in al,
For to this purpose this maie likin the,
And the right nought, yet al is done or shal;
Eke some men grave in tre, some in stone wal,
As it beride: but fith I have begonne,
Mine authour shal I folow as I konne.

49

Explicit Proemium.

INCIPIT LIBER SECUNDUS.

IN May, that mothir is of monethis glade,
That the freshe flouris all, blew, white, and rede,
Ben quicke ayen that wintir ded had made,
And full of baume is fleting every mede,
Whan that Phœbus doth his bright bemis spred
Right in the white Bole, right so it betidde,
As I shal singe, on May's day the thridde,
That Pandarus, for all his wise speche,
Felte eke his parte of Lov's shottis kene,
That coude he ner so well of loving preche
It made his hewe al daie ful oftin grene;
So shope it that him fill that day a tene
In love for whiche in wo to bedde he went,
And made er it were day full many' a went.

The swallow Progne with a sorowfu
Whan morow come, gan make her w
Why she forshapin was; and ever lay
Pandare abed halfe in a flombering,
Til she so nigh him made her waimen
How Tereus gan forth her sustir take,
That with the noise of her he gan awa

And to call, and dreslin him up to r
Remembring him his arande was to d
From Troilus, and eke his grete empri
And cast, and knew in gode plite was
To done voiage, and toke his way full
Unto his nec'is paleis there beside:

Now Janus, god of Entre, thou him gi

Whan he was come unto his nec'is
Where is my lady, to her folke (quod
And thei him tolde, and he forthe in
And founde two othir ladies sit and sh
Within a pavid parlour, and thei thre
Herdin a maidin 'hem redin the geste
Of the siege of Thebis whilis 'hem lest

Madame, quod Pandare, God you
With al your boke and al the compan
Eighe! uncle mine, welcome iwis, (qu
And up she rose, and by the honde in
She toke him fast, and sayid, This nigh
To gode mote it yturne, of you I mett
And with that word she doun on bene

Ye, nece, ye shal kin farin wel the bet,
 If God wol, al this yere, (quod Pandarus)
 But I am fory that I have you let
 To herkin of your boke ye praisin thus :
 For Godd'is love what faith it ? tel it us :
 Is it of love ? some gode ye may me lere.
 Uncle, (quod she) your maistresse is nat here. 98

With that thei gonnin laugh, and tho she seide,
 This romaunce is of Thebis that we rede,
 And we have herd how that King Laius deide
 Through Oedipus his sonne, and all the dede ;
 And here we stintin at these letters-rede
 How the bishop, as the boke can ytell,
 Amphiorax, fill through the grounde to hell. 105

(Quod Pandarus) All this know I my selfe,
 And al th' assiege of Thebis and the care,
 For herof ben there makid bokis twelve :
 But let be this, and tell me how ye fare :
 Do' way your barbe, and shew your face bare ;
 Do' way your boke : rise up and let us daunce,
 And let us done to May some observaunce. 112

Eighe ! God forbid ! (quod she.) What ! be ye mad ?
 Is that a widowe's life, so God you save ?
 Parde you makin me right fore adrad ;
 Ye bene so wilde it semith as ye rave :
 It sat me wel bettir aie in a cave
 To bide, and rede on holy faintis lives :
 Let maidins gon to daunce and yonge wives 119

As evir thrive I (quod this Pandarus) .
 : coude I tel a thing to don you play.
 ow uncle dere (quod she) tellith it us
 or Godd'is love : is than th' affiege aweie ?
 um of Grekis ferde so that I deie.
 ay, nay, (quod he) as evir mote I thrive
 is a thing wel bettir than suche five. 126
 Ye, holy God ! (quod she) what thing is that ?
 That ! bettir than suche five ? Eighe ! nay iwis
 or al this world ne can I redin what
 shoulde yhen : some jape I trowe it is ;
 nd but your selvin tel us what it is
 ly wit is for to arede it al to kene :
 a helpe me God I n'ot what that ye mene. 133
 And I your borow ; ne ner shal (quod he)
 his thing he tolde to you, as mote I thrive.
 nd why so, uncle mine, why so ? (quod she.)
 y God (quod he) that wol I tel as blive,
 or proudir woman is there none on live,
 nd ye it wiste, in al the toun of Troie :
 as jape nat, so evir have I joie. 140
 Tho gan she to wondrin more than before
 thousande folde, and doune her eyin cast,
 or nevir sithe the time that she was bore
 o knowin thing desirid she so fast,
 nd with a like she said him at the last,
 ow, uncle mine, I n'il you not displese,
 or askin that that may do you disese. 147

So aftir this with many wordis glade
 And frendly talis, and with mery chere,
 Of this and that thei speke, and gonnin wade
 In many an unkouth, glad, and depe, matere,
 As frendis done whan thei ben met ifere,
 Til she gan askin him how Hector ferde,
 That was the toun'is wall and Grekis yerde. 154

Ful wel, I thanke it God, saide Pandarus,
 Save in his arme he hath a litle wounde;
 And eke his freshe brothir Troilus,
 To the wife worthy Hector the secounde,
 In whom that every vertue liste habounde,
 As alle trouthe and alle gentilnesse,
 Wisedome, honopr, fredome, and worthinesse. 161

In gode faith, eme, (quod she) that likith me
 Thei farin wel; God save 'hem bothè two!
 For trewliche I holde it a grete deinte
 A king'is sonne in armis wel to do,
 And be of gode condicions therto,
 For grete powir and moral vertue here
 Is felde ifene in one persone ifere. 168

In gode faith that is sothe, (quod Pandarus)
 But by my trouth the king hath sonnis twey,
 That is to mene Hector and Troilus,
 That certainly though that I should ydey
 Thei ben as voide of viciis, dare I sey,
As any men that livin undir sonne;
Their might is wide iknow and what thei conne. 173

Of Hector nedith nothing for to tel;
 all this worlde theren is a bettir knight
 han he, that is of worthinesse the wel,
 and he wel more of vertue hath than might,
 his knowith many a wife and worthy knight:
 And the same prife of Troilus I sey:

God helpe me so. I know not suche twey. **182**

Parde (quod she) of Hector that is sothe,
 And of Troilus the same thing trowe I,
 For dredileffe men tellich that he dothe
 In armis day by day so worthily,
 And berith him here at home so gently
 To ev'ry wight, that al prife hath he
 Of them that me were lovist praisid be. **189**

Ye say right sothe I wis, (quod Pandarus)
 For yesterday who so had with him ben
 Mightin have wondrid upon Troilus,
 For nevir yet so thicke a swarme of been
 Ne flewe as Grekis from him gannin fleen,
 And through the felde in every wight'is ere
 There was no cric but Troilus is there! **196**

Now here now there he huntid 'hem so fast
 There n'as but Grekis blode and Troilus;
 Now him he hurt, and him al down he cast;
 Aye where he went it was arrayid thus:
 He was ther deth, and shelde and life for us,
 That as that day ther durst him none withstonde
 While that he helde his bloody swerde in honde. **203**

And sithe the end is every tal'is strength,
 And this matir is so behovily,
 What should I paint or drawin it on length
 To you that ben my frende so faithfully?
 And with that worde he gan right inwardly
 Beholdin her, and lokin in her face,
 And saide, On suche a mirrour muche gode grace! 266

Than thought he thus, if I my tale endite
 Ought harde, or make a processe any while,
 She shal no favour have therin but lite,
 And trowe I would her in my wil begile,
 For tendir wittis wenin al be wile
 Wher as thei con nat plainliche undirfond;
 Forthy her wit to founin wol I fonde; 273

And lokid on her in a besy wise,
 And she was ware that he behelde her so:
 Ah, Lorde! (quod she) so faste ye me avise,
 Sawe ye me ner er now? what, say ye no?
 Yes, yes, (quod he) and bet wol er I go;
 But by my treuth I thoughtin nowe if ye
 Be fortunate, for now men shal it se. 280

For every wight some godely avinture
 Somtime is shape, if he it can receive,
 But if that he n'ill take of it no cure
 When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,
 I.o, neither case nor Fortune him deceive,
 But right his ownè flouth and wretchidntesse;
 And suche a wight is for to blame & gelle. 287

vinture, o bellè nece! have ye
 y foundin, and ye conne it take;
 he love of God and eke of me
 t anone, lest avinture yslake :
 should I lengir processe of it make?
 me your hond, for in this world is none,
 at you list, a wight so wel begon. 394
 And sithe I speke of gode entencioun,
 as I to you have tolde wel here beforen,
 and love as wel your honour and renoun
 as any cature in the worlde iborne,
 y al the othis that I have you sworne
 And ye be wrothe therfore, or wene I lie,
 Ne shal I never sene you este with cie. 391

Beth nat agaste, ne quakith nat; wherto?
 Ne chaungith nat for ferè so your hewe,
 For hardily the worst of this is do;
 And though my tale as now be to you newe,
 Yet trust alwaie ye shal me findin trewe;
 And were it thing that me thought unfitting
 To you ne would I no such talis bring. 398

Nowe, my gode cme, for Godd'is love I pray
 (Quod she) come of and tel me what it is,
 For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,
 And eke me longith it to wit iwis,
 For whethir it be wel or be amis
 Say on; let me not in this fere ydwel.
 So wol I done : now herkenith I shal tel. 395

Now neede mine, the king's owne dere sonne,
 The gode, the wise, the worthy, fresh and fre,
 Whiche alway for to done wel is his wonne,
 The noble Troilus, so lovith the
 That but ye helpe it wol his bane ybe.
 Lo! here is al: what shouldest thou more sey?
 Doth what you list to make him live or dey. 342

But if ye let him dye I wol flerin,
 Have here my trouthe, nece, I n'il not lien,
 Al should I with this knife my throte kervin:
 With that the teris burst out of his eyen,
 And saide, If that ye done us both to dien
 Thus giltlesse, than have ye fishid faire;
 What mendeth it you though that we both apaire! 343

Alas! he whiche that is my horde sode,
 That trewe man, that noble gentle knight,
 That naught desirith but your frendly chere,
 I se him dyin, there he goth upright,
 And hastith him with al his full might
 For to ben flaine, if his fortune assente:
 Alas that God you suche a beaute sente! 344

If it be so that ye so cruil be
 That of his deth you listith nought to retch,
 That is so trewe and worthy as we se,
 No more than of a japor or a wretch,
 If ye be suche, your beaute may nat stretch
 To make amendes of so cruill a dede;

Avise ment is gode before the dede. 345

Wo worthe the faire gemme that is vertuleffe!
 Wo worthe that herbe also that doth no bote!
 Wo worth the beaute that is routhèless!
 Wo worth that wight that trede eche undir fote!
 And ye that ben of beaute croppe and rote,
 If therwithal in you ne be no routh
 Than is it harme ye livin, by my trouthe. 350

And also thinke wel that this is no gaude,
 For me were levir thou, and I, and he,
 Were hongid than that I should ben his baude,
 As high as men might on us al ise:
 I am thine come; the shame were unto me
 As wel as the if that I should assent
 Through mine abet that he thine honour shent. 357

Now undirsonde, for I you nought require
 To binde you to him thorough no behest
 Save one, that ye makin him bettir chere
 Than ye han don er this and more fesse,
 So that his life be savid at the leste.
 This al and some is plainly our entente:
 God helpe me so I nevir othir mente. 364

Lo! this request is nought but skil iwia,
 Ne doute of reson parde is there none:
 I set the worst that ye dredin; this is,
 Men would wondir to sene him come and gone:
 Ther ayenist answer I thus anone,
 That every wight, but he be sole of kinde,
 Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde. 371

What! who wol demin though he se a man
 To temple gon that he th' imagis eteth?
 Thinke eke howe wel and wisely that he can
 Gouverne himselfe that he nothing foryeteth,
 That wher he cometh he pris and thonk him
 And eke therto he shal come here so felde
 What force were it though all the toun behel
 Suche love of frendes reignith in al this t

And wite you in that mantil evirmo;
 And God so wis be my salvacoun
 As I have faide your best is to do so.
 But, gode nece, alway for to stint his wo
 So let your daungir sugrid ben alite
 That of his deth ye be not al to wite.

Creseide, which that herde him in thi
 Thought I shal fele what he menith iw
 Now eme, (quod she) what wouldin y
 What is your rede that I should done o
 That is wel said, quod he: certaine be
 That ye him love aien for his loving,
 As love for love is skilful guerdoning

Thinke eke how elde wastith even
 In eche of you a part of your beaute
 And therefore er that age doth the
 Go love, for olde there woll no wig
 Let this proverbe a lore unto you
To late iware, quod Beaute, when it
And elde ydauntith daungir at the

The king's is fole is wont to crie aloud,
 Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,
 So longè mote ye livin, and all proude,
 'Til crow'is fete growin undir your cie,
 And tende you than a mirrore to pric
 In which that ye may se you morrowe:
 Nece, I bid him wishin you more sorowe. 406

With this he stinte, and cast adoune the hed,
 And she began to brest and wepe anone,
 And faide, Alas for wo! why n'ere I ded?
 For of this world the faith it al agone:
 Alas! what shuldin straunge unto me done
 When he that for my bestè frende I wende
 Redith me love who shulde it me defende? 413

Alas! I would have trustid doutiles
 That if that I through my disavinture
 Had lovid eithir him or Achilles,
 Hector, or any othir manir cature,
 Ye n'old have had no mercy ne mesure
 On me, but alwaie had mein repreve:
 This false worlde, alas! who may it leve? 420

What! is this al the joy and al the fest?
 Is this your rede? is this my blisful caas?
 Is this the very mede of your behest?

This al paintid processe said (alas!)
 ght for this fine? O lady mine Pallas,
 you in this dredeful case for me purvey,
 so astonied am I that I dey. 427

With that she gan ful sorowfully to fike :
 Ah ! may it be no bet ? (Quod Pandarus)
 By God I shall no more come here this weke,
 And God to-forne, that am mistrustid thus ;
 I se wel now ye settin lite of us
 Or of our deth, alas ! I, woful wretche,
 Might he yet live of me were nought to retche. 434

O cruil god of Deth, dispitous Marte !
 O Furies thre of hel ! on you I crie,
 So let me ner out of this house departe
 Yf that I ment or harme or vilanie ;
 But sithe I se my lorde mote nedis die,
 And I with him, here I me thrive, and sey,
 That wickidly ye done us bothe to dey. 441

But sithe it likith you that I be ded,
 By Neptunus, that god is of the Se,
 Fro this forthe shal I nevir etin bred
 Til that I mine own hert'is blode maie se,
 For certaine I wol die as sone as he :
 And up he sterte, and on his way he raught,
 Til she againe him by the lappe ycaught. 448

Creseide, which that wel nigh starfe for fere,
 So as she was aye the most ferefull wight
 That mightin be, and herde eke with her cre,
 And sawe the sorowful ernest of the knight,
 And in his prayr sawe eke non unright,
 And for the harme eke that might fallin more,
 she gan to rewe, and dredde her wondir fore : 455

And thus she thought ; unhappis fallin thicke
 Al day for love, and in suche manir caas
 As men ben cruill in 'hem selfe and wicke ;
 And if this man she here himselfe, alas !
 In my presence, it n'il be no solas :
 What men would of it deme I can nat say ;
 It nedith me full slyghly for to play.

462

And with a sorowful fighe she saide thric,
 Ah, Lorde ! me is betidde a sory chaunce,
 For mine estate lieth in a jeopardie,
 And eke mine em'is life lieth in balaunce ;
 But nathèlesse with Godd'is govirnaunce
 I shal so done mine honour shal I kepe,
 And eke his life, and stintin for to wepe.

469

Of barmis two the lesse is for to chese ;
 Yet had I levir makin him gode chere
 In honour than mine em'is life to lese ;
 Ye faine ye nothing ellis me requere.
 No, wis, (quod he) mine owne nece so dere !
 Now wel, (quod she) and I wol don my paine ;
 I shal mine herte ayen my lust constraine.

476

But that I n'il nat holdin him in honde,
 Ne love a man, that can I naught ne may,
 Ayenst my wil, but ellis wol I fonde,
 Mine honour save, plese him fro day to day ;
 Therto n'olde I not onis have saide nay
 But that I dredde as in my fantasie ;
 But *Cesse cause and aie cessith maladis.*

483

But here I make a protestacion
 That in this proceſſe if ye deſir go
 That certainly for no ſalvation
 Of you, though that ye ſtervin both the two,
 Though al the worlde on o day be my fo,
 Ne ſhal I her on him have othir routh.
 I graunt it wel (quod Pandare) by my trouthe. 490
 But maie I truſtin well to you (quod he)
 That of this thing that ye han hight me here
 Ye woll it holdin truely unto me?

Ye, doubtleſſe, quod ſhe, myne uncle dere!
 Ne that I ſhall have cauſe in this matere
 (Quod he) to plain or aſtir you to preche?
 Why no, pardẽ; what nedith more ſpeche? 495

Tho ſellin thei in othir talis glade,
 Till at the laſt, O gode eme! (quod ſhe tho)
 For love of God, whiche that us bothe ymade,
 Telle me how firſt ye wiſſin of his wo;
 Wot non of it but ye? He ſayid No.
 Can he well ſpeke of love, (quod ſhe) I preie!

Tell me, for I the bet ſhall me purveie.
 Tho Pandarus a litil gan to ſmile,
 And ſayid, By my trouth I ſhall now tell:
 This othir daie, nat gon full lobgẽ while,
 Within the paleis gardin by a well
 Gan he and I well halfe a daie to dwell,
 Right for to ſpekin of an ordinaunce
 How we the Grekis mightin diſavaunce

Sone after that begone we for to lepe
And castin with our dartis to and fro,
'Till at the last he sayid he would slepe,
And on the grasse adoun he laied him tho;
And I astir gan romin to and fro,
Till that I herd, as I walkid alone,
How he began full wofully to grone. 518

Tho gan I stalke him full softly behinde,
And sikirly, the sothè for to saine,
As I can clepe ayen now to my minde,
Right thus to Love he gan him for to plain:
He sayid, Lorde, have routh upon my pain;
All have I ben rebell in mine entent,
Now (*mea culpa*) Lorde, I me repent. 525

O God! that at thy disposicion
Ledist forth the fine by just purvelaunce
Of every wight, my lowe confession
Accept in gre, and sende me soche penaunce
As likith the; put from me disperaunce,
That maie my ghost departe alwaie fro the:
Thou be my shilde for thy benignite. 532

For certis, Lorde, so sore hath she me wounded
That stode in blacks with loking of her eyen,
That to mine hert'is botome it is founded,
Throug which I wot that I must nedis dien;
This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien,
And well the hotir ben the gledis rede
That men 'hem wrien with ashin pale and ded. 539

With that he smote his hedde adoun anone,
 And gan to muttre I nat what truly,
 And I with that gan still awaie to gone,
 And lte thereof as nothing wist had I,
 And come again anon and stode him by,
 And saied, Awake, ye slepin all to long;
 It semith me nought that Love doth you wrong 546

That slepin so that no man maie you wake;
 Who seie evir er this so dull a man?
 Ye, frende, (quod he) doe ye your hedd'is ake
 For love, and let me livin as I can:
 But though that he for wo was pale and wan
 Yet made he tho as freshe a countenaunce
 As though he should have led the newè daunce. 553

This passid forth till now this othir daie
 It fell that I come roming all alone
 Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie
 Upon his bedde; but man so forè grone
 Ne herd I nevir; and what was his mone
 Ne wist I nought, for as I was comming
 All sodainly he left his complaining, 560

Of whiche I toke somewhat suspicion,
 And nere I come, and founde him wepè fore;
 And God so wise be my salvacion
 As I had nevir routhe of nothing more,
 For neithir with engine ne with no lore
 Unnethis might I fro the deth him kepe,
 That yet fele I mine hertè for him wepe. 561

And God wot nevir sith that I was borne
Was I so bafe no man for to preche,
Ne nevir was to wight so depe yfworne,
Er he me told who might yben his leche;
But not to you rehersin al his speche,
Or all his wofull wordis for to fowne,
He bid me nought, but ye woli se me swone; 574

But for to save his life, and this nought,
And to non harm of you, thus am I driven;
And for the love of God that us hath wrought
Soche chere him doth that he and I maie liven.
Now have I plat to you mine herte yshriven,
And sith ye wote that mine entent is clene
Take hede thercof, for none evill I mene. 581

And right gods thrift I pray to God have ye
That han soche one icought withoutin net;
And be ye wise, as ye be faire to se;
Well in the ring than is the rubie set:
There werin nevir two so well imet
Whan ye ben his all whole as he is your:
The mighty God us grant to se that hour! 588

Naie, thercof spake I nat. A ha! (quod she)
As helpe me God ye shendin every dele.
A, mercie, derè nece! anon (quod he)
What so I spake I ment it nought but wele,
By Mars the god that helmid is of flece:
Now beth not wroth, my blode, my nece dere!
Now well (quod she) foryevin be it here. 595

With this he toke his leue, and home he
Ye, Lorde, how he was glad and well bigg
Creseide arose, no lengir she ne stent,
But streight into her closet went anon,
And set her doune as still as any stone,
And every worde gan up and doune to v
That he had saied as it came her to mind

And woxe somedeke astonied in her th
Right for the newe case; but whan that
Was full avised, tho found she right now
Of perill why that she oughte aferde b
For man mai love of possibilitie
A woman so that his herte maie to br
And she nat love ayen but if her lest.

But as she sat alone and thoughten
In field arose a skirmish all without,
And men cried in the strete, Se! Tre
Hath right now put to flight the G
With that gonne all her meine for
A! go we se; cast up the gatis wid
For through this strete he mote to

For othir waie is fro the yatis
Of Dardanus, there opin is the cl
With that come he and all his fo
An esie pace riding in routis tw
Right as his happie daie was (f
For whiche men saith maie not
That shall betidin of necessite

This Troilus sat on his baie stede
 All armid save his hedde full richly,
 And woundid was his horse, and gan to blede,
 On whiche he rode a pace full softly;
 But soche a knightly fight, lo! truily
 As was on him was nat withoutin faile
 To loke on Mars, that god is of Battaile. 630

So like a man of armis and a knight
 He was to sene, fulfilled of high prowesse,
 For bothe he had a bodie and a might
 To doen that thing as well as hardinesse,
 And eke to sene him in his gerè dresse,
 So freshe, so yong, so weldy, semid he,
 It was an hevin on him for to se. 637

His helme to hewin was in twentie places,
 That by a tiffue hong his backe behinde,
 His shelde to dashed with swerdis and with maces,
 In whiche men might many an arowe finde
 That thirlid had both horne, and nerse, and rinde;
 And aie the peple cried, Here cometh our joie,
 And next his brothir holdir up of Troic! 644

For which he wext a little redde for shame
 When he so herd the peple on him crien,
 That to beholde it was a noble game
 How sobirliche he cast adoune his eyen.
 Creseide anone gan all his chere espien,
 And let it in her herte so softly sinke
 That to her self she sayed, Ho! give me drinke. 651

For of her ownè thought she woxe al redde,
 Remembring her right thus, lo! this is he
 Whiche that mine uncle swereth he mote be dedde
 But I on him have mercie and pite :

And with that ilkè thought for pure shame she
 Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,
 While he and all the peple forth by pass : 658

And gan to cast and rollin up and down
 Within her thought his excellent prowesse,
 And his estate, and also his renoun,
 His witte, his shape, and eke his gentilnesse ;
 But moste her favour was for his distresse
 Was all for her, and thought it were a routh
 To slaen soche one, if that he mentè trouth. 665

Now might some envious wight janglin thus,
 This was a sodain love; how might it be
 That she so lightly lovid Troilus?
 Right at the first sight of him? Yea, parde.
 Now whofo saied so mote he nevir the,
 For every thing a ginning hath it nede
 Er all be wrought withoutin any drede. 672

For I saie nat that she so sodainly
 Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline
 To liken' him tho, and I have told you why;
 And astir that his manhode and his pine
 Made love within her hertè for to mine,
 For whiche by proceffe and by gode service
 He wanne her love, and in no sodain wise. 679

And also blisful Venus wele
Satte in her sevinth house of he
Disposid wele, and with aspe&ti
To helpin sely Troylus of his w
And, sothe to sayne, she n'as na
To Troylus in hys natyvyte,
God wote that wele the sonir sp

Now let us stinte of Troilus a
That ridith forth, and let us tou
Unto Creseide, that heng her h
There as she satte alone, and ga
Wheron she would apoin&t her
If it so were her eme ne would
For Troilus upon her for to pres

And, Lorde! so she gan in he
In this matter of whiche I have
And what to doen best were, ar
That plitid she ful oft in many
Now was her hertè warme now
And what she thought of somw
As mine au&thour listith to me

She thought wele first that T
She knewe by sight, and eke his
And thus she said, All were it n
To graunt him love, yet for his
It wer honor with plaie and wit
In honeste with suche a lorde to
For mine estate and also for his

Eke well wote I my king's sonne is he,
 And sith he hath to se me soche delite,
 If I would uttirliche his sight yflic
 Par'aventure he might have me in dispite,
 Thorough whiche I might stondin in worse plite;
 Now were I not wise me hate to purchase,
 Withoutin nede, there I maie stand in grace. 714

In every thing I wot there lieth mesure;
 For though a man forbiddith dronkenesse,
 He nought forbiddith that every creature
 Be drinkileffe for alwaie, as I gesse;
 Eke sith I wot for me is his distresse
 I ne ought not for that thing him dispise,
 Sith it is so he menith in gode wise. 721

And eke I knowe of longè time ago
 His thewis gode, and that he n'is not nice,
 No vantour saie men certain he is none,
 To wife is he to doen so grete a vice,
 Ne als I n'ill him nevir so cherice
 That he shall make avaunt by justè cause;
 He shall me nevir binde in soche a clause. 728

Now set a case, the hardist is iwis,
 Men mightin demin that he lovith me;
 What dishonour were it unto me this?
 Maie I him let of that? why naie, parde;
 I knowe also, and alwaie here and se,
 Men lovin women al this toun about;
 Be thei the wers? why naie, withoutin doubt. 735

I thinke eke how he worthy is to have
Of all this noble toun: the thriftyist
That woman is, if she her honour save,
For out and out he is the worthyist
Save only Hector, whiche that is the best;
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure:
But soche is love, and eke mine avinture. 744

Ne me to love a wondir is it nought,
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,
All woll I that no man witt of this thought,
I am one of the fairist out of drede,
And godelyist, who so that takith hede,
And so men saine, in all the toun of Troie;
What wondir is though he of me have joie? 749

I am mine owne woman, well at ese,
I thanke it God, as afir mine estate,
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lese,
Withoutin jelousie, and soche debate;
Shall no husbonde saine unto me Checke mate,
For eithir thei ben full of jelousie,
Or maistrifull, or lovint noveltrie. 756

What shall I doen? to what fine live I thus?
Shall I not love in case if that me list?
What? pardieus I am not religious;
And though that I mine herte set at rest
Upon this knight, that is the worthiest,
And kepe alwaie mine honor and my name,
By all right it maie doe to me no shame. 763

But right as when the sunne shineth bright
 In March, that chaungith oftintime his face,
 And that a cloud is put with winde to flight
 Whiche ovirsprat the sunne as for a space,
 A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace
 That ovirspradde her brighte thoughtis all,
 So that for fere almoste she gan to fall.

That thought was this; Alas! fith I am fere
 Should I now love and put in jeopardie
 My sikirnesse, and thrallin libertie?

Alas! how durst I thinkin that folie?
 Maie I not well in othir folke aspie
 Ther dredfull joie, ther constreint and ther pain?

Ther lovith non that ne hath why to plain.
 For love is yet the moste stormie life
 Right of himself that evir was begonne,
 For ever some mistrust or some nice strife
 There is in love, some cloud ovir the sunne;
 Thereto we wretchid women nothing conne
 Whan us is wo but wepe, and sit, and thinke:
 Our wretche is this, our ownè wo to drinke.

Also these wickid tonguis ben so prest
 To speke us harme, eke men ben so untrue,
 That right anon as cessid is ther lest
 So cessith love, and forth to love anewe:

But *Harme idoe is doen, who so it rue;*

For thongh these men for love hem first to i
Full sharpe beginning brekith oft at ende.

And if the list thou maicst thou us false,
 And upon me make thou thy countenance,
 But by thy life beware; and fast eschewe
 To tarien ought; God shild us from mischaunce!
 Ride forth thy waie and hold thy govinaunce;
 And we shall speake of the somwhat I shew,
 When thou art gon, to doe thine eyes glow.

Touching thy lettie, thou art wise enough;
 I wot thou n'ist it deigne;liche endite
 As make it with these argumentis tough;
 Ne scriven-like, or craftily it write;
 Beblotte it with thy feris eke aliter;
 And if thou write a godely worde all softe,
 Though it be gode reherce it hat to ofte.

For though that the best harpout upon live
 Would on the best found jolly harpe
 That evir was with all his fingers five,
 Touche aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,
 Were his nails poinshid nexir so sharpe,
 It sholden makin every wight to dulle
 To here his gle and of his strokis fulte.

Ne jombre no discordant thing is here,
 As thus, to usin termis of phisike;
 In lov'is termis holde of thy matere
 The forme alwaie, and doe that it be like;
 For if a paintir would ypainte a pilde
 With all'is fete, and treddid as an ape,
 It cordith not, so were it but a jape.

This yerde was large, and railed al the aleyes,
And shadowed wel with blos'omy bowis grene,
And benchid newe, and fondid all the weyes,
In whiche she walkith arme in arme betwene,
Till at the last Antigone the shene
Gan on a Trojan song to singin clere,
That it an hevin was her voice to here. 826

She saied, O Love! to whom I have and shal
Ben humble subject, true in mine entent,
As I best can to you, Lorde, yeve I all
For evirmore mine hert'is love to rent,
For nevir yet thy grace to no wight sent.
So blisfull cause as me, my life to lede
In allè joie and suretie out of drede. 833

The blisfull God hath me so well beset
In love iwis, that all that berith life
Imagin in ne could how to be bet;
For, Lorde, withoutin jelousie or strife
I love one whiche that moste is ententife
To servin well, unwerily' or unfained,
That evir was, and lest with harme distained, 840

As he that is the well of worthinesse,
Of trouth the ground, mirrour of godelihedde,
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikirnesse,
Of virtue rote, of lustie findir and hedde,
'Thorough whiche is all sorowe fro me dedde;
Iwis I love him best, so doeth he me;
Now gode thrift have he where so et he be! 847

Whom should I thankin but you, god of Love,
Of all this blisse in whiche to bathe I ginne?
And thankid be ye, Lorde, for that I love:
This is the rightè life that I am inne,
To flemin all manir of vice and sinne;
This doeth me so to vertue for to' entende
That daie by daie I in my will amende. 854

And who that saieth that for to love is vice
Or thraldome, though he fele in it distresse,
He cither is envious or right nice,
Or is unmightie for his shreudènessse
To lovin; for soche manir folke I gesse
Diffamin Love as nothing of him knowe;
They speke of Love, but nevir bent his bowe. 861

What is the sunnè worse of his kinde right
Though that a man for febleffe of his eyen
Maie not endure on it to se for bright?
Or love the worse that wretchis on it crien?
No wele is worth that maie no sorowe drien;
And forthy, *Who that bath an bedde of verre*
Fro cast of stonis ware him in the verre. 868

But I with al mine herte and al my might,
As I have saied, woll love unto my last
My owne dere herte, and all mine ownè knight,
In whiche mine herte ygrowin is so fast,
And his in me, that it shall evir last:
All did I dred at first to love begin
Now wote I well there is no pain therein. 875

Now let her slepe, and we our talis holde
 Of Troilus, that is to paleis ridden
 Fro the scarmishe of the whiche I have tolde,
 And in his chambir fate and hath abidden
 Til two or thre of his messangirs yeden
 For Pandarus, and fought in him full fast
 Til thei him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leping in at ones,
 And sayid thus, Who hath ben well ibete
 To daie with swerdis and with flongè stones
 But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete?

And gan to jape, and saied, **Lordes how ye fwen**
 But rise and let us soupe and go to rest:
 And he answerde him, **Doe we as the losse:**

With all the hast godely as thei might
 Thei sped 'hem fro the souper and to bedde,
 And every wight out at the dore him dight,
 And wher' him list upon his waite he sped,
 But Troilus thought that his herte bledde
 For wo til that he herdè some tidings,
 And sayid, Frende, shall I now wepe or sing?

(Quod Pandarus) Be still and let me slepe,
 And doe' on thy hode, thine nedis spedde ybe,
 And chese if thou wolt sing, or daunce, or lepe:
 At short wordis, thou shalt trowe all by me,
 For, Sir, my nece woll doin well by the,
 And love the best, by God and by my trothe,
 But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe.

For thus ferforth I have thy werke begon
 Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morowe
 Her love of frendship have I to the won,
 And therto hath she laid her faith to borow;
 Algate o fote is hameled of thy forowe:
 What should I lengir sermon of it holde?
 As ye have herd before all he him tolde. 966

But right as flouris through the cold of night
 Iclosid floupin in ther stalkis lowe,
 Redressin 'hem ayen the sunnè bright,
 And spredin in ther kindè course by rowe,
 Right so gan tho his eyin up to throwe
 This Troilus, and saied, O Venus dere!
 Thy might, thy grace, iheried be it here. 973

And to Pandare he held up both his bondes,
 And sayid, Lorde, all thine be that I have,
 For I am whole, and brostin ben my bondes:
 A thousande Troyis who so that me yave
 Eche aftir othir, God so wis me save,
 Ne might not me so gladin: lo! mine hert
 It spredith so for joie it woll to sterte. 980

But, Lorde, how shall I doen? how shall I liven?
 Whan shall I next my own dere herte yse?
 How shall this longè time awaie be driven
 Till that thou be ayen at her fro me?
 Thou maiest answere, Abide, abide; but *He*
That langith by the necke, the sothe to saine,
In grete dis-fese abidith for the paine. 981

This counsaile likid well to Troilus,
 But as a drcdfull lovir he saied this;
 Alas! my derè brothir Pandarus!
 I am ashamid for to write iwis,
 Left of mine ignorance I saied amis,
 Or that she n'olde it for dispite receve;
 Than wer I ded, there might it nothing weve. 1030

To that Pandare answerid, If the left
 Doe that I saie, and let me therewith gon,
 For by that Lorde that formid est and west
 I hope of it to bring answere anon
 Out of her hond, and if that thou n'ilte non
 I will be, and forie mote he ben his live
 Ayenst thy lust that helpith the to thrive. 1037

(Quod Troilus) Depardieux I assent;
 Soche that the liste I woll arise and write,
 As I blisfull God praie I with gode intent
 My viage and lettir I shall endite
 To speke it, and thou Minerva the White
 Give thou me witte my lettir to devise;
 And set him down, and wrote right in this wise. 1044

First he gan her his right ladie to call,
 His best is life, his lust, his forowe's leche,
 His blisse, and eche these othir termis all
 As in soche case ye lovirs alle seche,
 And in full humble wise, as in his speche,
 He gan him recommaunde unto her grace;
 He told all how it askith mekill trace. 1051

Tho within thei, and set 'hem doune and etc;
 And aftir none ful flyghly Pandarus
 Gan draw him to the windowe nie the strete,
 And sayid, Nece, who hath arayid thus
 The yondir house that stante aforyene us?
 Which house? (quod she) and gan for to beholde,
 And knewe it wel, and whose it was him tolde: 1190

And fellin forthe in speche of thingis smale,
 And satin in the windowe bothè twey.
 Whan Pandarus sawe time unto his tale,
 And sawe well that her folke wer al awaye,
 Now, nece mine, tel on (quod he) I prey;
 How likith you the lettre that ye wot?
 Can he theron? for by my trowth I n'ot. 1197

Therwith al rofy hewid tho woxe she,
 And gan to hum, and sayid, So I trowe.
 Aquite him wel for Godd'is love (quod he)
 My selfe tomedis woll the lettre sowe,
 And helde his hondis up, and self on knowe.
 Nowe godè nece, be it nevir so lite,
 Yeve me the labour it to sowe and plite. 1204

Ye, for I can so writin (quod she) tho,
 And eke I n'ot what I should to him say.
 Naie, nece, quod Pandarus, saie you not so,
 Yet at the lest ythonkith him I pray
 Of his gode will. O doth him not to dey!
 Now for the love of me, my nece dere!
 Refusith not at this time my praier. 1211

Depardieux ! (quod she) God leve al be wele ;
 And helpe me so this is the first lettre
 That er I wrote, ye al or any dele :
 And into' a closet for to' avise her bettre
 She went alone, and gan her herte unfettere
 Out of Disdain's prison but a lite,
 And set her down and gan a lettre write, 1218

Of whiche to tel in shorte is mine entent
 Th' effecte as ferre as I can undirstonde :
 She thonkid him of al that he wel ment
 Towardis her, but holdin him in honde
 She n'olde not, ne maikin her selvin bonde
 In love, but as his sustir him to plesse
 She would aie saine to done his hert an ese. 1225

She shette it, and to Pandare in gan gon
 There as he sat and lokid into strete,
 And down she set her by him on a stone
 Of jaspre', upon a quishen of golde ibete,
 And said, As wisely helpe me God the grete
 I never did a thing with more paine
 Than write this, to the which ye me constraine. 1232

And toke it him : he thonkid her, and seide,
 God wot of thing ful oftin lothe begonne
 Comith epde gode : and, necè mine Crescide,
 That ye to him of harde now ben iwonne
 Ought he be glad, by God and yondir sonne ;
 For why ? men saine *Impressionis fligt*
Fall lightly ben aie redy to the fligt. 1239

To mine estate have more regard : pay
Than to his lust : what shouldin I more say ? 1134

And lokith now, if this be reso'nable,
And lettith not for favour ne for flouthe ;
To faine a sothe, now is it covenable
To mine estate, by God and by my trouthe,
To take it, or to havin of him routhe
In harming of my selfe or in repreve ?
Beare it ayen for him that ye on leve. 1141

This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,
And sayid, Now is this the gretist wonder
That evir I sawe ; let be this nice fare :
To dethe mote I smittin be with thonder
Yf for the cite whiche that stondith yonder
Would I a lettir to you bring or take
To harme of you : what list you thus it make ? 1148

But thus ye farin well nigh all and some,
That he that most desirith you to serve

His godely maner and his gentilnesse,
So well, that never sithe that she was borne
Ne haddin she suche routh of his distresse;
And howe so she hath hard ben here beforne
To God hope, I she hath now caught a thorne,
She shal nat pul it out this nextè wike;
God sende her mo such thornis on to pike! 1274

Pandarus, whiche that stode her faste by,
Felte iron hotte, and he began to smite,
And seidè, Nece, I praye you hertilie
Tel me that I shal askin you alite;
A woman that were of his deth to wite,
Withouten' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,
Were it wel done? (quod she) Naie, by my trouth. 1281

God helpe me so, (quod he) ye say me sothe,
Ye felin wel your selfe that I nought lie.
Lo! yonde he rideth, (quod she) ye, so he dothe.
Wel, quod Pandarè, as I have tolde you thrie,
Let be your nicete and your folie,
And speke with him in tising of his herte:
Let nicete nat do you bothè smerte. 1288

But theron was to bevin and to done,
Considiring al thing it maie nat be,
And why? for shame: and it were eke to sone
To grauntin him so gret a liberte,
For plainly her entent (as sayid she)
Was for to love him unwist if she might,
And guerdon him with nothing but with sight. 1295

al with his foot, and set his downe and etc;
 after none full lightly Pandarus
 draw him to the window by the strete,
 sayid, Nect, who hath sayid thus
 under house that stante afore yeu? . . .
 h house? (quod she) and gae for to beholde,
 newe it wot, and whose it was him tolde: 1190
 d fellis forth in speche of thingis final,
 latin in the windowe bothe twey.
 Pandarus sawe time unto his tale,
 awe well that her folke wot al away,
 neede mine; tel on (quod he) I prey;
 likith you the lettre that ye wot?
 ic theron? for by my trouthe I n'ot. 1197
 er with al rofy hewid tho woxe she,
 gan to hum, and sayid, So I trowe!
 ic him wel for Godd'is love (quod he)
 else tomedis woli the lettre shewe,
 helde his handis up; and sellen knowe.
 : godd' nece, be it never so like;
 me the labour it to lowe and plite: 1204
 , for I can so writis (quod she) tho,
 ke I n'ot what I shoulde to him say.
 nece, quod Pandarus, saie you not so;
 t the best ythoukith him I pray
 : godd' will. O doth him not to dey!
 for the love of me, my nece Cressid
 ith not at this time my praire. 1211

His godely manir and his gentilnesse,
 So well, that never fithē that she was borne
 Ne haddin she suche routhe of his distresse;
 And howe so she hath hard ben here beforne
 To God hope I she hath now caught a thorne,
 She shal nat pul it out this nextē wike;
 God sende her mo such thornis on to pike! 1174

Pandarus, whiche that stode her fastē by,
 Toke iron hotte, and he began to smite,
 And seide, Nece, I praye you hertilie
 Tel me that I shal askin you alite;
 A woman that were of his deth to wite,
 Withouten' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,
 Were it wel done? (quod she) Naie, by my trouthe. 1175

God helpe me so, (quod he) ye say me sothe,
 I shal wel your seife that I nought lie.
 And yonde he rideth, (quod she) ye, so he dothe.
 And, quod Pandare, as I have tolde you thrie,
 He be your nicete and your folie,
 And spake with him in cūng of his herte:
 Let nicete nat do you bothe smerte. 1176

But theren was to hevin and to done,
 Considring al thing it maie nat be,
 And why? for shame: and it were eke to sone
 To graten in him so gret a liberre,
 To plainly her entent (as sayid she)
 And for to love him unwist if she might,
 And to make him with nothing but with sight. 1177

ight it shal nat be so;
e opinion
fully yeris twop;
of this a longe sermon?
at conclusion
whan that it was eve,
rose and toke his leve. 1302
ill fast homewarde he spedde,
felte his hert to danncce,
de alone abedde,
se lovirs, in a traunce,
lerke disesperaunce;
at his in comming
h, Lo! somewhat I bring; 1309
in his bedde so sone
I, frende, (quod he.)
, helpe me so the mone,
'hou shalt up rise and se
sent right now to the,
n the of thine axesse,
all thy besinesse. 1316
right of God (quod Troilus.)
im the lettir take,
ed hath yholpin us:
ed loke on all these blake.
rt to glad and quake
it gan to rede
e him hope or drede. 1322

But, finally, he took all for the best.
 That she him wrote, for somewhat he beheld
 On which he thought he might his heart rest,
 All covered she the words under sheld;
 Thus to the more worthy part he him held,
 That what for hope and Pandarus behest
 His heart was foryede he at the lest, 1330

But as we make all day our selves
 Through more wode or cole kindleth the more fire,
 Right so encrease of hope, of what it be,
 Therewith full oft encreaseth eke desire,
 Or as an oak cometh of a little spire,
 So through this letter which that she him sent
 Encreaseth desire, of which he bent. 1337

Wherefore I say alway that day and night:
 This Troilus gan to desire more
 Then he did erst through hope, and did his might
 To press on, as by Pandarus lore,
 And writ to her of his sorowes fore
 From day to day: he let it nought refoide
 That by Pandarus somewhat wrote or seide; 1344

And did also his other observances
 That till a lover longith in this case,
 And after that his dice turnid on channes
 So was he either glad, or saide Alas!
 And held after his gestis as his paces,
 And after such answer as he hadde
 So were in his daies fory other gladde. 1351

But to Pandare alway was his recours,
 And pitously gan aie to him to plaine,
 And him besought of rede and some focours;
 And Pandarus, that sawe his wodè paine,
 Wext wel nigh ded for routh, sothe for to faine,
 And besely with al his hert gan caste
 Some of his wo to fleen, and that as faste; 1358

And saidè, Lorde, and frende, and brothir dere!
 God wot that thy disce ydothe me wo,
 But wolt thou stintin al this woful chere,
 And by my trowth er it be dayis two,
 And God toforne, yet shal I shape it so
 That thou shalt come into a certaine place
 There as thou maielt thy selfe praien her of grace. 1365

And certainly I n'ot if thou it woste,
 But thei that ben experie in love it say,
 It is one of these thingis fortherith most
 A man to have a leisir for to praie,
 And sikir place his wo for to bewraie,
 For in gode hert it mote some routh impresse
 To here and se the gilleste in distresse. 1372

Par'aventure thinkist thou though it be so
 That Kinde would her ydone for to begitune
 To have a manir routh upon my wo,
 Saith Daungir Nay, thou shalt me nevir win;
 So rulith she her hert'is gotte within
 That though she bendin yet she stonte on rote;
 What in effect is this unto my bote? 1379

As in thy very hert' is privity?

I was my brother Deiphobus, (quod he)
Now, (quod Pandarus) er how' is twise
He shal the ese unwise of it himselfe.

Now let me' alone, and workin as I
(Quod he) and to Deiphobus went he
Which had his lord and grete friend be
Save Troilus no man he lovid so :

To tel in shorte, withoutin wordis more
(Quod Pandarus) I pray you that ye be
Frende to a cause whiche that ytouchi

Yes, parde; (quod Deiphobus) wel thou wolt
 Al that evir I may, and God tofore,
 Al n'ere it but for the man I love most,
 My brothir Troilus; but say wherfore
 It is, for sithe the day that I was bore
 I n'as, ne nevir more to ben I thinke,
 Ayent a thing that mightin the forthinke. 1414

Pandarus gan him thanke, and to him seide,
 Lo! Sir, I have a lady in this toun
 That is my nece, and callid is Creseide,
 To whiche some men would done oppressioun,
 And wrongfully have her possessioun,
 Wherfore I of your lordship you besече
 To ben our frende withoutin more speche. 1420

Deiphobus him answerde, O! is nat this
 That thou spekest of to me thus straungely
 Creseide, my frende? Pandarus said him Yes.
 Than nedith (quod Deiphobus) hardily
 No more of this, for trustith wel that I
 Wol be her champion with speré and yerde;
 I ne rought nat though all her toes it herde. 1426

But telle me, thou that wolt all thi matere,
 How might I best availin now? let se.
 (Quod Pandarus) If ye, my lorde so dere,
 Woldin as now do this honour to me
 To prayin her to morowe, lo, that she
 Came unto you her plaintis to devile
 Her adversaries would of it agrise. 1431

And if I more durst prayin you as now,
 And chargin you to have so grete travaile,
 To have some of your brethrin here with you,
 'That mightin to her cause bettir availe;
 Than wote I wel she mightin nevir faile
 For to ben holpin, what at your instance,
 What with her othir frendis govirnaunce. 1442

Deiphobus, whiche that comin was of kinde
 'To al honour and bounte to consente,
 Answerde, It shal he done; and I can finde
 Yet greater helpe to this in mine entente :
 What woldest thou saine if for Helen I sent
 'To speke of this? I trowe it be the best,
 For she may ledin Paris as her lest. 1449

Of Hector, which that is my lord my brother,
 It nedith nat to praien him frende to be,
 For I have herde him, o time and oke other,
 Spekin of Cresseide suche honour that he
 Maie saine no bet : such hap to him hath she
 It nedith nat his helpis more to crave;
 He shal be suche right as we wol him have. 1456

Speke thou thy selfe also to Troilus
 On my behalse, and praie him with us dine.
 Sir, al this shal be done, (quod Pandarus)
 And toke his leve, and nevir gan to fine,
 But to his nec'is house as streight as line
 He came, and found her fro the mote arise,
 And set him down, and spake right in this wise : 1463

He saide, O very God so have I ronne,
 Lo! necè mine, *se ye nat* how I swete?
 I n'ot whethir ye the more thanke me conne:
 Be ye not ware how that false Poliphete
 Is now about *estsonis* for to plete,
 And bringin on you advocacies newe?
 I? no, (*quod she*) and chaungid al her hewe. 1470

What! is he more about me for to dretche,
 And done? me wrong? what shal I don? alas!
 Yet of him felfin nothing would I retche,
 N'ere it for Antenor and Æneas,
 That ben his frendis in suche manir caas;
 But for the love of God, mine uncle dere!
 No force of that, let him have al ifere, 1477

Withoutin that I have inough for us.
 Nay, (*quod Pandare*) it shal nothing be so,
 For I have ben right now at Deiphobus,
 At Hector, and mine othir lordis mo,
 And shortly makid eche of 'hem his so,
 That by my thrifte he shal it nevir winne
 For aught he can, whan so that he beginne. 1484

And as thei castin what was best to done
 Deiphobus, of his owne curtisie,
 Came her to praye in his propir persone
 To holde him on the morowe companie
 At dinir, whiche she ne wolde not denie,
 But godly gan to his prayere obeye:
 He thonkid her, and went upon his wey. 1491

Whan this was don this Pandarus anone,
 (To tellin in shorte) forth he gan to wende
 To Troilus as still as any stone,
 And al this thing he tolde him orde and ende,
 And how that he Deiphobus gan to bleade,
 And saide him, Now is time of that ye conne
 To bere the belle to morow; and all is wonne. 1498

Now speke, now pray, now pitously complaine,
 Let nat for nice shame, for drede or slouth;
 Somtime a man mote tel his owne paine;
 Beleve it, and she wol have on the routh;
 Thou shalt ben sauid by thy faith and trouth:
 But wel wot I thou now art in a drede,
 And what it is I lay I can arede: 1509

Thou thinkist now how should I don al this,
 For by my chetis mostin folke espie
 That for her love is that I fare amis,
 Yet had I levre' unwist for serow die:
 Nowe thinke nat so, for thou dost gret folie,
 For I right now have foundin a manere
 Of sleight for to coverin al thy chere. 1519

Thou shalt gon ovirnight, and that as blive,
 Unto Deiphobus house as the to plaie,
 Thy malady awaie the bette to drive;
 For why? thou semist fike, the sothe to saie;
 Sone after that doune in thy bedde the laie,
 And saie thou maist no lengir up endure,
 And lie right there and bide thine avulture. 1529

Say that the sevir is wont the to take
The samè time, and lastin til a morowe ;
And let se now how well thou canst it make,
For parde like is he that is in sorowe :
Go now, farwel, and Venus here to borowe
I hope and thou this purpose holdè ferme
Thy grace she shal the fully thereconferme. 1626

(Quod Troilus) Iwis thou alle nedeleffe
Counsailist me that sikeliche I me faine,
For I am like in ernest doutèlesse,
So that wel nigh I stervin for the paine.
(Quod Pandarus) Thou shalt the bettir plaine,
And hast the lesse nede for to counterfete,
For *Him men demin bote that men se swete.* 1633

Lo! holde the at thy tristè close, and I
Shal wel the deere unto thy bowe ydrive :
Therwith he toke his leve all softly,
And Troilus to his paleis went blive,
So glad ne was he ner in al his live,
And to Pandarus rede gan al assent,
And to Deiphobus house at night he went. 1640

What nedith it to tellin al the chere
That Deiphobus unto his brothir made,
Or his axis, or his sikeliche manere
How men gon him with clothis for to lade
When he was laid, and how men would him giade?
But all for nought; he helde forth aie the wife
That ye han herde Pandare er this devise. 1647

But certaine is en Troilus him leide
 Deiphobus had praied him ovirnight
 To ben a frende and helping to Creseide;
 God wot that he that grauntid anon right
 To ben her fullè frend with al his might;
 But such a nede was it to praie him thenne
 As for to biddin a wode man to renne.

1314

The morow came, and nighin gan the time
 Of mealtide, when that the faire Queene Helen
 Shope her to ben an hour after the prime
 With Deiphobus, to whom she n'olds faine;
 But as his sustir homely, sothe to faine,
 She came to dinir in her plaine entent,
 But God and Pandare wist al what this ment.
 Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,
 Antigone her nece and Tarbe' also:
 But flie we now proxinite best is,
 For love of God, and let us fast ygo
 Right to the' effeete withoutin talis mo,
 Why al this folke assemblid in this place,
 And let us of ther saluing in pace.
 Gret honour did 'hem Deiphobus certaine,
 And fedde 'hem wel; with al that might 'hem li
 But evirmo, alas! was his refraine,
 My godè brothir, Troilus the like,
 Lithe yet; and therwithal he gan to like,
 And afir that he painid him to glade
 'Hem as he might, and cherè gode he made.

omplainid eke Helen of his sikenesse
 aithfully, that pity was to here,
 I every wight gan wexin for axes
 sche anon, and saide, In this manere
 n curin folke, this charme I wol the lere :
 there sate one, al list her nat to techen,
 it thought, yet best couldin I ben his leche. 1582
 After complaint him gonnin thei to preise,
 folke don yet whan some wight hath begon
 preise a man, and up with preise him reise
 thousande folde yet higher than the son;
 is, he can, that fewe othir lordes kon;
 I Pandarus of that thei would afferme
 nought forgate ther praising to conferme. 1589
 Ierde al this thing feire Creseide wel inough,
 I every worde gan for to notifie,
 whiche with sobre chere her hertè lough,
 who is that ne would her glorifie
 mowin suche a knight done live or die?
 al passe I, lest ye to longe ydwell;
 for o fine is al that er I tell. 1596
 The timè came fro dinir for to rise,
 I as 'hem ought arisin everichone,
 I gone a while of this and that devise;
 Pandarus brake al this speche anon,
 I said to Diiphobus, Wol ye gon,
 your will be, as I erst you prayde,
 spekin of the nedis of Creseide? 1603

Helen, which that by the hondè her helde,
Toke first the tale, and saidè, Go we blive;
And godely on Creseidè she behelde,
And sayid, Jovis, let him nevir thrive
That doth you harm, and reve him sone of live,
And yeve me sorowe but he shal it rue
If that I may, and allè folke be true. 1610

Tel thou thy nec'is case, (quod Deiphobus
To Pandarus) for thou canst best it tell.
My Lordis and my, Ladies, it stant thus;
What should I lengir (quod he) do you dwell?
He ronge 'hem out a proces like a bell
Upon her foe, that hight was Polyphete,
So heinous that men mightin on it spete. 1617

Answerde of this eche worse of 'hem than other,
And Poliphete thei gonnin thus to varien,
An hongid be suchè one were he my brother,
And so he shal, for it ne maie nought varien:
What should I lengir in this tale tarien?
Plainliche al at'onis thei her highten
To ben her frende in all that er thei mighten. 1624

Spake than Helen, and said to Pandarus,
Wot aught my lord my brothir of this matere,
I mene Hector, or wote it Troilus?
He said her Ye; but wol ye me now here?
Me thinketh thus, fith that Troilus is here
It were gode if that ye wouldin assent
She tolde him her selfe al this er she went; 1631

For he wol have the more her grefe at herte,
Bicause lo, she a worthie lady is,
And by your wil I wol but in right sterre,
And do you wete, and that anon iwis,
If that he slepe or wol aught here of this:
And in he lept, and said him in his ere,
God have thy soule ! for brought have I thy bere. 1638

To smilin of this gan tho Troilus;
And Pandarus withoutin rekining
Out went to Helen and Deiphobus,
And said 'hem, So there be no taryng,
Ne more prefe, he wol well that ye bring
Crescide my lady that is now here,
And as he maie enduren he wol her here. 1645

But wel ye wote the chambre is but lite,
And fewe folke may lightly make it warme;
Now lokith ye, for I wol have no wite.
To bring in prefe that might I ydon him harme,
Or him disefin for my bettir arme;
Wher' it be bet she abide till estionis
Now lokith ye, that knowin what to don is. 1652

I say for me best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in he wendè but ye twey,
But it were I, for I can in a throwe
Reherse her case unlike that she can sey,
And astir this she may onis him prey
To ben gode lorde in short, and take her leve;
'This may not mokill of his ese him reve. 1659

And eke for she is straunge he wolle forbere
 His eſe, whiche that him darin nat for you;
 Eke othir thing that touchith nat to her
 He wol it tel, I wote it wel right now,
 That ſecrete is, and for the town is prow:
 And thei, that knew nothing of his entente,
 Without more to Troilus in thei wente.

Heleine in all her godely ſoftly wiſe
 Gan him ſalue and womanly to plaie,

And ſaid, I wiſe ys mote algate ariſe;
 Now, faire brother, be all whole & praye god his be
 And her arme right owre his ſhuldris laie;
 And him with all her wit to recomferte;
 As ſhe beſt could ſhe gan him to diſpoune.

So after this (quod ſhe) We yet beſake you
 My dere brother! Deiphobus and I, with all our wit
 For love of God, and ſo dooth Pandarus, wol
 To ben gode lord and frende right hartely
 Unto Creſeide, whiche that certainly
 Receivid wrong, as wot well here Pandarus;
 That can her caſe well bet than I declare.

This Pandarus gan newe his tong aſſile,
 And all her caſe reherce, and that anon;
 Whan it was ſaid, ſone aſtir in a while
 (Quod Troilus) As ſone as I maie gone
 I woll right ſain with all my might ben one,
 Have God my trowth, her cauſe for to ſuſtaine:
 Now good thrift have ye (quod Helene the Queene.)

(*Quod Pandarus*) And it your will ybe
 hat she maie take her leve er that she go.
 , ellis God forbid it! (*tho quod he*)
 that she vouchsafin for to doe so.
 nd with that worde (*quod Troilus*) Ye two,
 eiphobus and my sustir lefe and dere,
 o you have I to speke of a matere,

1694

To ben avifid by your rede the better;
 nd found (as hap was) at his bedd'is hedde
 he copie of a tretise and a letter
 hat Hector had him sent to askin redde
 soche a man was worthy to ben dedde?
 'ote I naught who, but in a grisly wise
 prayid 'hem anone on it avise.

1701

Deiphobus gan this letter for to' unfolde
 ernest grete, so did Helen the Quene,
 nd roming outwarde fast it gonne beholde,
 ounward a steire, into an herber grene;
 his ilke thing thei reddin 'hem betwene,
 nd largely the mountenaunce of an houre
 hei gonne on it to redin and to poure.

1708

Now let 'hem rede, and tourne we anone
 o Pandarus, that gan full faste prie
 hat all was well, and out he gan to gone
 to the grete chambir, and that in hie,
 nd sayid, God save all this companie!
 ome, necè mine, my ladie Quene Helen,
 bidith you, and eke my lordis twene.

1715

Rise, take with you your nece Antigone;
 Or whom you list, or no force hardily;
 The lasse presse the bettir: come forth with me,
 And lokith that ye thinke humbily
 Them all thre, and whan ye maie godily
 Your time isce takith of 'hem your leue,
 Lett we to long his restis him bireue. 1722

All innocent of Pandarus entent
 Quod the Creseide, Go we, uncle dere!
 And arme in arme ihward with him she went,
 Avising well her wordis and her chere;
 And Pandarus in earnestfull manere
 Sayid, All folke, for Godd's love I praie,
 Stintith right here, and softily you plaie. 1729

Avisith you what folke ben here within,
 And in what plite one is, God him amende!
 And inward thus full softily begin;
 Nece, I conjure and highly you defende,
 On his behalfe whiche that soule us all sende;
 And in the vertue of corounis twaine,
 Slea nat this man that hath for you this paine. 1736

Fie on the devill! thinke whiche one he is,
 And in what plite he lieth; come of anone;
 Thinke all soche taried tide but lost it n'is,
 That woll ye bothè faine whan ye ben one;
 And secondly, there yet devinith none
 Upon you two; come of now if ye conne
 While folke is blent, lo! all the time is wonne. 1743

In titiring, and pursute, and delaies,
 The folke devine at wegging of a stre,
 And though ye would han aftir merie daies
 Than dare ye nat; and why? for she and she
 Spake soche a worde; thus lokid he and he:
 Lest time be losse, I dare nat with you dele,
 Come of therfore, and bringith him to hele. 1750
 But now to you, ye lovirs that ben here,
 Was Troilus nat in a carkedort,
 That laie and might the whilbring of hem here,
 And thought, o Lorde! right now rennith my fort
 Fully to die or have anone comfort,
 And was the first time that he should her praie
 Of love; o mightie God! what shall he saie? 1757

Explicit liber secundus.

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